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WHAT A BUCKEYE COVER MAN SAW IN EUROPE

The 75th Anniversary of
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WHAT A BUCKEYE COVER MAN SAW IN EUROPE AND AT HOME

by

CARL RICHARD GREER
IN COLLABORATION WITH
THOMAS BECKETT

THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE BECKETT PAPER COMPANY
HAMILTON, OHIO, U·S·A·

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THOMAS BECKETT
HAMILTON, OHIO

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FOREWORD

ONE DAY last summer I said to Mr. Thomas Beckett, the man who invented paper: "I think I need a trip to Europe."

"Really," he answered, looking up from some advertisements I had written, "it is perfectly clear that you need something."

So I went.

When I reached home I found that in the meantime The Beckett Paper Company had got to be seventy-five years old. How quickly time passes in travel.

The Beckett Paper Company hasn't traveled much. It is still on the same spot on which it was born, only there is a good deal more of it. Also it is in the same family that conceived it. Its product, however, has seen quite a bit of the world.

We thought we ought to celebrate, and it occurred to us that our friends, some of whom have been buying paper from us every month for the whole three-quarters of a century, might be interested to know what we saw on the other side, and what we have been doing here at home all these years.

This book is our response.

We present it with a good deal of diffidence, but we claim for it the merit of novelty. There was never another book like it. We can't tell ourselves whether it is a book of travel, a paper-mill story or an advertisement. Its classification, as to both genus and species, we pass on to our friends or to some future bibliographer.

This we do know. The cover is all right, for we made it. It will be recognized as our own Buckeye.

Mr. Beckett has consented to contribute the more serious part of this anniversary souvenir—the story of the mill. It runs back to very early days of the paper business in Ohio and is not without its elements of romance.

The sum total of our well-meant efforts we dedicate, with hearty good will, to our friends of the paper, the printing and the advertising industries.

C. R. G.

Hamilton, Ohio
1923

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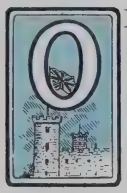
THOMAS BECKETT
President

THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND



N JULY TWENTY-THIRD I arrived in Liverpool after a voyage of seven days from Montreal. The landing was made at 5 p. m., but all day we had been steaming along the shores of Scotland and Ireland. Land was visible at daybreak and early in the day we were near the Scotch shore. Very green and beautiful it was. The land was for the most part high, sloping toward the water-front and terminating in cliffs of various heights. The houses of the crofters were scattered here and there and the herds grazing on the hillsides looked pleasant and homelike to eyes weary of the sea.

Soon the Irish shore came into view, at times but two or three miles away. It was but slightly less rugged than Scotland and very similar in most of its aspects. The inhospitable character of these shores was grimly emphasized by two wrecked ships rusting away on the reefs at a point of land.

For an hour or more we ran past the Isle of Man, known to most people as the scene of Hall Caine's novels. It is rugged to the point of being mountainous and a lighthouse marks either extremity. Its length could not be more than thirty miles, perhaps less. There was little indication of life, until toward the southerly end, in a beautiful cove, we saw a crescent beach completely encircled by hotels. There were numerous bathhouses, proving that swimming was popular among the week-end trippers, who flock there from the north of England. The temperature was suggestive of anything but bathing, but I later learned that people who never know what it is to be really warm, don't mind a chilly bath. I subsequently saw people swimming in water that had been ice but a day or two before.

THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND

We came into the broad estuary of the Mersey late in the afternoon and in a little while the outskirts of Liverpool were in view. English and continental towns don't straggle at the edges as our cities do. The transition from country to town is abrupt, and solid blocks of two-story brick houses, all alike, told us that Liverpool had begun.

A gentleman familiar with England told me that these rows and blocks of tenements were a favorite investment and that many men put their money in them just as soon as they had enough to support a modest retirement. They go around on the first of the month in person to collect the rents and it behooves the tenant to be ready. The desire for early retirements seems more common than with us and men are satisfied to spend a rather frugal old age, provided it brings release from daily toil. In any case, many do retire on incomes that would seem insufficient to the average prosperous American. A good many who made this experiment before the war have had hard going since the rise in prices and increased taxes have in effect cut their incomes in two or even three.

Liverpool is a city of about 900,000 people and with Birkenhead, across the Mersey, its metropolitan district must be about the equal of Detroit. But it presents a far less imposing aspect than any large American town. From the water there appeared only a far-flung waste of dull brick warehouses and factories, with stacks and spires instead of towering office buildings, marking the sky-line.

With the pilot the British passport authorities came aboard. Not less than twenty passengers had failed to secure the British consular vises on their passports, due, I think, to the very ambiguous instructions issued by our own department of state. Of course all these travelers were in an anxious state. They might without any violation of international comity have been turned back and sent home on the ship

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THE LIVERPOOL WATER-FRONT

The Lever Building, with its twin towers, is the finest modern office building in Liverpool and more nearly approaches the American type than does any other.

The Building of the Port of Liverpool Authorities, with its dome, is seen to the right. Most of these buildings are occupied by shipping firms.

that brought them. But that isn't the British way. The passport officers assembled them all before an inspector in the smoke-room of the ship and he addressed them about as follows:

"I wish to impress upon you the very serious character of your neglect, made the more serious by the fact that you have ignored the instructions of your own government. Your negligence deprives the British Government of its proper revenues, and violates the established customs of nations. I might very properly send you back to America and that is exactly what the American Government would do if British citizens appeared at her gates in similar circumstances. I warn you that if any of you appear again on British shores without proper vises you will be deported. You are now free to go ashore."

The British official did not even demand the vise fee of ten dollars, which each of the grateful passengers would have gladly paid, I am sure.

The customs examination was not close nor severe. Tobacco and cigarettes were especially the object of inquiry. The eighty Fatima cigarettes I had left were carefully counted, but passed. No attention was paid to the miscellaneous contents of my trunk and bags.

The porters around the docks were a wretched crew and gave a poor first impression of England. Their cockney accent was so pronounced that much of their talk was hardly intelligible. They were undersized, flatfooted and badly clad. Charlie Chaplin would have looked quite natural among them, and if stout and whisky didn't constitute the major part of their diet, their appearance did them an injustice. However blunted their intellects may have been, their appetite for tips was still keen. "I'll not be seeing you again, sir," was their tactful way of putting it, at the conclusion of some trifling service.

Young Dr. Raynor, of Harvard, who shared my room at sea, went with me for the night. We hired a rickety old Victoria and asked to be driven to a comfortable hotel near by. We were put out at the St. George, a centrally located hotel that before the days of the Adelphi and Exchange was probably a leading house. It was very old fashioned, judged by American standards, but they gave us a good dinner. We were served by a pretty maid who occasionally stopped to scold the black kitten that alternately perched on the buffet and pulled at the table-cloth. It is astonishing to note the number of black cats kept around the smaller restaurants and hotels. Probably they are considered harbingers of good luck, though the European love of animals may account for them.

Our bedchamber was a very large affair, with two comfortable beds, but only china basins for washing. The windows were at least six feet above the floor and the sills slanted in. There was no chance of a guest sitting on the window-sill and falling out.

We strolled out. All public houses closed at ten. There were a few movie houses, but they looked forbidding and the street illumination was very meager. We could not make out the faces of the people who passed. Liverpool was depressing and apparently without night life.

Next morning Lime Street looked better. There was a considerable stir of business and a fair sprinkling of taxicabs. St. George's Hall in the center of the city is an imposing building, with several good groups of statuary around it. The waterfront, well south of the landing stage, was the town's best face. The Lever Building is the nearest approach to a skyscraper that I saw in England and the Port of Liverpool Building is excellent. But it requires more imagination than I have to picture Liverpool as a capital of beauty or pleasure.

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St. George's Hall, Liverpool .

St. George's Hall, built in 1854, from the plans of Harvey Lonsdale Elmes, is the chief architectural feature of Liverpool. It includes a great auditorium and the Law Courts. Primarily, it was planned as a home for the triennial music festivals of the town.

In importance as a seaport it is declining. The port charges are very high and the harbor so poor that large ships cannot reach their permanent docks except at high tide. The rise of Southampton, where there is deep water, has been at the expense of Liverpool and the largest and finest ships now make Southampton their home port.

After visiting a barber-shop, equipped with the usual straight-backed wooden chairs, with sliding wooden head rests, and observing in the *Morning Mercury* that there was an epidemic of husband beating by the wives of Liverpool, I took the ferry for Birkenhead station, convinced that it was not to see Liverpool that I had come overseas. A gentleman from San Francisco, who had been born in England and grown to manhood there, later told me that Manchester and Birmingham were even less interesting, and after visiting them he had reconsidered his plan to buy a place in England and spend a couple of years in the old homeland. "Thirty years of America have spoiled me for England," he said.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

HE train on which I left Birkenhead (Liverpool) for Stratford-on-Avon pulled out of the station at 11 a. m. The route involved a change at Birmingham, the second of English towns in population and the first in the iron and steel industry..

Seven or eight miles out we passed the garden town of Port Sunlight and the great soap factories of Lever Brothers. On the right was the large recreation field and on the left the model village, provided by the famous Lord Leverhulme for the occupancy of his thousands of employees.

The cottages are very tasteful and attractive and every small lawn was a model of flower gardening. This was one of the first industrial garden villages in the world and its construction marked the beginning of Lord Leverhulme's fame as the world's most progressive employer. Everything needed for healthful and pleasant living is provided. There are parks, theaters and playgrounds, libraries and schools, all conceived and built by the famous soap manufacturers.

The works lie beyond the village and are very extensive. The Procter & Gamble Company, here at home, has followed very closely the policies of the British company, even to terminology. For example, its most recent plant in Staten Island is called Port Ivory.

The city of Chester was reached in fifteen miles and its well-known cathedral was easily seen from the car windows.

In my compartment was a young Englishman of about twenty-two years. He was intelligent and respectably dressed. I asked him for some information, but he could not provide it, as he said this was the farthest he had ever been from Liverpool.

Stratford-on-Avon

ABOVE—*Looking down the Avon from the Shakespeare Memorial Theater, showing the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, in which the body of Shakespeare lies.*

MIDDLE—*The room in which William Shakespeare was born, with examples of Elizabethan furniture.*

BELOW—*Up river from the memorial, showing the two bridges, a part of the gardens and the meadows along the Avon.*

He had, however, a brother living in Iowa, and he said that he hoped to come to America to live sometime. "I hear that you do everything by electricity in America," he said.

The station at Birmingham is very large, with many platforms, but in passing through the city nothing of interest is to be seen, except the enormous plants of the Birmingham Small Arms Company and Daimler. This company was far the biggest source of arms for the British armies during the war and its factories were expanded and multiplied many times. In addition to arms it now makes the well-known British Daimler motor cars.

Stratford-on-Avon lies eighteen miles south of Birmingham and about seventy-five miles from London. Its great fame rests, of course, on its association with William Shakespeare, but apart from its literary interest it is one of the most beautiful and typical of old English villages. The population is about 8,000 and there are some 3,000 residents outside the corporate limits.

I arrived on Saturday afternoon and was carried through the winding main street to the Red Horse Inn in a Buick automobile. Passing the leading motion picture theater in this home of the drama, I was interested to note that the attraction was "Ruth Roland in The Avenging Arrow." This indicated to me that the spirit of Shakespeare did not entirely dominate the dramatic tastes of the town.

The weather was fine and Stratford was entirely overrun by Saturday holiday makers. They came by train and bicycle, mainly, but there were a good many automobile parties. The tops of the cars were always down except when it rained.

Stratford is very old and picturesque. Many medieval beamed buildings still exist and are occupied by shops, restaurants and public houses. The interiors have been remodeled,

but they remain without just as they have always been. On one corner building of this type was a tablet saying that this house had been built in 1480. The corner posts were very elaborately carved. One public house was called "The Old Thatch," and it had a thatched roof at least eighteen inches thick. The animated appearance of the street, the numerous souvenir and photograph shops and the abundance of restaurants all showed how largely the community depended on tourists for support.

The Shakespeare Fountain, the gift of the late George William Curtis, of Philadelphia, occupies the most prominent street intersection in the village. It bears quotations from Shakespeare and a tribute by Washington Irving.

The Shakespeare House is in Henley Street, a lesser street roughly parallel to the principal thoroughfare and coming into it at either end. The old house where the poet was born is splendidly preserved, and contains many relics. It was acquired by national subscription in 1847, from Thomas Court, who ran a butcher-shop in half of it, while his wife conducted a public bar in the other half. A permanent association was formed and the property is controlled by trustees who include eminent public and literary men, together with certain of the local officials of Stratford. The caretakers are persons of culture and their explanations of the house, gardens and contents are pleasant and informing.

The room in which Shakespeare was born is on the second floor, front, at the left as one faces the house. It is an attic room, with a large stone fireplace at one end and a rough plank floor. The desk used by Shakespeare as a schoolboy is shown in this room. In places the planks are cut almost in two by the generations of boys who used this historic desk through several centuries.

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THE LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL

Scenes of animation always attend the landing of a trans-Atlantic ship.

A characteristic crowd at the Liverpool water-front is here illustrated.

The collection of early editions of the poet and of contemporary works containing allusions to his writings is probably the most complete in existence. Little remains of the original furniture, though much furniture of the period is shown. The Shakespeare relics were largely sold by his descendants, the Hart family, before the property was secured as a public memorial.

The garden in the rear is preserved, as nearly as possible, in its original form, and is very quaint and beautiful, with a fine display of flowers.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie bought the similar house next door and presented it to the Shakespeare Memorial Association. It is now used as offices for the museum. An excellent portrait of the poet, found late in the eighteenth century and for a time believed to be the the only contemporary portrait, is now declared to be of much later origin and of small value.

The Ann Hathaway cottage, where Shakespeare went for his bride, is also preserved. It is about two miles away through the meadows—a favorite walk for visitors.

At the end of Stratford farthest from the railroad station flows the River Avon. Below the upper bridge the bank on the village side is occupied by beautiful gardens, terminating in the imposing Shakespeare Memorial Theater. A quarter mile farther down the river is the ancient Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, in the chancel of which lie the bones of the great dramatist.

There is no fairer spot in England, and for peaceful beauty I think it could hardly be surpassed. Across the narrow river are meadows extending back from the great willows that line the bank. On these swards flocks of sheep grazed and many matches of football and cricket were in progress.

The river was filled with canoes and small pleasure boats, including two small excursion launches, one of which was named the George Washington. It was in the afternoon when I entered the gardens. There were crowds of people everywhere, mainly from out of town. In a pretty flower-lined bandstand at the end of the garden, and near the theater, was a chorus of young girls singing Shakespeare's "Ode to Winter" very beautifully. Their leader was at the piano and after the chorus he sang several songs in a splendid baritone.

Many amusement booths lined the park walk. There was an adaptation of the familiar "hit the nigger baby" game that was new to me. It was in a tent with open sides. Across one end was the usual board and baseballs. At the other end was strung a piece of wire fence as high as a man's head. Behind this wire a cockney strolled back and forth. His face was painted scarlet. He wore a huge chrysanthemum in his frock coat. His thumbs were tucked in the armholes of his vest as he paraded endlessly back and forth, only his battered top hat projecting above the netting as a target, and this was the burden of his song: " 'It me, kill me; the 'arder you 'its me the better I loves ye." For hits the patrons got cigarettes or poor cigars.

The walk down the river to Trinity Church lies between high brick walls. The approach leads into the old churchyard, and is lined with fine overhanging trees. I have never seen a more beautiful burying-place. The trees are magnificent. Some of those along the river are six feet in diameter. The evergreens were tinged with gold and were of a variety with which I am not familiar. The whole aspect of the place was profoundly peaceful, beautiful and impressive. On Sunday morning I attended the service in this church. The service was interesting and beautiful and I was struck by the plain dressing and reverential attitude of the people. The rector's

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LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL

This view of Lord Street shows the typical architecture of the business district of a large provincial town. It is hardly comparable to the modern construction in an American city of similar importance.

The street was en fete when this photograph was taken and the street decorations may be observed.

sermon, I regret to say, did not amount to much either in thought or diction.

I left Stratford for London on the afternoon train. It was raining slowly and the empty streets were a decided contrast to the animation of the bright Saturday afternoon. Performances at the Shakespeare Festival, by a first-class London company, opened the next evening in the Memorial Theater, but I was a day too early to see them.

OXFORD AND HER UNIVERSITY

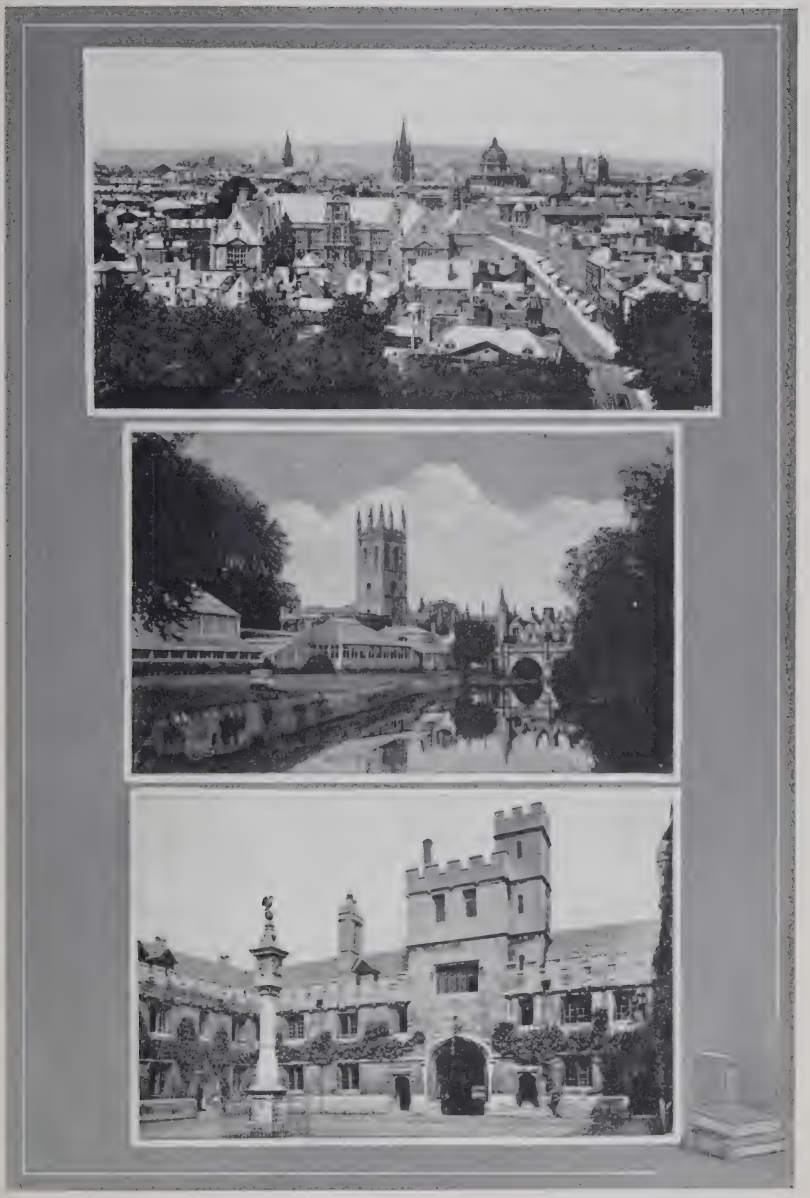
Y FIRST glimpse of the ancient university town of Oxford was from the train, on the Sunday route from Stratford to London. The station is large, indicating a place of importance. From the car windows on the left there was a fair view of the town, dominated by the tower of Christ Church College.

A week later I spent a day in Oxford. It was one of those dull English days when a misty rain falls so easily from a gloomy sky. Now and then the sky would brighten and there would be a promise of sunshine, but it was never fulfilled.

Oxford is fifty-six miles northwest of London. I took a first-class ticket, with the result that I had the section all to myself, and paid thirty shillings for the short ride. The Great Western and the London and Northwestern railroads have stations side by side in the low ground at the west end. Walking up Park End Street I crossed a temporary bridge, climbed a small hill by New Road, with the old Norman castle, mound and tower on my right, entered Queen Street, and after pasing St. Aldate's Street, was in the famous "High."

It was shortly before noon, and though the day was not promising, the usual Sunday trippers were there. Such of the residents as were stirring seemed to be gathered in or around the public houses, which were open for business as usual.

Oxford has about 50,000 people apart from the university population. High Street, curving eastwardly to the Thames, or Isis, is the most imposing and noted thoroughfare. At the river it runs between the glorious Magdalen College on the left, and the beautiful Botanical Gardens on the right. This bridgehead is easily the show place of a town equally famous



Views of Oxford

ABOVE—*The panorama from Magdalen Tower, showing a section of the High Street.*

MIDDLE—*Magdalen College from the river, with a bit of the Botanical Gardens in the foreground.*

BELOW—*The quadrangle of Corpus Christi College, a typical Oxford "quad."*

for its beauty and its great traditions. The venerable Magdalen tower, copied all over the world, dominates the scene to the left, and the lovely gardens follow the winding river to the right until its curves carry them from view.

There are two principal cross streets. The first is variously named. Its north end is called St. Giles Street, the middle section Corn Market Street, and the south end, leading to Folly Bridge past Christ Church and Pembroke, is named St. Aldate's. The easterly cross-road carries one past many colleges and notable institutions, such as Merton, Corpus Christi, Oriel, All Souls, Hertford, the Bodleian Library, the Sheldonian Theater, the Radcliffe Camera, Wadham, Keble, and the University Museum. It is called at the south St. Catherine Street, and at the north Park Road, because there it leads into the extensive and beautiful university parks.

The ancient University is, of course, the magnet that draws visitors to Oxford from all parts of the world, and it was the University that I set out to see as fully as I might within the limitation of a few hours.

The origin of the University of Oxford is lost in antiquity. There were schools before 1,000 A. D., but the first authentic reference to the town as a seat of learning was in 1133, when Robert Pullen conducted systematic lectures on theology there. In 1214 the Bishop of London appointed a chancellor, and even thus early the University acquired an ascendency and authority over the town. All the residents were required to take an oath of peace before the chancellor.

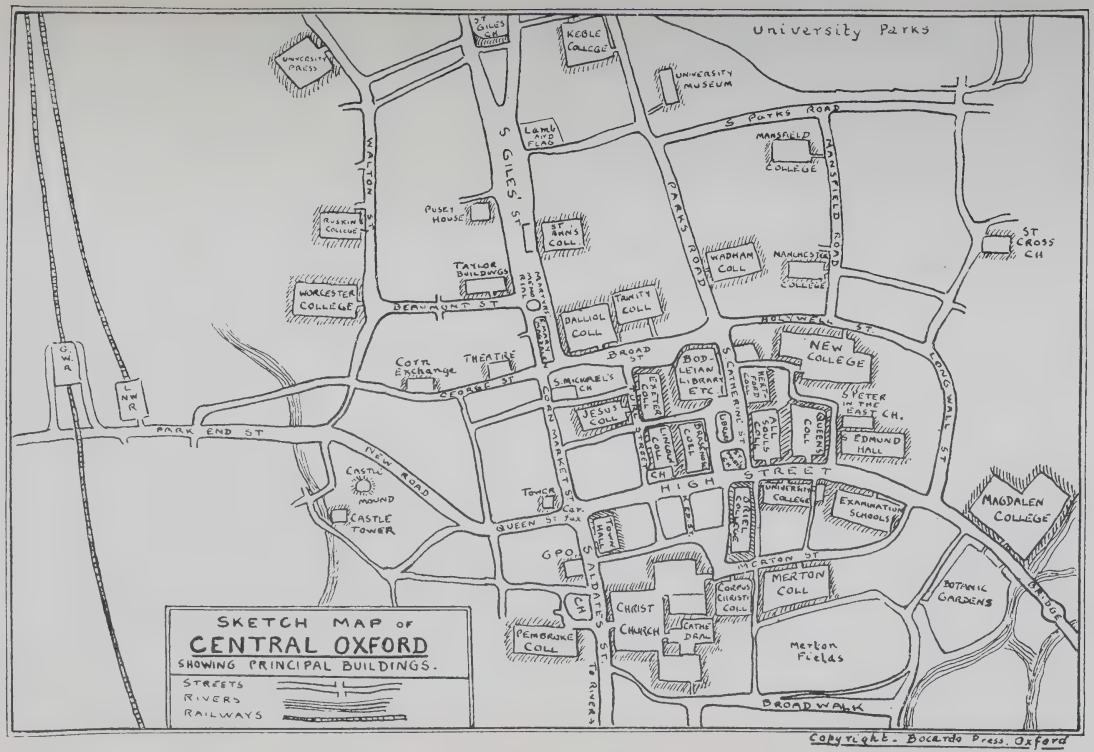
The University of Oxford is very different from our large American universities. It is divided into twenty-three colleges, and these are scattered all over the place. All of these colleges are stone buildings of high architectural interest, and for the most part of great antiquity. There is a great variety

in the architecture and treatment, but nearly all are built around quadrangles which are usually beautifully gardened.

At Oxford they say Merton is the oldest college. It was founded before 1264 by Walter de Merton, a chancellor of the kingdom and later the bishop of Rochester. University College disputes this claim. It asserts a foundation dating from King Alfred and went so far as to celebrate its thousandth anniversary in 1872. Keble is the only new college. It was chartered in 1870 as a memorial to John Keble "to provide an academical training combined with an economical cost in living and a training based on the principles of the Church of England." Before Keble, Worcester College was the last established. It dates from 1714. Christ Church is the largest of the colleges and probably has the most eminent list of alumni, though this is a matter of judgment and preference. Many of the colleges date from the thirteenth century, the famous Balliol among them. Most of the group were established before 1500.

The buildings show their age. The elaborate stone carvings on the gates and the facades exhibit the ravages of time and prove that even stone will rot and crumble away. The noses of many medieval saints and heroes seem the particular victims of time and the elements.

It was the long summer holiday and for the most part the University was empty, but many of the gates were open, though not all. First I walked past Christ Church. Its imposing "Tom" tower is Oxford's most prominent landmark. It is a queer tower, octagonal in shape but topped with a cupola which contains the famous "Tom" bell, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. Sir Christopher Wrenn designed this tower, so it isn't safe to criticise it; but it conforms to no established architectural standard. The quadrangle of Christ Church is very large, as befits so great a school, but it is also



The Plan of the University

The location of all the colleges is distinctly shown in this sketch map of the central districts of Oxford.

The contrast to the plan of any large American university is as notable as the difference in the plan of administration and teaching. Each college is a complete teaching and residence unit.

quite bare, and very cold and repellent by comparison with the "quad" of Balliol, for example. There was no activity here, so after taking a look at Pembroke, tucked away at the head of a small alley across the road, I walked on to the river, and standing on Folly Bridge looked down one of the prettiest and most famous stretches of water in England. There were boathouses and plenty of canoes and launches, and the banks were lined with trees and footpaths. Fair as it is, I don't think it quite comes up to the charm of the Avon at Stratford, though English rivers are all much alike. They are so well kept and parklike that they remind one of a man coming out of a barber-shop after a haircut, shave, shine and manicure. On fine days they are so crowded with boats that there is no privacy. But they are outdoors and the Britishers love them. They will go canoeing on days like our November.

Some German gentlemen were standing on the bridge openly admiring the scene in a land they were so eager to strafe just a few years before. I encountered them many times in the afternoon. They had cameras, field-glasses and a full equipment, and they were letting nothing get away.

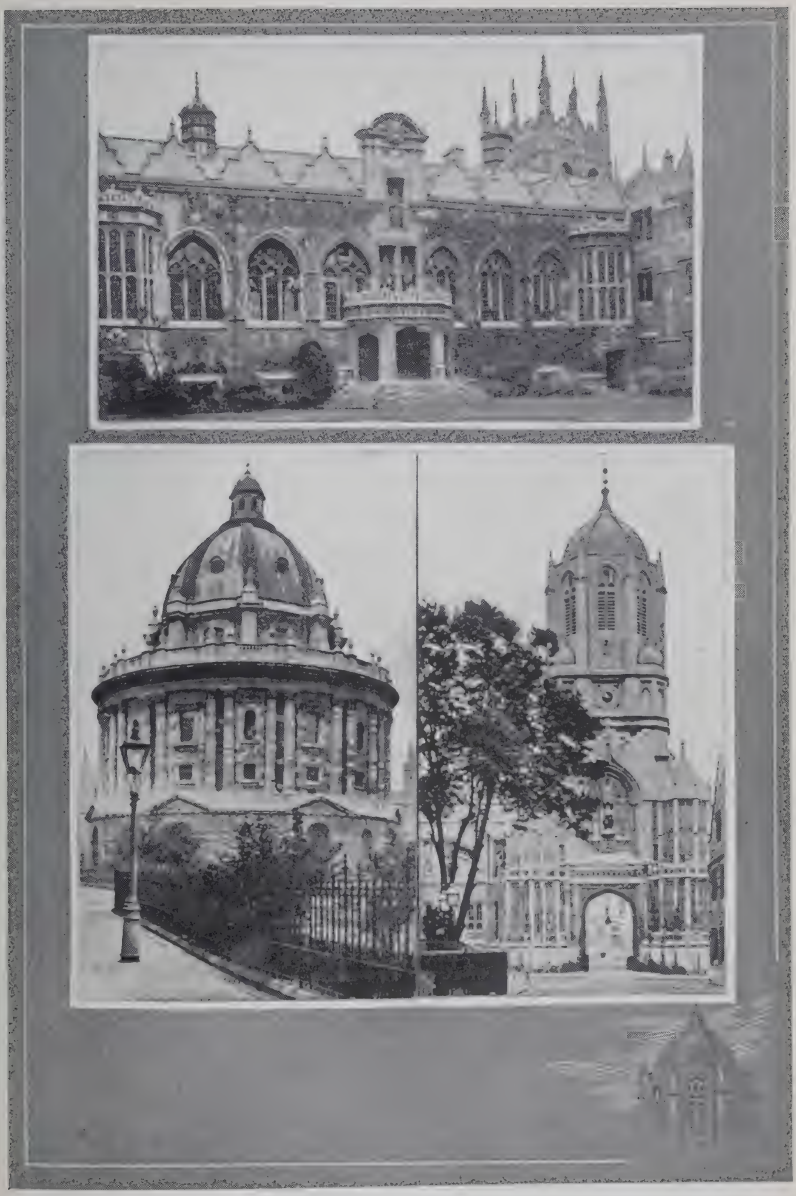
At Oriel there was a large group of young men in the quadrangle. Outside the main gate there were three others—fine, vigorous young Englishmen—tinkering with a motor-cycle. I asked one of them what activity was going on in midsummer and he told me that a large number of young men from the engineering industries of Great Britain were being given a summer technical course at Oriel at the expense of the government. He was himself connected with a large machine-shop.

These overtures led to an interesting conversation and an exhibition of characteristic British courtesy. This young gentleman asked me if I would care to see something of the college and then spent a half hour piloting me around. I men-

tioned the connection of Cecil Rhodes with Oriel and he said: "Would you care to see Rhodes' rooms?" He then took me across the road a half block away and showed me, in the face of a building apparently not directly connected with the college, a memorial tablet set in the wall of a third-floor room. It showed a very good relief portrait of the great Anglo-African and set out the dates during which Rhodes had lived in that room. On the High Street front there is a large new addition to the college, the gift of Mr. Rhodes, and his statue stands in a niche along with those of several ancient grandees of the church. This modern figure looks rather incongruous in such a setting, but it goes to show how very large the figure of Cecil John Rhodes looms at Oxford, and for that matter throughout the whole British empire. I can hardly escape the conviction that he was the greatest Englishman of our time; that he had the largest vision of any modern man and that he did more for the British empire than any of her statesmen.

My informant thought a great deal of Rhodes and believed that his international scholarship foundation did more than anything else to shake the dry bones of the English universities and to modernize and make practical the whole scheme of British university training. Anyhow, one would not have seen vocational summer courses and women students at Oxford in the days before his time.

Like all other healthy young Englishmen, my passing acquaintance had a war record. He asked me about American feeling on reparations, and I told him what I myself thought and what I believe to be the feeling of most Americans —that German reparations must come down from their fantastic heights, and that a lot of debt would have to be canceled before the world could get a fresh start. He said that he didn't feel so. "It is pretty hard for me to concede anything to the Germans," he said. "Nearly all my friends were killed



Features of the University

ABOVE—*Oriel College quadrangle. To this ancient college Cecil John Rhodes gave a large modern addition, facing the High Street.*

BELOW LEFT—*The Radcliffe Camera, or library, founded in 1737 from a bequest of Dr. John Radcliffe. Since 1861 it has served as the reading-room of the great Bodleian Library.*

BELOW RIGHT—*The main gate of Christ Church, the largest and probably the most famous of the colleges of Oxford.*

by them, and I think I would be false to their memory if I didn't hold out to make the Germans suffer something comparable to what they brought on us. I think the British Government is altogether too soft toward Germany, and I believe the average Englishman feels the same way." He then told some anecdotes of the treachery of individual Germans during the fighting, and insisted that they were characteristic.

Passing Braesnose, I inquired of an elderly gentleman, who was evidently coming home from church, if he could direct me to Merton. "I will take you there, sir," he said. "It is but little out of my way and I am always glad to help strangers to see Oxford. I was born here and I have lived here all my life, but I never tire of looking at these wonderful old buildings. I don't see how any place could be more beautiful than Oxford."

Certainly a town that retains undiminished its charm in eyes that have looked upon it from infancy, must be a place of substantial beauty, of culture and of high traditions. And Oxford is all of these. It remains today what it was eight hundred years ago, a citadel of learning and the chief contributor to the intellectual progress of mankind.

THE BRITISH CAPITAL

TRAINS on the Great Western railroad approach London by an interesting route. From Maidenhead the line follows in a general way the river Thames, and more than a glimpse of Windsor Castle and Eton may be had from the car windows on the right. The gray bulk of the Royal Palace, with its familiar turret, looms big against the sky.

Soon there are evidences of the metropolis. Sutton's and other large nurseries are passed, and nowhere else have I seen such fine displays of massed colors. There are many acres of them and they surpass anything I have seen in America, for the cool, moist English climate is very favorable to flowers and to all verdure. The country is greener than ours and the foliage of the trees and hedges has the deep, rich shade that we find in India rubber plants, magnolias and myrtle.

Another interesting wayside establishment is the experimental station of "Molassine," a stock and poultry food that is extensively advertised all over Britain. There are endless chicken pens and much live stock, all fed—but not "fed up"—on Molassine.

In a few minutes the suburban factories appear. Most of them have a very modern look and doubtless date from the war period, when factories multiplied so greatly.

The first evidence of town comes at the station of Ealing Broadway, which is the terminus of one of the northwesterly bus lines; and the appearance of the familiar double-decked buses, quite like those in Fifth Avenue, brings a realization that the metropolis is at hand.

In the West End

ABOVE—*The main drive in Hyde Park, with Rotten Row to the left and Marble Arch in the background.*

MIDDLE LEFT—*The Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge front. The rear of the hotel abuts directly on Hyde Park.*

BELOW RIGHT—*The junction of Knightsbridge, Brompton Road and Sloane Street from my room in the Hyde Park. The dome in the central background is that of Harrod's store, and to the right appears Brompton Oratory. A slight time exposure blurred the moving motor traffic.*

The suburban stations now come fast, and in a moment the line sinks below the street level, and endless rows of three-story tenements, each with its small individual back yard, appear. It was early Sunday evening and many of the residents were out behind, engaged in the usual Sunday evening occupation of householders—doing small jobs or gossiping with their neighbors.

In ten or twelve minutes the tracks of the extensive railway yards begin to concentrate and the train runs under the broad shed of Paddington Station.

I have never seen a railroad ticket reading "London." You will be booked to Paddington, or Victoria, or Euston, or Waterloo, or any of the dozen other big terminals in various parts of the metropolis. This custom of the passenger carriers gives one a suggestion of the vast extent of the capital.

On several recent occasions I have heard distinguished New Yorkers refer to their town as "the first city of the world." Is it true? The census taken in London last June showed a population in the metropolitan police district of 7,468,000; and the districts outside the police area, but in effect part of the city, must bring the total up to something approaching nine millions.

This vast agglomeration is about thirty miles long and twenty miles across, its general contour being oval, with the Thames winding through the center. It requires 24,000 policemen to guard the community. There are twenty-four metropolitan boroughs, each with its local government, but all subject to the superior authority of the London County Council. Transportation is provided by a network of undergrounds, with lower levels called tubes; a certain number of double-decked and top-heavy surface trolleys, swarms of taxicabs, and above all the buses. There are three omnibus systems, but

The London General Omnibus Company is far the largest, the others being recent competitors.

The General Omnibus Company must be one of the largest enterprises in Europe. It operates 283 motor bus routes in London and it is the most popular means of transportation. There is no part of London that cannot be reached by a bus, and there is not one of London's 24,000 bobbies who can't tell you immediately the number of every line and the way to find it. Transfers are given and the fares are based on distance. Most rides of a mile or so cost four to six cents, and a ride of twelve or fifteen miles to a terminal can be had for twenty cents or less. The average speed is twelve miles per hour, and if you are fortunate in the weather, there is no way of seeing London street life comparable to riding the top of a bus.

There was a long line of taxis drawn up along the station platforms. A head porter came up and asked me if I wanted a cab. I said that I thought I would stop over night in the station hotel, and locate myself permanently in the morning. "If I may suggest, sir," he said, "I do not think you would enjoy the station hotel. It is quite noisy. I think the Hyde Park is the kind of hotel that would appeal to you—as nice as any and not unreasonable in its charges." In a minute or two I was in Hyde Park, which we crossed from north to south by the main western drive. Another mile brought us to the Albert Gate and out into a broad and beautifully paved thoroughfare, which I recognized as Knightsbridge. In a moment we drew up in front of the Hyde Park Hotel, a large modern hotel of the Ritz-Carlton group.

During my stay in London I felt grateful many times to the station porter who sent me to the Hyde Park, for I have never lived in a more delightful hotel. Its location is incomparable. Facing Knightsbridge, at the point where Sloane

The River and Christ Church

ABOVE—*A much frequented stretch of the Thames, or Isis, as seen from Folly Bridge. Boathouses are numerous.*

BELOW—*The main front of Christ Church, showing the noted "Tom Tower," designed by Sir Christopher Wrenn.*

Street and Brompton Road radiate to the south and the southwest, it commands the finest thoroughfares of the West End. The rear of the hotel abuts directly on Hyde Park and one could sit in the breakfast-room or in the terrace restaurant and watch the morning pageant of the Hyde Park drives and the smart riders in the bridle-path called Rotten Row. It is a parade quite unlike anything to be seen in an American park. First there may be an imposing four-in-hand, with magnificent horses, a herald and a jolly crowd on the coach, the men all in gray top hats. Next may be a coster, with his tiny donkey and cart; then a series of handsome motor cars and then a group of mounted life guards from Buckingham Palace, in brilliant scarlet and bear-skin busbies, each of them looking every inch a drum major in an American band. It was a panorama of which one never tired, and very pleasant it made the breakfast rolls, English sausage or grilled ham, with marmalade and coffee. My eyes would not stay on the morning paper, but kept wandering into the park, where there was always something to see.

Registration in an European hotel is quite a different thing from our easy American way of writing one's name and town in a book. The very polite and correctly dressed young man who officiated at the Hyde Park's registration desk, informed me that they could put me up, and said that he would gladly send a servant to show me the available rooms.

I was put into a pleasant room on the eighth floor front, with a private balcony affording a fine view over the surrounding district and a good deal of London. The rate, I was informed, was eighteen shillings per day. This seemed low for such accommodations, but when I paid my first weekly bill, I was pleasantly surprised to find that the charge had been put in at seventeen shillings. It is a custom in England to charge less for the chambers in the upper floors, dating, I suppose,

from the days when they had no elevators or "lifts," as they call them.

When I accepted the quarters offered, I was given an elaborate registration form, made in duplicate, with a carbon sheet between. On this one enters the complete story of his life: name, home address, age, occupation, port of departure from home, date and port of arrival, purpose of visit, proposed length of sojourn, and I don't remember what else. No doubt a copy goes to the police from every hotel in London.

Once established, the London hotel-keepers make up for the slight annoyance of registration by a most attentive and courteous service. Every servant and employee is on his toes, and his first purpose in life seems to be to please and to make you feel at home. You are recognized as a guest after the first time you come in, and there is a cheery greeting and a respectful and polite remark from everyone. The key clerks know you and your number and you never have to ask for anything that can possibly be anticipated.

When I went to my room for the first time my eye was struck by a very large and gorgeously appareled Indian, standing near the elevators. He was a man of fifty-five or sixty. His gown and turban were of scarlet, elaborately ornamented with gold. My first impression was that here was a notable Indian guest, maybe the Gaekwar of Baroda, or something. It was rather disillusioning to find this eastern potentate standing at the same spot when I came down, calmly checking hats. I learned that he has been employed by the hotel for more than twenty years, to check hats and to make curry when a guest wants it. It seems that nobody but an Indian can ever learn to make curry sauce.

Regent Quadrant and Hyde Park Corner

ABOVE—*That part of Regent Street that curves as it approaches Piccadilly and is therefore called Regent Quadrant. The street was laid out during the regency of George the Fourth. The obstinacy of a land-owner, who declined to sell his holdings, prevented the continuation of the street in a straight line.*

BELOW—*Hyde Park Corner, one of the chief entrances to the park from Piccadilly and a great West End traffic center.*

IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON

IT WAS 9 p. m. on Sunday before I was settled in my hotel and strolled out to get my first impressions of London. I thought my familiarity with the central districts and the West End was sufficient to enable me to find my way about, and so it proved.

Knightsbridge is one section of the main artery of travel to Hammersmith and the extreme West End. The name of this great road alters repeatedly. Going west it changes into Kensington Road, Kensington Gore, Kensington High Street and Hammersmith Road. Eastward toward the central districts it becomes Piccadilly, which name it retains as far as Trafalgar Square.

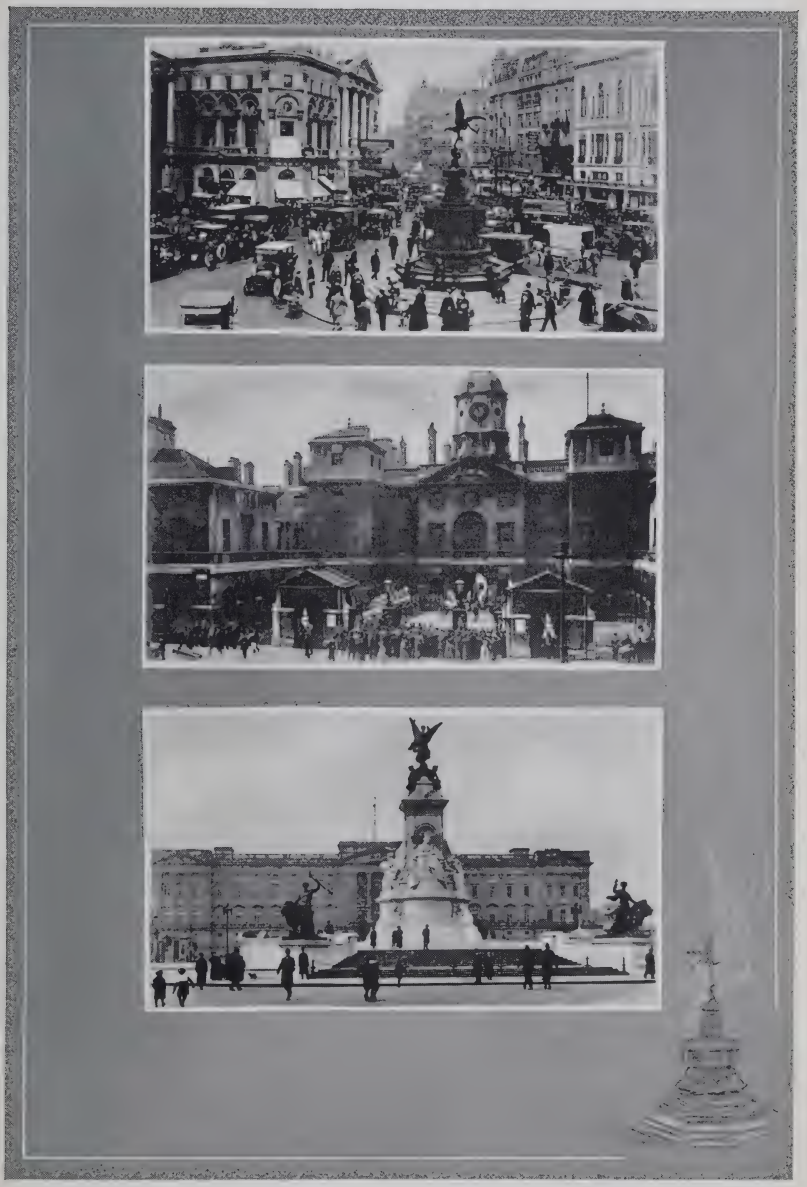
It is a tradition that the deadest place in the world is London on Sunday. This is true of rural England and the provincial towns, but London is too vast and complex ever to be uninteresting. The great highway was crowded with traffic and the walks were filled with promenaders.

A walk of a few blocks brought me to Hyde Park Corner, one of the greatest traffic centers. It isn't exactly a corner. The triple arched marble gates lead into the park, and to the right Grosvenor Place begins and runs down a quarter mile or so to Buckingham Palace. It is splendidly built up on the right and across the street begins Green Park, which runs along Piccadilly as far as the Hotel Ritz. The corner of Green Park is marked by the Wellington Arch, topped with a heroic figure of Victory in her quadriga. Along the south side of Green Park are the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The stone wall is ten feet high and the top is covered with spikes at least a foot long and running at every conceivable angle. It is the

most unclimbable wall that ever I saw, and the royal family is pretty safe from intruders coming over the top. This path, called Constitution Hill, followed farther, leads through St. James Park, which one enters just after passing the palace and the beautiful Queen Victoria Jubilee Memorial. It finally becomes the well-known Birdcage Walk and leads directly into the heart of official London at Whitehall. Here most of the great government buildings are grouped, and alongside the Treasury runs a narrow street about 360 feet long and coming to a dead end. The entrance to this street is from Whitehall. It is boarded up to a height of twelve feet or so. There is a wooden gate in the hoarding wide enough to admit a car, and two police were constantly on duty there.

This is Downing Street, and at No. 10, an unimposing two-story and basement brick house, is the official residence of the Prime Minister. It has a garden in the rear, well walled in, and here Mr. Lloyd George and his family, until he moved out, got their fresh air when in town. There is but one other house in the street and it also is official. The police make no objection to innocent appearing visitors walking into the street, but of course everyone is carefully looked over and no packages may be carried, particularly if they look like bombs. While I was in town the papers reported that the old house was getting in bad repair and Mr. Lloyd George had been requested by the government architects to permit no more dancing on the second floor.

But this is a digression from my Sunday evening walk down Piccadilly to Trafalgar Square. Piccadilly is a fine, wide street, beautifully paved and kept. Its west end is lined on the north by splendid private houses and clubs and across the street is Green Park, now known to most Londoners as a part of St. James. The houses are all of marble or sandstone, usually square with five high stories rising from a half-base-



Noted Spots in London

ABOVE—*Piccadilly Circus, with the Shaftesbury Fountain in the center. The great night traffic center of London, in the heart of the theater district.*

MIDDLE—*The Horse Guards in Whitehall, built in 1751, on the site of the guardhouse of Whitehall Palace. It is now the office of the commander-in-chief of the home forces. Mounted life guards are on duty from ten to four daily.*

BELOW—*Buckingham Palace, with the Queen Victoria Jubilee Memorial in the foreground.*

ment. They are enormous places, and all of them are, or have been, the town houses of the great British families. Clubs have in recent years taken over a number of them.

I do not think there is any such group of private mansions in America or elsewhere, if we except Park Lane, in London herself. They are considerably larger and more imposing than anything seen in upper Fifth Avenue. Many of them are famous places.

At Hyde Park Corner is Apsley House, the home of the Duke of Wellington and still containing many treasures of art and memorials of the famous duke; but admission is only possible by permission. Devonshire House is marked by a great gateway designed by Inigo Jones. Wimborne House at No. 22 is considered the finest in the street. Burlington House is the home of the Royal Academy and here the annual exhibition occurs from May to August. The Albany, where Macaulay, Byron, Lord Lytton, Canning, Gladstone and many other celebrities lived, is near by.

There are many clubs, including the Naval and Military, the American, the Badminton, the Junior Constitutional, the Savile and the Junior Atheneum. They are large establishments, but I have never seen a club compare in size with the Reform Club, on the river bank, near the Metropole. It is as large as one of our government departments in Washington and more imposing than any of them.

At the end of Green Park, Piccadilly becomes a business thoroughfare, lined on both sides with hotels, restaurants and smart shops. Its best business section is about a half mile long, extending from the Ritz, on the south side at the park corner, to Piccadilly Circus, where the Piccadilly Hotel at the intersection with Regent Street, is a conspicuous structure. Prince's Restaurant is a well-known landmark of this part of Piccadilly.

The Sunday evening crowds were made up of the usual metropolitan mixture. There were many coming in from the outlying parks and the country. One young woman attracted my attention by her rather daring costume. She had evidently been in the country and she wore a costume of white linen, not with knickers, but with shorts, exposing trim knees and more. The costume attracted no general attention.

The only business houses open were the bars. I had not previously known that London bars were open on Sunday, but it developed that they are open from 5:30 to 10 p. m., and they were doing a large business. England has never relaxed into her ante-war freedom. The public houses are now open on week days from 10 to 3 and from 5 to 10:30.

On Sundays they may be open only in the evening, and then they close a half hour earlier than during the week. Restaurants may serve with meals until 11 p. m., and lately until 11:30, to take care of theater supper parties.

The barmaid is still an universal institution in Britain. In the country they are usually older women, but in town a bar may be presided over by several young and bobbed-hair girls. The patronage is almost half feminine and it runs all the way from the old women filling their bottles with gin to the flappers drinking wine, or whisky with soda. Strangely enough, though the drinking appeared to be heavy, there was never any loud talk, nor any undue liberty with the feminine bartenders or the girl patrons, though they would stand side by side at the bar with unknown men.

Piccadilly Circus is one of London's best-known spots. Eight or more streets radiate from it, but the most prominent are Piccadilly and Regent Street, curving here and known as Regent Quadrant. At one of the intersections, adjoining the Criterion Theater and Restaurant, a new structure was going up. The theaters are all around, especially in Shaftesbury

Landmarks of London

ABOVE—*The Mansion House, official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, at left. The street is Cheapside, and in the background is the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, from which the Bow bells called Dick Whittington back to London.*

MIDDLE LEFT—*The west front of St. Paul's Cathedral, from Ludgate Hill.*

MIDDLE RIGHT—*The Fire Monument, usually called "The Monument." It was constructed to commemorate the great fire of 1666. An inscription, offensive to Roman Catholics, was long since removed.*

BELOW—*The Law Courts in Fleet Street, opened by Queen Victoria in 1882. The offices of the leading newspapers are in the immediate vicinity.*

Avenue and the adjoining streets. In the center of the circus (intersection) is the Shaftesbury Fountain, around the base of which the old women flower sellers ply their trade, secure from the turmoil of traffic on all sides. On Sunday night it was quiet enough, but on other nights Piccadilly Circus is a wonderful spectacle at 11 o'clock. All the thirty or more theaters near by disgorge their crowds at once, and from every direction torrents of taxicabs and private cars pour into the circus. The pavements are crowded and the women of the streets are in great numbers, quite immune from interference unless made the object of specific complaint. As many as sixteen policemen are required to handle the home-going theater traffic. There is a mighty roar for a half hour, then it all quiets down and at midnight London is empty.

There is a big and influential organization, including many prominent men, called "The Brighter London Committee." Its purpose is to make London more gay and attractive to travelers, but thus far the war regulations have refused to give way. Tobacco shops must close at 9 o'clock.

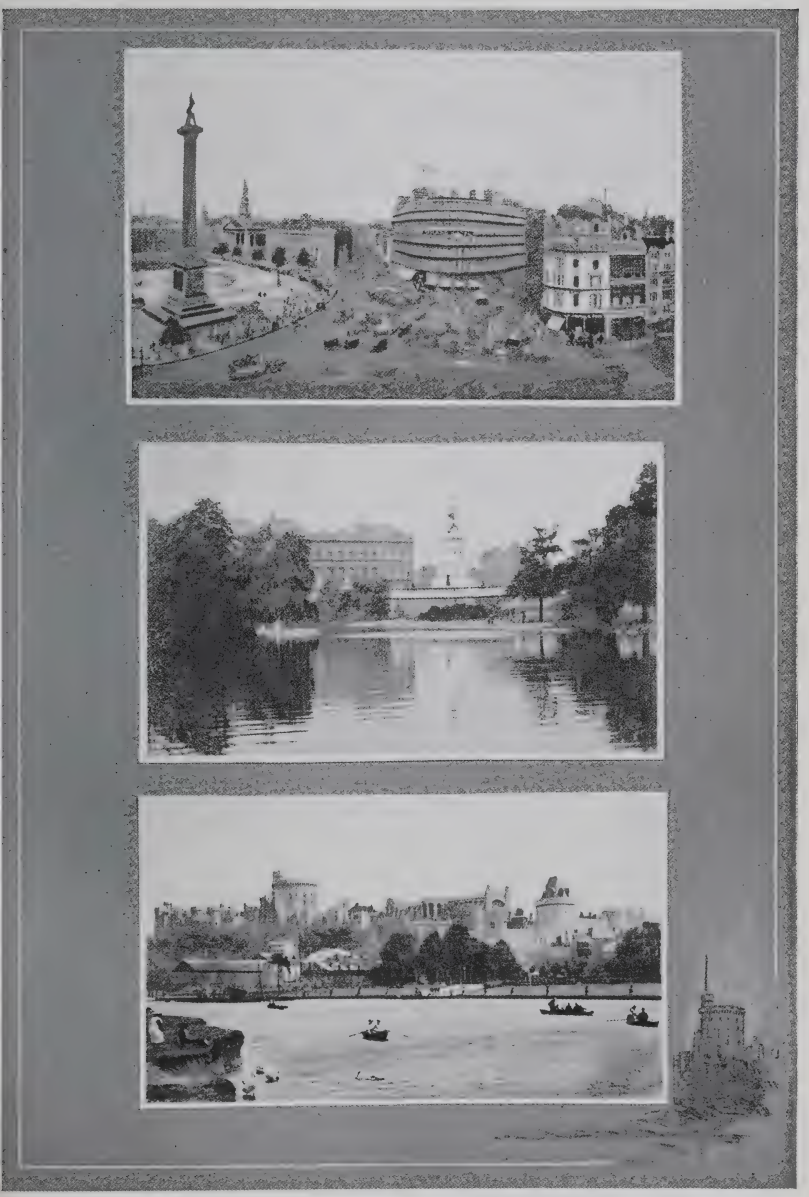
Leicester Square is but two or three blocks beyond Piccadilly Circus. Two of the big music halls, the Alhambra and the Empire, are here and it has many theaters and restaurants. The square includes a park, with good trees, but it is not very imposing.

A few blocks more and the familiar landmarks of Trafalgar Square come into view. Approaching from the rear of the National Gallery, I observed the back of a monument some thirty feet high, with which I was not familiar. To the well-set-up policeman on the corner I addressed an inquiry.

"That, sir, is the monument to Nurse Cavell. You are looking at the back of it. If you care to, sir, I'll be glad to walk over and show it to you." We crossed the street and as

we came up to the monument, which is a granite monolith with the figure of Edith Cavell cut in a niche in its face, three young men walked by. One of them astonished me by touching me on the shoulder and saying something rather sharply. They passed on immediately, and I said to the policeman: "Did you notice that young man? What did he say?" "Oh, 'e was saying something about 'ats off to Nurse Cavell. Lots of 'em do it." Then leaning over confidentially, my newfound friend added: "She was a good woman. She got it for taking care of the likes of me. But she was a spy, and we'd 'ave done the same thing. And I think we did, too, more than once. I'm telling you that a good many things happened over there in the Tower that nobody ever knew about."

When at the Tir National in Brussels I stood on the spot where Edith Cavell was taken out and done to death one October dawn in 1915, my mind reverted to that impressive memorial in one of the world's greatest centers and to the comments of my police friend. To her death brought undying fame.



THE HEART OF LONDON AND THE PALACES

ABOVE—*The main drive in Hyde Park, with Rotten Row to the left and Marble Arch in the background.*

MIDDLE LEFT—*The Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge front. The rear of the hotel abuts directly on Hyde Park.*

BELOW RIGHT—*The junction of Knightsbridge, Brompton Road and Sloane Street from my room in the Hyde Park. The dome in the central background is that of Harrod's store, and to the right appears Brompton Oratory. A slight time exposure blurred the moving motor traffic.*

tion of severe poverty. At Stratford Broadway we turned back, having seen no sign of crime or disorder in a district that has long borne a worse name than it deserved.

We lunched at the restaurant of the Empire, a big Leicester Square music hall, closed for the summer, and then went to the performance at the Alhambra. Not many of the famous music halls are left, but the Alhambra still does a big business and deserves it. The place must seat about four thousand people and has several balconies. Smoking is permitted and all sorts of services may be had during the performance. There were many big, rollicking acts, one of which, "Basket-ball on Bicycles," by mixed teams of girls and boys, was distinctly a novelty. The entertainment was more like the New York Hippodrome than was the performance "Round in Fifty," at the London Hippodrome. It was a very glorified vaudeville and worth all it cost. It lacked the sensuous displays of such places as the Paris Folies Bergere.

On other days we visited the galleries and museums, but that is another story.

THE TOWER AND THE ABBEY

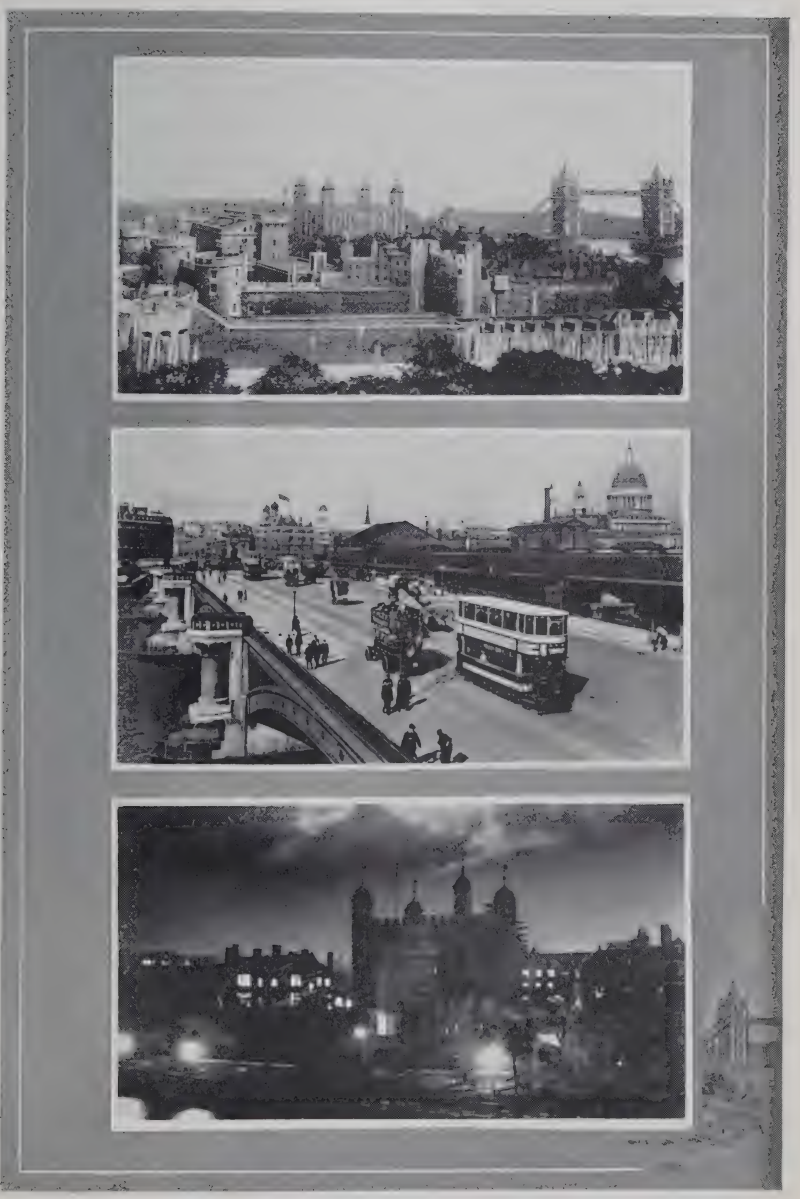
TWO of the places in London dear to the hearts of all visitors are the Tower and the Abbey. I have heard people who were very familiar with London say that they didn't think they'd go to the Tower any more; but after all, that is a sort of pose, because it is the most medieval and historic thing in a city that fairly reeks of the old and the historic.

The Tower of London lies on the north bank of the Thames, just east of The City. The conspicuous Tower Bridge, the last of the bridges of London as one goes toward the sea, spans the river just above the ancient fortress. On the higher ground north of the Tower stands the finest modern building in London—the building of the Port of London. It is a vast pile with a sort of Egyptian tower, and is a splendid structure, quite in contrast to the just completed London County Council Building on the other side of the river, near Westminster Bridge. This structure cost about twenty million dollars and is regarded as an architectural failure. It has a high gabled roof, and as the building is long and curves with the river, the effect is odd and unpleasant.

I took a bus from Blackfriars Bridge to Tower Bridge, and a roundabout trip I had, going as far south as the Elephant and Castle and north again along Old Kent Road.

Finally I disembarked at the south end of the bridge and had to walk across and along one side of the Tower several blocks before reaching the main gate.

The Tower of London was first built by William the Conqueror about 1073 and the original structure lay within the city walls. Various enlargements in the twelfth century carried most of it out and east of The City. It covers an area



The Tower and Blackfriars Bridge

ABOVE—*A view over the Tower of London, with the modern Tower Bridge on the right.*

MIDDLE—*Blackfriars Bridge, with the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral at the right.*

BELOW—*The Tower photographed at night.*

of eighteen acres and is surrounded by a wall and a moat. The several buildings enclose a parade ground, in which recruits may be seen drilling at almost any time. The whole group of buildings has served several purposes. It was originally a fortress and royal palace. It was also a prison and military barracks. During the Great War it was the place where many and many a spy entered to emerge no more. During those trying days it was London's greatest place of mystery and its walls saw tragedies of which the outside world never heard.

The present buildings are mostly Norman and the whole place can be quite well overlooked from the high ground of Tower Hill, near the Mark Lane underground station. The oldest and most important building is the White Tower, or keep. Gundulf, a monk of Bec, in Normandy, who was later made Bishop of Rochester, was the first builder. The work went ahead under William Rufus. Other parts of this group are called the Lion Tower, the Middle Tower, the Bell Tower, the Byward Tower, the Traitor's Gate, the Bloody Tower and the Wakefield Tower.

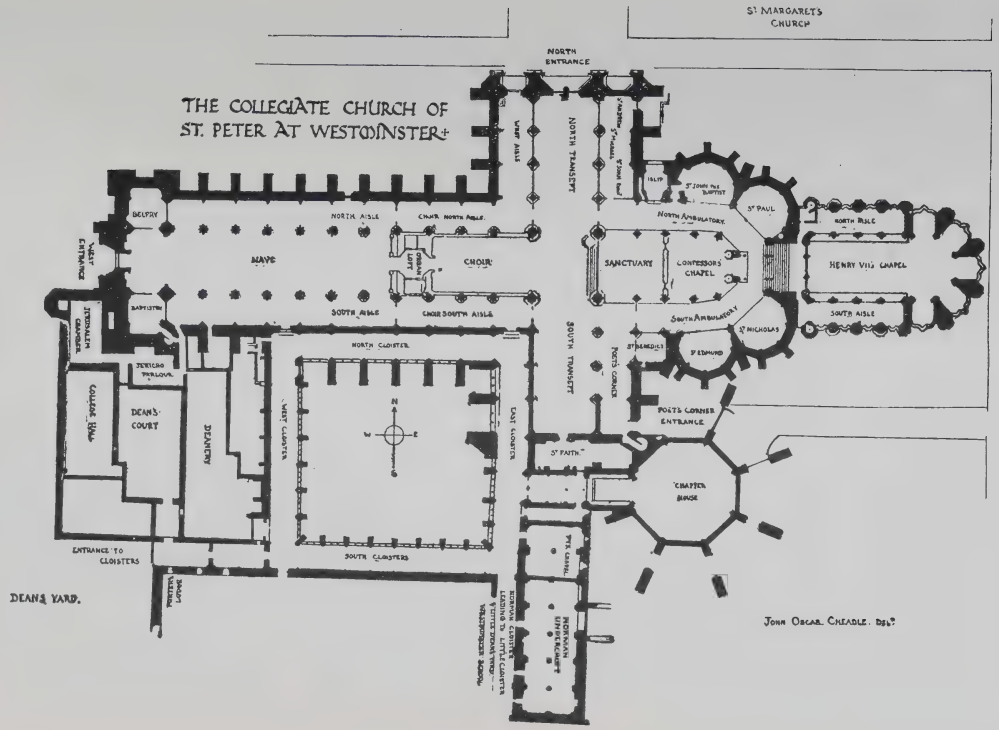
The Tower is now very largely a museum, and it is fairly alive with American tourists in the summer. A general ticket of admission costs only a trifle over a shilling, and there are so many attendants around, that one can go through all the mazes without trouble. Some of these men are so well informed on the history of the various rooms that their speeches evoke applause from the tourists. There are numerous guards in the quaint costume of the Beefeaters and a large sprinkling of London bobbies, whose main job seemed to be to try to make the Americans walk to the left and to exchange badinage with the American girls.

The first thing that attracted me in the court was a tablet under some linden trees, marking the spot where many famous

tragedies took place. It is on the plot called Tower Green before the Chapel of St. Peter and Vincula. Here is a small paved square marked with chains, and an inscription showing that on the 19th of May, 1536, Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry the Eighth, was here beheaded. The movies have lately glorified this tragedy, and it was an impressive place to gaze upon while one's mind reverted to its sinister past. Many other victims of tyranny died here, among them Lord Hastings in 1483; Queen Katherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry the Eighth, 13th February, 1542; Lady Jane Grey, 12th February, 1554, and the Earl of Essex in 1601. An ax was used on all but Anne Boleyn, whose head was cut off with a sword by a soldier brought from St. Omer for the task. The ax and block on which Lord Lovat was executed for his part in the Scotch rebellion of 1745 is one of the ghastly relics shown in the Tower. The blade-marks in the wood, made after a human head had fallen, are very clear.

The dungeons of the White Tower are filled with interest. Most visitors like to see the cell of Sir Walter Raleigh and the hole in the wall where the unfortunate Guy Fawkes, who tried to blow up the House of Commons in 1605, was immured for forty-five days in a position which permitted him neither to sit, stand nor lie. He was then taken out and cut in four parts. This, together with many other historic cells, was bricked up by a nineteenth-century governor, who lacked imagination and said that he wanted to get rid of all the dog holes. The places are all marked.

The collection of arms is probably the finest in the world, and very monstrous and ingenious are some of the tools that the knights of the days of chivalry used to employ. One of them was a long hook with locking spikes on a pole. It was used for the gentle purpose of yanking an armoured knight from his horse and tearing his neck in two at the same time.



The Plan of Westminster Abbey

The main features of the Abbey are readily seen in their relation to one another from this sketch of the ground plan.

There was a trigger in the hellish thing that made it possible to release its death grasp after it had torn a man's neck.

Everybody likes to look at the crown jewels. They are kept in the Wakefield Tower in a circular cage, around which is always an envious crowd.

To me the most interesting thing was the greatest of all diamonds, the Cullinan, weighing over three thousand carats, and found only a decade or so ago in a mud wall of the Premier mine. It was bought by The Union of South Africa and presented to the British Crown. Then it was cut into seven stones, the two largest being shown under the name of the Stars of Africa. The second is in the imperial crown and the larger in the scepter. It weighs 516½ carats and is the largest cut stone in existence. The historic Kohinoor is in the queen's crown; but I am told that the original is in the vaults and the one in the crown is but a paste model. The Cullinan, in its complete rough form, is shown in a model that looks like a large prism of common quartz. The imperial crown contains nearly three thousand diamonds and pearls and is quite a trophy. Also it is a rather heavy bit of head-dress. I don't think King George was wearing it the day the kids yelled "Beaver" at him in Hyde Park.

In the White Tower, near St. John's Chapel, is the staircase where the bones of two children were found in the reign of Charles the Second. They were the remains of the two unfortunate young princes, Edward the Fifth and his younger brother, done to death apparently that Richard the Third might gain the throne. Their bones were removed to Westminster Abbey in 1678.

Enough of the Tower. The Abbey is less gruesome.

Westminster Abbey lies in the very heart of London, in Parliament Square, where Whitehall and Victoria Street come

together. It adjoins immediately the Houses of Parliament. One corner of the yard, near Victoria Street, is occupied by the fashionable old church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, where many smart weddings still occur, and which is a sort of official church for parliament and the lords. It has nothing to do with the Abbey.

Westminster Abbey is officially known as the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster. It is England's most historic shrine and shelters more illustrious dead than any other building on earth. It is one of the purest examples of early English architecture. It is 513 feet long and at the transepts about 200 feet wide. There are benches in the yard much frequented by idlers.

Its origin is obscure. The Saxons are supposed to have built a church there in 616, but it is known that a Benedictine abbey was built on the site in 740 and called Westminster. Edward the Confessor built a Norman church on the spot in 1065. Henry the Third rebuilt it, and since that time there were various reconstructions and enlargements, the towers dating from as late as 1739. Like many other ancient churches, it is a development rather than a construction. Queen Elizabeth placed the church under an independent dean and chapter, and it is today controlled by their successors.

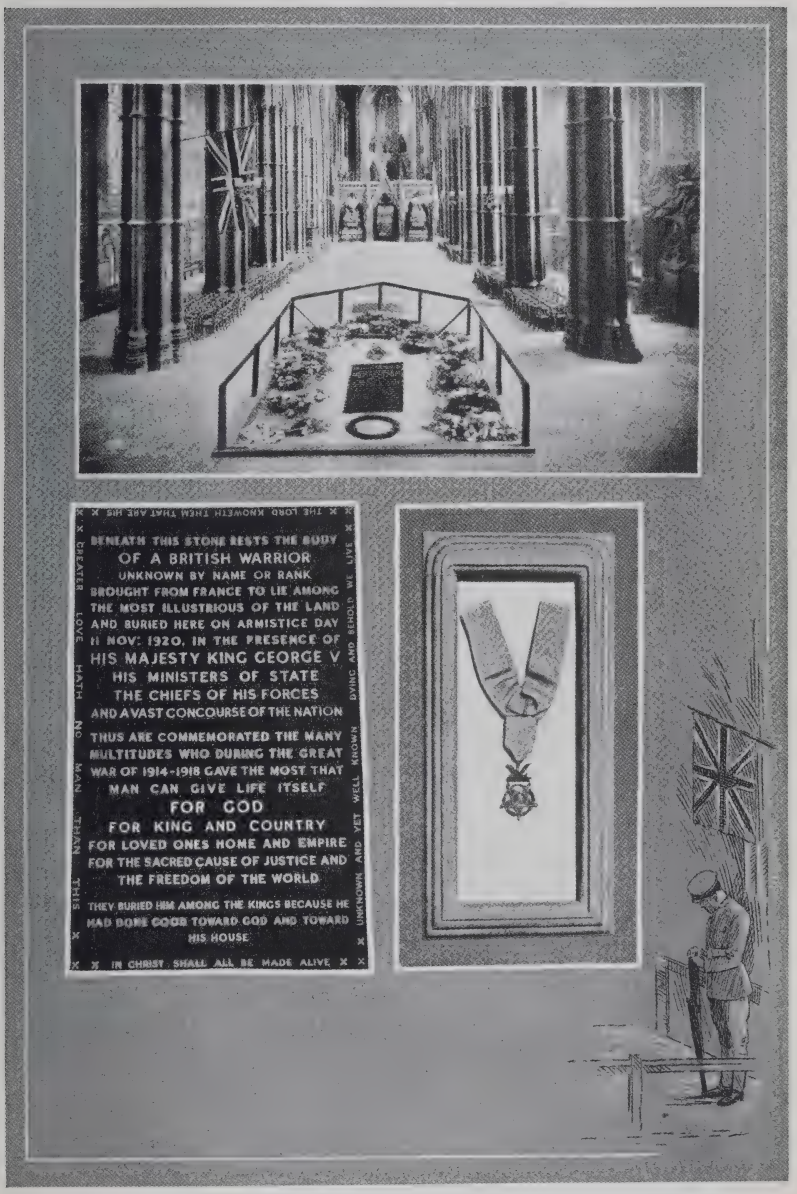
There was a service in progress in the afternoon when I first visited the Abbey, and though I was quietly tiptoeing around in the remote rear, over the graves of Geoffrey Chaucer, Tennyson and Browning, near the tablet and bust of our own Longfellow, a verger came along and asked all of us not to move about during service. He was very polite—also very firm. The Poets' Corner is in the south transept and got its name from the graves of Chaucer and Spenser, but has overflowed into the south end of the central aisle. Chaucer's tomb bears the dates 1340-1400, and anybody who ever pored

The Founders of Westminster Abbey

LEFT—*Henry the Third.*

RIGHT—*Edward the Confessor.*

These figures are from tapestries woven by Messrs. Morris and Company and presented to the Abbey by private owners.


BENEATH THIS STONE RESTS THE BODY
OF A BRITISH WARRIOR
UNKNOWN BY NAME OR RANK
BROUGHT FROM FRANCE TO LIE AMONG
THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE LAND
AND BURIED HERE ON ARMISTICE DAY
11 NOV: 1920. IN THE PRESENCE OF
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V
HIS MINISTERS OF STATE
THE CHIEFS OF HIS FORCES
AND A VAST CONCOURSE OF THE NATION
THUS ARE COMMEMORATED THE MANY
MULTITUDES WHO DURING THE GREAT
WAR OF 1914-1918 GAVE THE MOST THAT
MAN CAN GIVE LIFE ITSELF
FOR GOD
FOR KING AND COUNTRY
FOR LOVED ONES HOME AND EMPIRE
FOR THE SACRED CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND
THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD
THEY BURIED HIM AMONG THE KINGS BECAUSE HE
HAD DONE GOOD TOWARD GOD AND TOWARD
HIS HOUSE
IN CHRIST SHALL ALL BE MADE ALIVE
GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS
UNKNOWN AND YET WELL KNOWN
DYING AND BEHOLD WE LIVE

Britain's Unknown Soldier

ABOVE—*The resting-place of Britain's Unknown Soldier of the Great War, in Westminster Abbey.*

BELOW LEFT—*The inscription.*

BELOW RIGHT—*The American Congressional Medal.*

over the "Canterbury Tales" in school will find it's impressive to stand over the old fellow's resting-place. Milton is here buried and Gray and Coleridge and Dryden. In fact the whole of English literature is here represented by tombs or cenotaphs. The Poets' Corner is much more frequented than the royal tombs, showing the permanence of literary appeal. The Chapel of Henry the Seventh is considered the finest Tudor Gothic example in England, with wonderful fan tracery in the arch.

The statuary is enormous in quantity and many of the figures are excellent. The tombs are in many instances most ornate.

The only remains of the original Norman Cloisters are in the tomblike undercroft, or basement.

Most of the glass in the Abbey is modern. Very little remains of the ancient stained glass, except a few specimens in the Jerusalem Chamber and the Jericho Parlour. The Rose Window in the Poets' Corner is the largest of its kind and very fine, but it was put in as late as 1902, as a memorial to the Duke of Westminster. Among the many memorial windows is one to Bunyan, dated 1912. The Puritans smashed much of the old Abbey glass at the time of the Cromwell regime, but some of it was put back in patches in the east window.

The British Unknown Soldier was buried in the Abbey in 1920, on Armistice Day. On the grave is this inscription:

"Beneath this stone rests the body of a British Warrior, unknown by name or rank, brought from France to lie among the Most Illustrious of the Land, and buried here on Armistice Day, 11th November, 1920, in the presence of His Majesty, King George the Fifth, his ministers of state, the chiefs of his forces, and a vast concourse of the nation.

"Thus are commemorated the many multitudes who dur-

ing the Great War of 1914-1918 gave the most that man can give—life itself—for God, for King and Country, for Loved Ones, Home and Empire, for the sacred cause of Justice and the Freedom of the World.

"They buried him among kings because he had done good toward God and toward his house.

"In Christ shall all be made alive."

ABOVE—*Facade of the British Museum, fronting Great Russell Street.*

MIDDLE—*Theseus, from the frieze of the Parthenon.*

BELOW—*Lioness wounded in the hunt of Asbur-bani-pal, King of Assyria, B. C.* 668-626.

The British Museum

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

ONDON is richer in museums, galleries and places of historic interest than any other capital save Paris. Her collections of antiquities are unequaled. The places of supreme interest are the British Museum, in Great Russell Street, and the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square.

But these do not begin to exhaust London's collections. The National Portrait Gallery is really an annex to the National Gallery, though separately entered. The Tate Gallery, officially known as the National Gallery, Millbank, the Wallace collection in Hertford House, Manchester Square, Dulwich Gallery and the Galleries of Hampton Court Palace are public collections of the utmost interest. There are in addition magnificent private collections, to which the necessary amount of effort will usually secure cards of admission. They are for the most part in the great private houses. Among these are the Mond collection and the galleries of such establishments as Dorchester House, Holland House, Apsley House and Doughty House. The exhibitions of the Royal Academy in Burlington House are of course of great interest to artists and bring out the best in contemporary painting.

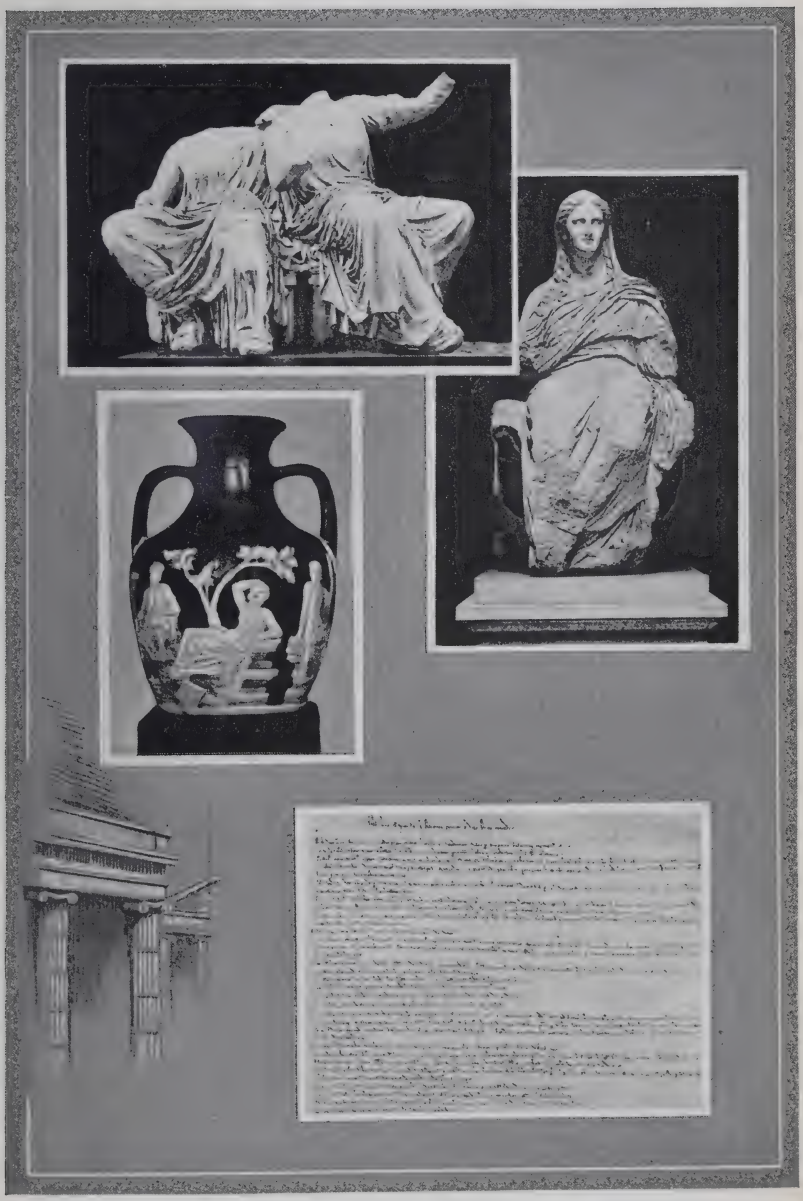
Museums are equally numerous and more varied. First amongst all museums comes the British Museum, with its enormous wealth of antiques and the greatest library in the world. The Victoria and Albert Museum, the London Museum and the Museum in the Guildhall are the next group in interest; but there are museums and collections covering almost every field of human interest and progress. Among them may be mentioned the Horniman Museum of Ethnology, the Geffrye Museum of Furniture, the Natural History Museum,

the Donaldson Museum of Musical Instruments, the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, the War Museum, the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, the Museum of Artillery, the Bible Museum, and even a Veterinary Museum. The Tower of London contains a museum of the first order, and a very different kind of place is the famous Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, at Baker Street and Marylebone Road, a private enterprise for profit.

My first visit to the British Museum was made one afternoon. The museum sits back in a large court frequented by pigeons, and is a grimy but imposing old structure, with a great colonnade supporting a pediment representing the progress of humanity. It was founded in 1753 by the famous Sir Hans Sloane, and has been added to from time to time until the structure is enormous.

The situation is not imposing. There is no prospect and Bloomsbury is a crowded and cosmopolitan, but not very impressive, district of London. A high iron fence separates the court from the street and there is a police box at the gate. So strict are the regulations that smoking is not permitted even in the grounds. All umbrellas and sticks are taken up at the gate, as is customary in most galleries and museums.

The need of such precautions is evident when the fate of the famous Portland Vase is recalled. This is the finest art object in existence and there is no way of fixing its value. It is a vase of glass made in two layers, white over blue-black, and it dates from the first century, A. D. The white glass is carved away into cameolike designs. The trophy was found in a Roman tomb at Barberini and was given to the Museum in 1810 by the Duke of Portland. In 1845, when the collections were not so well protected, a demented vandal suddenly shattered the priceless trophy with his stick. It fell into thousands of fragments, only the flat, saucerlike pedestal escap-



Treasures of the British Museum

ABOVE LEFT—*Persephone and Demeter, from the east pediment of the Parthenon.*

ABOVE RIGHT—*The Demeter of Cnidos.*

MIDDLE LEFT—*The Portland Vase, supreme among the world's art objects, in its restored condition.*

BELOW—*The Articles of the Magna Charta, 1215.*

ing. Yet an artist was found who, after nine months of labor, fitted every tiny fragment to its place and restored the whole. Only minute lines mark the principal junctions. A photograph of the fragments is shown on the wall near the restored vase. This work of restoration is probably the most remarkable piece of handicraft ever accomplished.

It would be idle to attempt to describe a museum so large that a mere list of its contents makes a big book. Four of the seven ancient wonders of the world are represented by large fragments. Most famous of these are the so-called Elgin marbles, the friezes stripped from the Parthenon, where they were carved in the golden days of ancient Greece by Phidias and his pupils. They were bought from Greece early in the nineteenth century by Lord Elgin, then British Ambassador at Constantinople, and sold to the British Government for less money than he paid for them.

There are several hundred feet of these marvelous friezes, but unhappily very few of the figures are perfect. The ravages of time and the bombardment of Athens by the Venetians under Morosini in 1687, have resulted in the mutilation of nearly every figure, just as the German bombardment left hardly a perfect one among the ten thousand statues that adorned the Cathedral of Reims. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus and the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus are represented by enormous sections of grotesque and colossal statues. The Rosetta Stone, which led to the deciphering of all the Egyptian monuments, is a supreme archaeological trophy.

Two curious things I will mention. One is the remains of a man supposed to have lived 8,000 years B. C. He was not mummified, but preserved in some sort of prehistoric pitch and enclosed in a hollowed rock. So perfect was the preservation that even his red hair remains almost entire. This is the oldest human body known to man.

In the Gold Room is a ring that shows why gold remains first among metals. It was found, I believe, in Asia Minor and is probably early Greek. The heavy ring is of silver and it has corroded until it is almost ready to give way. But it is set with a tiny figure of a fly, so marvelously wrought in gold that the wings seem like the gossamer of nature. Yet this delicate specimen of ancient craftsmanship remains as perfect as on the day of its completion. Such is the imperishable quality of gold.

The National Gallery is the chief repository of paintings by the old masters, though many of the private collections are rich in these works. It occupies an impressive stone building covering the terrace that runs along the whole north side of Trafalgar Square. The central portion is in the Greek style, with a portico and columns that were once part of the famous Carlton House. It dates from 1824, when the British Government bought the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight paintings. It has become one of the large galleries of the world, with the highest average of excellence. The Royal Academy formerly shared this gallery, but in 1869 it was removed to Burlington House.

There are twenty-nine enormous rooms of pictures and the collection is divided into the various national and period schools. There is no sculpture. It excels in the Italian masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Having no technical knowledge of art, I amused myself by making a slight test of my taste in pictures. I wandered slowly around, selecting the paintings that struck me as notably fine, and then investigating their fame. My choice went to the "Ansidei Madonna," by Raphael; "Pieta," by Francia; the "Holy Family," by Reynolds; "Chateau de Steen" by Rubens; the "Origin of the Milky Way," by Tintoretto, and Leonardo's "Madonna of the Rocks." These, I learned, were amongst the

The National Gallery, Trafalgar Square

ABOVE—*The National Gallery, with one of the lions of the Nelson Monument at right.*

BELOW LEFT — *Leighton's well-known "Bath of Psyche," from the Tate Gallery.*

BELOW RIGHT—*Annunciation, by Hacker, from the Tate Gallery.*

Famous Paintings in the National Gallery

ABOVE—*Pieta, by Francia (1450-1517), who was also a jeweler.*

MIDDLE—*The "Ansidei" Madonna, by Raphael (1483-1520). This is one of the most impressive pictures in the great collection so rich in the Italian masters.*

BELOW—*Chateau de Steen, by Rubens (1577-1640).*

most highly esteemed works in the gallery. There are many very striking pictures. The Turners stand out above all others for their magnificence of color. Some of them fairly rival the sunset. "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," and "The Fighting Temeraire Towed to Her Last Berth," are two glorious examples. The yellow and reddish tints are unsurpassed. Turner is best for the sea and sky, I think. The most attractive Whistler is "The Nocturne," but Whistler is easily imitated. Gainsborough's "Lady Graham as a Housemaid" is the prettiest picture of a woman in the gallery, and Millais' "Gladstone," the best portrait. "Ophelia," by the same painter, is as green and gorgeous as an emerald. The crude specimens of very early painting are interesting.

Tate's, officially "The National Gallery, Millbank," is devoted to the British school and is really more interesting than the National Gallery, because of the great variety of the work. Viewing large collections of old masters is too much like visiting one cathedral after another. The subjects are all ecclesiastical and they become monotonous.

Tate was a rich sugar man and he gave the city a beautiful gallery. It contains work of all the best British artists and some sculpture that is certainly as beautiful as the work of the ancient Greeks. Many of the paintings here have been reproduced by the million all over the world for use on calendars. Everybody knows Leighton's "Bath of Psyche." It is one of the most striking pictures in the gallery. Watts' "Hope" is another familiar one, and his "Psyche" would be reproduced even more if it were not a bit daring for American standards. The right to reproduce Orchardson's "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," has been bought by a big art company.

There is no time to discuss the smaller galleries, though they house some of the best pictures in the world.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

Although it isn't a gallery, a word about "Madame Tussaud's" may be of interest. It is a display of waxworks and is a private enterprise. It was started in Paris in 1762 and the London establishment was set up in 1802, though not at its present location in Marylebone Road at Baker Street. It contains wax figures that must be the despair of window-dressers. The figures of men now alive are dresssed in the mode of the day and some of them are so real that I actually turned to the wax figure of a policeman and had begun to ask him a question before I realized that he was of wax.

The grand hall contains 291 figures of celebrities, from emperors to prize-fighters, and many are in groups. I could recognize at least half of them without consulting the name plates. There is a whole group of American presidents. The figure of McKinley is excellent. Those of Harding and Roosevelt are not so good. The artists do better work on people they have actually seen. Jack Dempsey and Bill Tilden, the tennis player, are there, and so is almost everyone you know. The Prince of Wales is very lifelike and one could almost induce Pershing to speak. I looked with great interest on the former Kaiser.

There is a Napoleon Room, with a great collection of authentic souvenirs, which seemed very wonderful until the larger ones in Paris are seen. One of the things shown is the counterpane of the bed on which Napoleon died, stained with his blood.

The Chamber of Horrors is a great attraction. It contains figures of all the famous murderers, and large collections of ghastly relics, such as knives with which notable persons were stabbed, bathtubs in which murders were committed, ropes with which noted criminals were hanged, and all sorts of shocking souvenirs. It is a great place for realism. No visitor to London should miss Tussaud's, and few do pass it by.

Well-known Pictures in Tate's

ABOVE—*Death of Chatterton, by Wallace.*

MIDDLE—*The Vigil, by Pettie.*

BELOW—*Wood Gatherers, by Corot.*

Works of British Painters

Above Left—*King Cophetua, by Burne-Jones. An example of his well-known style.*

Above Right—*Boyhood of Raleigh, by Millais.*

Below Left—*The Sea Gave Up Its Dead, by Leighton.*

Below Right—*Musidora, by Gainsborough.*

Works of Watts and Whistler

Above Left—*Love Triumphant, by Watts.*

Above Right—*Love and Life, by Watts.*

Below Left—*Hope, by Watts.*

Below Right — *Old Battersea Bridge, by Whistler.*

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Madame Tussaud's Exhibition

Catalogue.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE PROGRAM OF TUSSAUD'S

The catalogue of Madame Tussaud's is adorned by a quaint eighteenth-century portrait of the founder of this famous collection of waxworks and objects of horror.

LONDON TO PARIS

ARIS is 238 miles southeast of London and there are many routes of travel between them. One may go by way of Dover, Folkestone or New Haven, and land at Calais, Boulogne or le Havre. By each route there is a connecting boat across the channel and a connecting train on the French side. The Dover-Calais route by the London and Chatham railroad is the shortest and best. The time of the entire trip is about seven hours.

There are many air services, all starting from Croydon, ten miles south from the heart of London, and landing in an aerodrome in the north of Paris, about six miles from the Opera. The time by air is two hours and the fare one way is six pounds, six as against about three pounds, six by rail, first-class. One of the difficulties about the air passage is with baggage. Thirty pounds only were transported by plane without extra charge, and for additional luggage the charge was about twenty cents per pound. The carrying of trunks by air was in consequence pretty costly. Of course they could be sent by registered express, but that involved delay, and many travelers do not wish to be separated from their baggage. Passengers are picked up in a motor car at the Metropole Hotel.

I deliberated between the two methods and finally asked the very intelligent head porter at the Hyde Park what route he would recommend. "Go by Dover and Calais," he said. "It is the best and shortest. The air may be all right, but no matter what they say, it isn't safe. At least I would not go that way." I thought it best to take his advice, all things considered; but a great many Americans used the air.

While I was in Paris I read of a family named Bingham, of New Haven, Conn., that chartered two whole planes for the London-Paris trip. The parents, with six sons, occupied one and their baggage another. Major Bingham had been connected with the air service in the war and planned to do all his traveling abroad by plane. Air taxi service may be had all over Europe at about one dollar per mile. Another American party that attracted newspaper attention was a group of about forty girls, mostly from Wooster College, Ohio, who occupied several planes in a trip to London. Like most American girls they were after thrills.

Victoria Station was very crowded when I left London, and the hotel sent a man with me to look after baggage, tickets and all details. It was just before the August Bank Holiday and it is said that three million Londoners left town within three days. Before noon on a single day seven thousand taxicabs arrived at Victoria Station, so it is easy to imagine the crowding and confusion. The stations do not compare in size nor convenience with our great terminals and long queues at every ticket or "booking" window are the rule. It is well to allow yourself plenty of time at any London station.

The Paris express, leaving London at 8:20, is the finest train I saw in Europe. The parlor car was marked "Pullman," though I don't know if it was built in America. It was quite unlike our parlor cars. The chairs were in pairs, with a fixed table between them.

In a chair opposite me was a woman of middle age, rather fashionably gowned, intent on a cigarette and whisky and soda. In a few moments she began to talk, and to my surprise I learned that she was an American, though she had lived in Paris most of her life. Her husband, she told me, had been badly gassed in the war and she had taken him all over

Scenes at Versailles

ABOVE—*The farm of Marie Antoinette in the park of Versailles, a favorite residence of the queen.*

MIDDLE—*The Grand Trianon.*

BELOW—*The Petit Trianon.*

These pictures were made by the writer. Unfortunately, in picturing the Trianons, the camera was not held quite level.

the world for his health. Finally he was put in charge of a soldiers' home in Southern California. She also informed me that her cousin, May Handy, was the second wife of the late James Brown Potter, father of Fifi Potter Stillman. This lady entertained very strong views about the Stillman divorce case. She assured me that she had known Jim Stillman ever since he was a boy and that he was a reprobate. His wife she regarded as very much sinned against.

The train pulled up to the landing stage at Dover and in ten minutes or so all of the seven hundred passengers were aboard the smart little channel steamer "Biarritz." This boat is driven by turbine, with twin screws at the sides instead of astern, and she did twenty-five knots easily, making the crossing under an hour.

In the smoking-room an American began to converse with me. He said that his former home was in Ft. Wayne, Ind., and asked me if I knew anyone there. I said the only person I could think of was S. F. Bowser, the gasoline-tank manufacturer. He smiled and showed me his card. He was Ralph G. Shulze, European Manager for S. F. Bowser & Co., Inc. He asked me if I knew Bill Biddle, of Cincinnati, and it so happened that Bill Biddle and I had shared a room at Springfield, Mass., a few months before. Mr. Shulze had just been in Petrograd and asserted, that so far as a visitor was concerned, things were not half bad. He said that he had a fine hotel, good service and no trouble, the only difference being that he dealt in millions of rubles at every transaction.

While we were talking I noticed a brass tablet in the wall of the smoking-room, reading "Breslau, January 6, 1916" (I give that date from memory). I asked a steward why this boat carried a tablet marked Breslau. "Oh, sir, didn't you know that this was the boat that 'did in' the German cruiser Breslau? We were an auxiliary during the war, when the

Breslau and the Goeben had taken refuge in Turkish waters. Near the Dardanelles the Breslau sighted us and pursued, opening fire. We were about as fast as she was and had the luck not to be hit. We dropped a mine astern and the Breslau ran into it. That was the end of her."

The arrival at Calais and the transfer to the Paris train is an annoyance. As we were coming up to the wharf an English gentleman standing beside me remarked that things had been got in pretty good shape again. He said that the Germans had smashed the great concrete docks both from the air and with long-range guns.

In their first rush of the war they had crossed the Calais-Paris railroad but had not stopped to occupy Calais, a mistake they regretted all through the war.

Passport and customs examination of seven hundred people is quite a job, and we were herded through narrow gates. There was an uncomfortable jam, for the crowd had a huge amount of hand luggage and everybody either carried it or was attended by a jostling French porter in a blue smock. There were some hundreds of these fellows on the pier, all shouting and jabbering at once.

There was just time to get a little lunch before the train left.

The trip to Paris occupied three and one-half hours and was not interesting. At one place a few shell holes could be seen in the fields, but the country appeared to have suffered no serious damage from the brief passing of the German army. It was only where the armies had been stationary and had fought back and forth that the war havoc was serious.

The French countryside was neither interesting nor so attractive as that of most other countries. The fields did not have that immaculate look that characterizes North Switzer-

Works of Italian Masters

ABOVE—*Madonna of the Rocks, by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519).*

BELOW—*The Origin of the Milky Way, by Tintoretto (1518-1594).*

land and Germany, nor did the soil appear too fertile. At one place on a hillside, traced in white stones like a Heinz pickle ad, were the words "Glory to Jesus Christ," in French. I suppose it was put out by some religious enthusiast like the Bible colporteurs, who often paint similar signs on American fences. We passed Chantilly, where John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell had their famous fight or running match, of 39 rounds. In a half hour we reached Paris, the gray five-story buildings with factories here and there, reaching to the extremity of the town. In just five minutes from the time we reached the outskirts the train came to a stop in the Gare du Nord, for Paris is small and compact. A minute or two later we stepped out into the turmoil and confusion of the French metropolis.

THE TOWN CALLED PARIS

OMPARED with London Paris is a toy metropolis. London's immensity and London distances are impressive even to those familiar with the great towns of the world. London is approximately thirty miles long and twenty miles wide. Paris is seven miles long and five miles wide. All the famous places are quite near to the center, and the center and heart of Paris is the Opera.

There are two underground stations (Metropolitain), in front of the Opera. As you face it the Grand Boulevards are before you, Capucines to the left and Italiens to the right, changing names frequently as they circle around the central districts on both sides of the Seine. The Avenue de l'Opera sweeps away to the south, ending at the Louvre and the Palais Royal. Its vista unfortunately terminates not in the Louvre, but in the Hotel Louvre, which cuts off the famous gallery.

The Rue de la Paix, with its sumptuous shops, radiates to the southwest to the Place Vendome. It is very short, but very famous. Emerging from the south side of the Place Vendome, and really a continuation of the Rue de la Paix, is the Rue de Castiglione, which in a few hundred feet ends at the Rue de Rivoli opposite the Gardens of the Tuileries. Westward two blocks on the Rue de Rivoli and we reach the Rue Royal and the Place de la Concorde, with the Egyptian obelisk in its center, marking the spot where the guillotine stood during the Revolution and where the head of Louis the Sixteenth fell. To the west from the Place de la Concorde sweeps the majestic Champs Elysees, most famous of avenues, terminating within a mile, or a trifle more, in the glory of the Place Etoile, with the great Arch of Triumph in its center

Where the World Passes

The Boulevard Capucines, Paris, from the Opera.

At the right is the Grand Hotel, with the Cafe de la Paix in the foreground.

and noted avenues radiating in every direction. Beneath the arch lies the Unknown Soldier of France, and here every hour of the day stand reverent groups of people to whom the war has meant both glory and sorrow. From the arch the best-known avenue is the Avenue Bois Bologne, leading to the great park near by.

This is a noble street, wide, beautiful and rich. On the right among the trees it has a bridle-path. Among the fine houses here is the reproduction of the Grand Trianon, built by Anna Gould, the Countess de Castellane, shortly after her unfortunate marriage to the foppish Boni, whose pictures and eccentricities used to fill the Sunday supplements of the American "yellows" of twenty years ago.

Such is the center of Paris. The Madeleine is but a few blocks west of the Opera and it is a prominent traffic point. Notorious Mont Martre, topped with the great church of the Sacred Heart, but filled mainly with fast theaters, and faster dance halls and dancing restaurants, is easily seen on the heights to the north. Across the river is the Latin Quarter, now entirely run out as a scene of revelry by the Mont Martre (they call it "Momart") establishments around Place Pigalle and in the outer Boulevard Clinchy. To the south also are the Eiffel Tower and the Champs de Mars, the Luxembourg, the Invalides with Napoleon's tomb, the Hotel de Ville, the Pantheon and many other famous places.

Between the two is the Island of the Cite, the site of ancient Paris, and the adjoining Ile St. Louis. While the Cite is an island, that makes no difference, as all the streets are bridged. You can enter it by the Pont Neuf, the Pont au Change, the Pont Notre Dame and the Pont d'Arcole. The whole of this district is filled with ancient and famous buildings, among them the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice with its Saint Chapelle, having the finest stained

glass in all the world; the Conciergerie, where Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, Danton, Madame Roland, Camille Desmoulins and others of revolutionary fame were imprisoned, and near by the Prefecture of Police, the Scotland Yard of Paris.

I have named but a few of the interesting places of Paris, for if it be but a toy metropolis in area, it is still the world's most famous city, and excepting possibly Rome, the most historic. It is a very populous place. The local town boosters say it has four million people and when it gets done annexing will be the largest city in the world. This is absurd, of course. As a matter of fact the census early last year gave the city three million people, and there are about another million in the suburban area.

But if Paris isn't the biggest city in the world, it certainly is the liveliest. One morning, standing before the Madeleine, I fell into conversation with a pleasant young couple, English people, who were residents of troubled Dublin. As we gazed out on the turmoil of traffic and watched a half dozen French chauffeurs excitedly trying to park a large Charabanc, my Anglo-Irish friend said: "Well, this is the most bewildering place that ever I saw, particularly when you don't speak the language." In a short time, however, he was in the safe custody of one of Thomas Cook's intelligent guides, and he and his wife saw quite a bit of Paris within the next few hours and saw it comfortably and with understanding.

Everybody has heard that Paris is beautiful. It is, but not in the way most of us imagine. By building compactly it manages to pile a large population in a small area and still have enormous open spaces. The whole aspect of the city, full of five- or six-story stone houses, is gray—but a rather light gray. The buildings are just as high and just as compact in the outskirts as in the center. There is, however, an acute scarcity of apartments and rents are considered wickedly high.

The Boulevard Italiens, Paris

A typical picture of the Grand Boulevards, taken from a point near the Opera.

The linden trees, the great width of the roadways and foot pavements and the animated street life, make the Boulevards famous throughout the world.

If a family has a place to live it will submit to any endurable extortion rather than move out, for to move out means to run a great chance of being without shelter.

These old houses are rather gloomy looking affairs and they lack for the most part everything that we call "conveniences," and that Americans consider necessities. Elevators, bathtubs, electric lights, telephones and steam heating are the exceptions, not the rule, and one pays well for them.

Grass does not thrive on the French soil and the Gardens of the Tuileries and the extraordinary parkings along the Avenue Champs Elysees are covered with gravel or crushed stone. The Place Vendome, for example, is very fashionable and expensive. The whole circle is filled in with very smart hotels, like the Ritz with banks and expensive shops. Yet it is about as cheerful in appearance as the light well of a tenement house. Even the glorious places Concorde and Etoile are covered with cement over all their great area.

There are some fine gardens, such as the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero, on either side of Eiffel Tower, but they are very formal and show the result of enormous and painstaking care.

The Bois Bologne is the playground of the rich in the season. It has in it nearly everything in the form of amusement. There are the most fashionable and brilliant restaurants, such as Pre Catelan, Cafe Madrid and the Pavillon d'Armenonville, quite the equal of such town places as Marguery, Ambassadeurs or Ciro's. The famous race tracks, Auteuil for the steeplechase and Longchamps for turf racing and fashion, are both in the park. There is a polo field, trapshooting grounds, a botanical garden, a zoo, and no end of other attractions. It is the nearest park and of course enormously frequented. Speaking of the zoo—I heard an amusing French guide point it out to some tourists. He said: "Here is

the Paris Zoo. The collection consists of a lion without any teeth and some rabbits. The rest of them died during the war."

On Sundays many of the poor people go out to the more distant and larger Forest of St. Cloud. It is quite a sight of a Sunday morning to drive out that way and see the French families off for a day in the woods. Frequently the father will lead, carrying in one hand one hard loaf of French bread about three feet long and in the other two bottles of wine. That is the family's holiday fare and they all consume it, from the infant to the grandfather. There is nothing else.

Versailles, a little farther out, is hardly available to people who have to walk on their outings. It is the super-showplace of the Paris district and the gardens are the finest in the world.

The noted Cemetery of Pere Lachaise must be mentioned. It is the greatest of the Paris burying-grounds and its mausoleums shelter more famous dead than are to be found in any other modern cemetery.

It is a true city of the dead and the elaboration of the tombs is as astonishing as their density. It lies in the northeastern part of Paris and was laid out in 1804 and named for the Confessor of Louis the Fourteenth. The south part, near the main entrance, is a network of winding roads, lined with splendid and costly sculptured tombs. From the main gate one looks up a short distance to Bartholome's solemn "Monument of the Dead." Approaching it, one passes in quick succession the graves of many notable persons, including Adalina Patti and M. Carnot, who was assassinated. Oscar Wilde is buried here.

I was told that it cost something like fifty thousand francs to get a burial place in the best part of the cemetery, and in France that is quite a fortune.

The Avenue Champs Elysees

The whole sweep of the noble Avenue Champs Elysees is shown in this photograph, made in the Place Concorde.

The vista terminates in the Place Etoile, with the Arc de Triomphe. The length of the avenue is not much more than one mile.

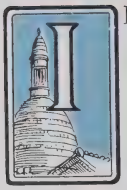
The Arch of Triumph

The Arc de Triomphe occupies the center of the great Place Etoile, at the west end of the Champs Elysees. Its construction was begun by Napoleon the First.

This is the largest monumental arch ever constructed. Its height is about 160 feet. Under the great central arch the Unknown Soldier of France now reposes, and the arch has thus become a national shrine.

A description of a cemetery is a gloomy subject, and Paris is not a gloomy city. The life of the boulevards, of the theaters and the cafes is unrestrained to a degree that Americans cannot comprehend. After the first immersion one comes up gasping, wondering that anywhere on earth there should be such abandon and on a scale so colossal. The lid is not off, because there never was any lid; but the sky is the limit and heaven must be a long way from Mont Martre.

PARIS BY DAY AND NIGHT



I HAD arrived in Paris shortly before 6 p. m. There was the usual jam around the Gare du Nord and it was a scramble to get through to the street. None of the stations is conveniently arranged for cabs and the plans indicate a conspiracy between the architects and the French porters. Anyhow, a porter is more of a necessity than in an American station.

The distances in Paris are so small that it was only five minutes from the time we reached the city until the train came to a stop in the station. There were some fiacres, driven by old men and pulled by old horses with bells on their necks, and I took one in preference to a taxi. Within two hundred feet of the station a young woman walking with a man waved frantically, but the driver gave her no heed. It is the way the Parisienne has of saying "Welcome to our city." In a few minutes we were in Rue Royal, where there are many cafes. Here again there was shouting and waving from a window—this time by a man. I suppose he mistook me for a friend.

I stayed in a small hotel, finely situated in the Champs Elysees at Avenue George the Fifth, about three blocks from the Place Etoile. They made it very pleasant and in a few hours everyone about the place knew me. The manager spoke excellent English. So did Jean Colle, the head waiter, a fine Luxembourg boy who had worked in the Knickerbocker Hotel, New York, lately gone out of business. The concierge, a young Frenchman who had spent most of the war in a German prison camp and had lost all three of his brothers, spoke English, too, and was most obliging. The little hall boys spoke no English, but more attractive youngsters I have never seen. They ranged in age from twelve to fifteen and they worked

The Louvre and the Gardens of the Tuileries

The vast extent of the Louvre is readily understood after a glance at this picture. Throughout, it is filled with treasures of art and antiquity.

In the foreground are the Gardens of the Tuileries, with the Arc du Carrousel.

A Parisian Vista

The river, the bridges, the quais and south central Paris are well shown in the picture, with the Island of the Cite and Notre Dame in the background at the left.

hard. When one came into a room where they were, they immediately stopped whatever they were doing and stood at attention. They did errands cheerfully and received small tips with gratitude. When I came back to this hotel after an absence of three weeks, they all rushed out to the taxi to bid me welcome. Like almost all Paris hotels, the doors were locked before midnight and the belated guest had to ring the bell to get in.

My first walk down to the boulevards gave a glimpse of the night life that flames all over Paris as nowhere else in the world. There were great crowds around the Opera and the broad sidewalks were lined with crowded cafes and strollers from many lands. The Cafe de la Paix, occupying the corner of the Grand Hotel at the Place Opera and Boulevard Capucines, is the largest of the hundreds of such establishments, and of this place it is said, that if you sit there long enough the whole world will pass before you.

The parasites of the streets are innumerable and they have an unerring eye for the visitor, nationality and all. Every few yards one is stopped by so-called "guides" wishing to lead the unwary into numberless places they serve. Purveyors of illicit art catch visitors by the sleeve and flash glimpses of their wares, and in the streets, in the cafes, in the theaters, everywhere, are unescorted girls whose number is said to exceed two hundred and fifty thousand.

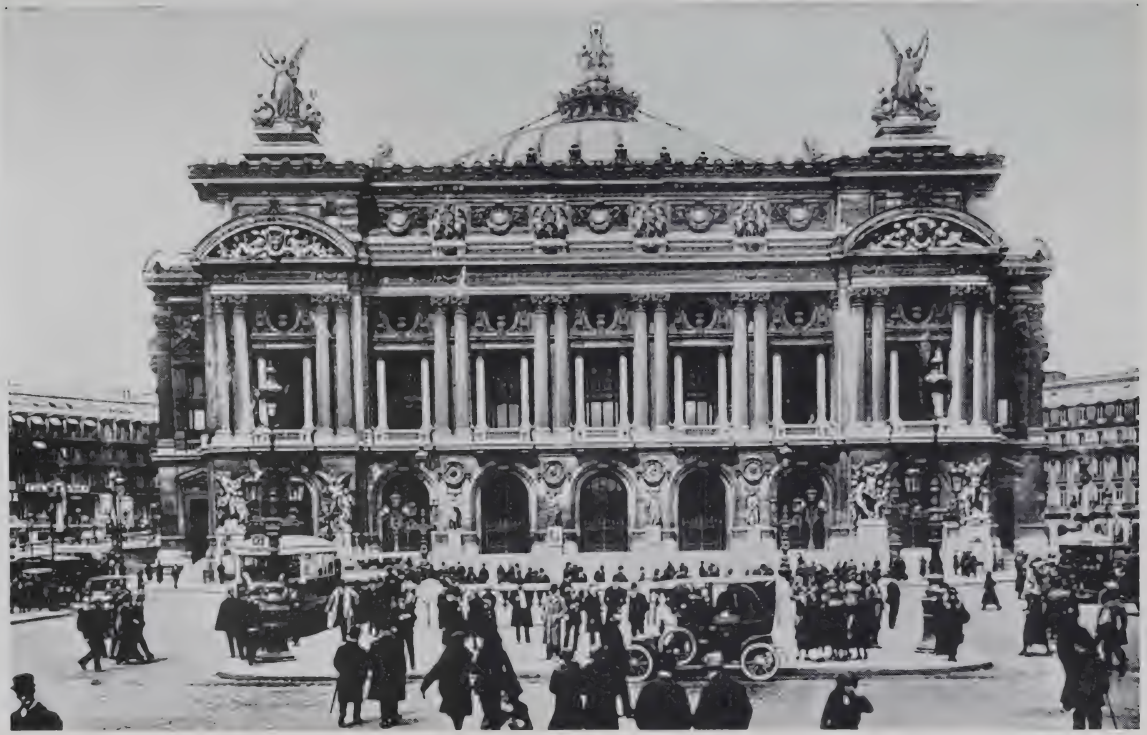
On the Saturday afternoon after my arrival I was strolling in the Boulevard Italiens, and as I passed the crowded Cafe Americain, I heard someone call me sharply by name. I turned and to my astonishment was confronted by Murray Sheehan. He was seated with Dr. Russell, Dean of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, Washington, with whom he was traveling. We spent a pleasant hour together watching the animated and novel pageant of the street.

PARIS BY DAY AND NIGHT

Those who have seen Paris only in the movies may readily think that the characters are exaggerated. It is not so. In the streets are seen types that would appear incredible on the screen. At the table next to us sat an actor, very handsome, with long, gray-shot hair. At exactly the proper angle was his flat-topped black velvet hat and in keeping were his velvet jacket and flowing scarf. Then passed a chic French girl holding tightly to the arm of a very large and black negro. Next were a group of Arabs from Morocco, in white turbans and flowing robes. The older men wore white beards. There were Spaniards, Italians and Turks, Hindoos and Japanese. It was not hard to understand that one was at a meeting-place of nations.

Much of the night life centers in the cafes. Those in the boulevards are open until 2 a. m. and are often crowded until the closing hour. In Mont Martre the usual closing hour is 4 a. m. or 5 a. m. I spent a couple of evenings in Mont Martre and happened to be there the night Fannie Brice, of the Follies, claimed to have lost a $5,000 diamond. On the same evening, one American paper said, Mathilde McCormick was about and was so shocked that she sent a complaint to the police the next day. The opposition paper reported that it was all a lie.

Everybody has heard of the biggest Mont Martre places. The Folies Bergere is in that district. It is the largest Paris theater and in front of it is a huge drinking hall, with a balcony terrace and with five bars scattered around the walls. It is a great rendezvous for the predatory female, who always knows enough English to ask for a cigarette. The performance is on a grand scale and the costumes are more daring than are ever seen, or ever will be seen, on any American stage. The Molin Rouge can be seen from afar by its red windmill electric sign. At the door one is received with much ceremony by a whole flock of managers and doormen in evening clothes.



The Opera, the Heart of Paris

The Paris Opera is the city's true center. Its magnificence is well known and from it radiate the boulevards and many famous streets.

A Landmark of Paris

The Church of the Sacred Heart on Mont Martre, a conspicuous landmark of Paris.

In the district in the rear of this basilica lies the famous center of night life.

The dance hall runs until 12:30 and then the cabaret opens and continues until 4. The Bal Tabarin features the French can-can, done by a group of eight girls twice nightly. Like most large Paris dance halls, it has two orchestras—one a regular orchestra and the other an imitation of American jazz. The restaurant "The Dead Rat" has grown into a large place. It got its name long ago, they say, when a group of artists used to frequent it and drink wine drawn from the large casks as they sat on the fountain in Place Pigalle. One day one of them remarked that the wine was better than usual and he believed a dead rat must be in the cask. The canny proprietor adopted the name and thrived on it. The Dead Rat was one of the first places the average American schoolgirl, vacationing in Paris, wanted to see. The theater Grand Guignol, is in a small close in the district.

Like all places that cater to folly and excitement, the Mont Martre restaurants charge high prices. Champagne which sold for twenty-five francs in small cafes, cost sixty francs on the hill.

But there is another side of Paris. It is not all dissipation and night life. Its treasures of art and antiquity are unsurpassed. The Louvre is unquestionably the world's greatest gallery. It has, I believe, about seven hundred rooms and it takes about two hours to walk through it without stopping. I visited it several times, for nothing is more tiring than a large museum or gallery. The feats of endurance performed by the guides and lecturers astonished me more than their knowledge of the pictures, which is very considerable. Mr. L. B. Harrison said that he visited several museums with his mother, who is eighty years old, and an aunt who is about seventy. He said that he used to run ahead and sit down on the first bench to recuperate until his companions worked their way to him.

In the afternoon in summer the Louvre is overrun with visitors. It is an amusing thing to watch the American tourist parties being herded through by their "personal conductors." They are on schedule and they work fast. The look of dazed exhaustion on the faces of the victims is both funny and pitiful. One girl who was in a tour told me that they got behind schedule and when they reached the Louvre they were told that they would have ten minutes there. Led by the guide, they ran as far as the "Monna Lisa," turned around and were off to another place. Traveling on schedule is about the hardest work possible, and nobody who is not utterly helpless ought to go that way. Coming home I heard a rich old farmer from Kentucky talking to a store-keeper from Pennsylvania.. They were trying to remember whether they had been in Verona. Their minds were one grand blur from a rapid succession of unfamiliar experiences.

The two most famous things in the Louvre are the "Monna Lisa," by Leonardo, and the Melos Venus. I was told that a good many Americans go to the Louvre and ask at the door where to find "that picture that was stolen." Such inquiries naturally give our country a reputation for crudity. The picture itself is a small portrait about two feet in height and well hung. Its execution is undoubtedly very perfect and the eyes follow one like one of those spectacle signs in an optician's window. Yet I doubt if many laymen, even though persons of taste, would appraise it so highly as do the critics, and I am sure that a good American lithographer could reproduce it so accurately that, under glass few could distinguish the original from the print. There are a number of other Leonardos near by, and they are easy to distinguish, as they are all characteristic, though I can't say what it is that marks them as different from the work of other masters.

The Venus de Milo holds the place of honor, a salon all to

La Joconde (The Monna Lisa)

The great fame of this Leonardo da Vinci portrait, painted about 1506, has been increased by its history. Its theft from the Louvre and its recovery in Italy years later appeal to the imagination and add to its interest.

It is a portrait of Monna Lisa, the wife of Francesco del Giocondo. It was brought to France by Leonardo in 1516 and on his death left to King Francis the First.

The sad mystery of the expression gives the picture universal appeal. The original brilliancy of the color treatment has been largely lost.

The Venus of Melos

A frontal view of the most treasured statue in existence, the Venus, found in the Island of Melos early in the nineteenth century.

In this work Greek sculpture found its culmination and it is honored by the finest setting in the world's greatest gallery—the Louvre.

Treasures of the Louvre

ABOVE—*Colossal figure, "The Tiber," found in Rome in the sixteenth century.*

BELOW LEFT—*Osiris.*

BELOW RIGHT—*The Slave, by Michael Angelo.*

Ancient Art in the Louvre

ABOVE LEFT—*The Venus Genetrix.*

ABOVE RIGHT—*The Khorsabad Bull, from the Palace of Sargon.*

BELOW—*A fragment of the frieze from the east face of the Parthenon.*

itself with a long perspective from the main gate. Its great fame makes it hard to judge it dispassionately. I looked at it long and from every viewpoint. My first impression was one of disappointment. The marble is discolored and the surface has sloughed away at several places. But the longer one looks the more impressive it becomes, and there is a noble serenity in the figure that is found in no other work.

I could not but wonder if this statue was highly esteemed by the Greeks. It adorned a very obscure temple in the remote Island of Melos, and if it had been done by Phidias and was recognized by his contemporaries as the culmination of Greek sculpture, it is strange that it should have been set up in so insignificant a shrine. It was found by a shepherd about 1805, I believe, but the missing arms were never located. Doubtless it was damaged in an earthquake long ago.

There are many other galleries and museums, but a book could be written about each of them. The Carnavalet Museum is the municipal museum of Paris. It contains remarkable collections of relics from every period of Paris history. The Bastile room is particularly interesting and the warrants for the arrest and execution of Louis the Sixteenth are of curious and morbid fascination.

Nowhere else is so much of interest assembled as in the small spot on the Seine that is called Paris.

GENEVA

ENEVA I thought the most attractive town in Europe. It is ten hours from Paris by the night express, the train going as far south as Lyons. Lausanne, at the west end of Lake Leman, is more easily reached, as it is on the main line of the International railway, running to Sofia and Constantinople by the Simplon, the famous twelve-mile tunnel connecting Switzerland with Italy.

The journey was not without incident. The train leaves Paris from the Gare du Lyons, a good way out. The grizzled old taxi driver, with his two-cylinder car, cared nothing for cross traffic nor the nerves of his fare. If there was a space wider than his car, he went through it at twenty-five miles an hour, his bulb horn sounding every few seconds. I think he imagined that he belonged to the fire brigade.

In the station we found the train drawn up. It was very long, with eleven or twelve cars, only one of which was a sleeping car. Most of the passengers sat up through the long night trip.

When my bags were put through the window, an American standing on the platform approached me and in American vernacular addressed me thus: "Say, I see that porter put your bags in my compartment. Don't think I have any objection to you, but it would be a lot better if we could each have a compartment to himself, and I think some of 'em are empty." I assured him that if he could arrange an additional compartment I would be pleased, but he came back in a minute saying that there was nothing doing. "I guess we will get along all right," he said, and then handed me his card. He was a lawyer in New York City and a very breezy and amusing chap he proved.

Swiss Travel

ABOVE—*The Island of Salagnon, Lake of Geneva.*

MIDDLE—*The interior of a railway carriage on the Swiss Federal Railways. These are first-class compartments.*

BELOW—*Interior of a Swiss restaurant car.*

He explained that he had arrived in Cherbourg on the liner "Paris" that morning, reached town at noon and was getting out to Geneva on the first train. "This is my eighth straight summer in Geneva," he said, and when I met his Geneva friends next morning and observed the attractive daughter of the house, I thought I had the explanation of his numerous pilgrimages and his extreme haste to get to his destination.

There were several young Japanese gentlemen on the car, bound for Geneva, and their presence moved my friend to comment airily on the League of Nations, to which he assumed these Japanese were attached.

"Those Japs belong to the League of Nations Secretariat or something, I suppose," he said. "They never overlook a thing. Where are you going to stop in Geneva? Come along and go to the Metropole with me. The last time I was in Geneva the League of Nations was having one of its sessions, and when I got to the Metropole I couldn't get in. They sent me to the Beau Rivage and the Beau Rivage sent me to the Angleterre and the Angleterre sent me to a pension, where I finally lighted. I wish you could see Geneva when the League of Nations is holding out there. They are all over the place. You see 'em in skirts and shirts and shimmies, Siamese twins and everything."

Next day I got another side-light on Geneva's attitude toward the League. A fine old gentleman, living in retirement in Geneva, said: "I think if the delegates had their own way there would be a meeting of the League every month. It is quite an outing, with dinners and dances and champagne, and motor excursions to the mountains every day. As the people back home pay the bills, nobody cares for expenses. For the Geneva hotel-keepers it is very good."

GENEVA

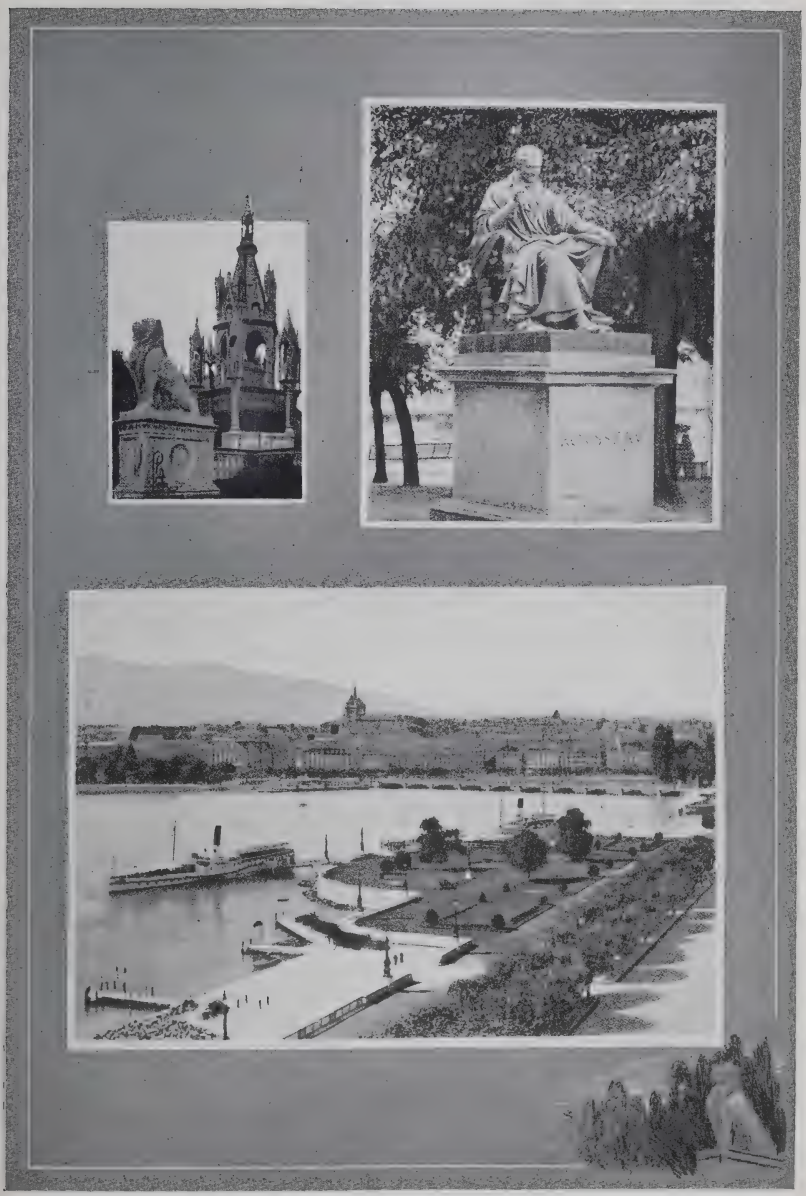
When we awoke in the morning we were in the mountains of Savoy, which is just as Swiss as Switzerland. The scenery became rugged and glimpses of the peasant life could be had from the train. Here and there were the chalets and mountain farms of the peasants, and we saw women and children in the mountain pastures herding a cow or a few goats and knitting with long home-made needles as they followed their grazing charges around. Clambering down the mountainside near the tracks was a little peasant girl carrying in her arms two tiny kids.

We crossed the Swiss frontier at 8 o'clock and there was a customs examination at which careful inquiry was made as to the money in our possession, especially gold. We were informed that if we carried any Swiss gold out of the country that we would subject ourselves to heavy fines and imprisonment.

The Swiss are an admirable people. Alone among Europeans they have kept their money at parity, even exacting a slight exchange charge for American dollars. Here alone gold circulates freely. Swiss business is not good. The Russian, German and Austrian markets are gone, and these absorbed most of their watch and jewelry output. There are a good many unemployed, living on government doles, to their great demoralization. But the government keeps taxes up, pays as it goes and is the most entirely solvent institution of Europe today.

I can hardly hope to describe Geneva. It is a town of about one hundred thousand people, and the east end of Lake Leman (Lake Geneva) makes an oval water-front, from which issues the River Rhone, pouring in a torrent through the heart of the city and utilized for great water-powers.

The town runs around the end of the lake in a horse-shoe, and a fine bridge, brightly illuminated, crosses the tip of the



Views in Geneva

The beauties of Geneva are suggested by these pictures.

ABOVE LEFT—*The Monument to the Duke of Brunswick, which serves only to recall his ignominy.*

ABOVE RIGHT—*The Rosseau Monument, Rosseau's Island.*

BELOW—*The end of the lake, Geneva. At the left are seen the trees of the English Gardens, with the Metropole in their rear. At the extreme right, across the bridge, is Rosseau's Island. In the foreground is the quai.*

lake just above the well-known Rosseau's Island, with its statue of the philosopher. The lake shores are the finest and most fashionable part of the city. Skirting the embankment at the north end of the bridge are the English Gardens, of amazing beauty, with shaded benches lining the water-front. The Metropole overlooks the lake and gardens and is a delightful establishment. In September it was the headquarters of the British delegation to the League.

There is a shaded promenade along the lake at the other end of the Pont du Mont Blanc, called the Quai du Mont Blanc, and further on the Quai du Leman. Two of the fashionable hotels, the Beau Rivage and Angleterre, face the quai.

Opposite the Beau Rivage is a boat landing for lake steamers, and at this landing some twenty-two years ago a shocking tragedy took place. Elizabeth, the estranged wife of Francis Joseph, the late emperor of Austria, was living in a villa on Lake Leman. She used to come down to Geneva often with a woman companion and stay at the Beau Rivage.

During her last visit an international group of anarchists held a secret meeting in Geneva and decided in their purposeless hatred of the existing order to assassinate some member of a reigning family. Lots were drawn and it fell to a young Italian to commit the crime.

It happened that at the moment there were two royal personages at the Beau Rivage. Beside the Austrian empress was the crown prince of one of the Balkan countries.

The assassin decided to murder the crown prince. He stationed himself in front of the hotel early in the day. At length a young man came out and walked toward the business center. The assassin was not certain of his identity. He hesitated and then inquired of another guest as to who the young man was. "That was the crown prince," his informant answered. But in

the delay the crown prince stepped into a shop and disappeared from view. By this circumstance he saved his life and doomed the unhappy empress.

The Italian having missed one victim, then decided to wait for the empress. She came out with her companion and walked across the quai and boarded the lake boat for her chateau, some miles down the lake. As she stepped on the gang-plank she was jostled by a young man, but paid no attention to him. The boat pulled away, but in a few minutes word was sent to the captain that the Empress of Austria was ill aboard. He turned back. By this time the empress was lying down and those who bent over her saw to their horror the handle of a small dagger protruding from her breast.

She was carried into the hotel conscious and in no pain. Surgeons removed the dagger and in ten minutes she was dead. She did not feel the blow that killed her.

Meantime the assassin ran and persons who saw him running believed he was a pickpocket and pursued him. He was caught and held for some time before the tragedy was known. At the trial he was convicted. There is no capital punishment in Switzerland. Life imprisonment was the sentence and after serving twenty years the misguided anarchist hanged himself in the Geneva prison early in the war.

From the bridge and Quai Mont Blanc there is a fine view of the Mont Blanc massif more than thirty miles to the south. Intervening mountains cut it off from the central districts of the city.

Mr. Frederick Lusche, a delightful gentleman, who was for more than thirty years a resident of Chicago, with Marshall Field and Company, and later in the casein industry, paid me great attention and showed me much of Geneva and the lake. We went on a boat excursion beyond Coppet. Our little Amer-

ican friend, Mathilde McCormick, was staying at the time with her aunt at the beautiful Chateau Prangins, just beyond Coppet. This establishment was occupied by the deposed Emperor Charles, of Austro-Hungary, until the time of his unsuccessful effort to recover his throne, which resulted in his exile to Madeira. The Stanley McCormicks have the place now. The view of the lake and the Mont Blanc from the high terrace of the old Castle of Coppet, is very fine. The home of Madame de Stael is another place that interests visitors.

Geneva dates from the time of Julius Caesar and part of the old town, between the business center and the university, is very steep and medieval. There is a cathedral, an opera house, a museum and all the other accessories of a capital. The high section terminates in the impressive Promenade des Bastions, under the walls of the ancient city. Below this is the Monument of the Reformation, originated by the German Kaiser and begun in 1912. It is a long marble wall, with inset monuments of the leaders of the Reformation in many lands. The inscriptions are in various languages. America is represented by Roger Williams.

Along the lake there is a Kursaal, with dance hall, restaurant, gambling-rooms and theater. It is now operated by the city and play is limited to four francs on each turn of the roulette wheel. Before the war high play was permitted.

Facing the quai is a small park with an imposing stone memorial suggestive of the Albert Memorial in Kensington Garden, London. It is the monument to the Duke of Brunswick, who was run out of his own duchy by an angry populace and took refuge in Geneva. He took the treasury along and when he died he left his estate of millions of francs to the city of Geneva, with the proviso that it erect a memorial to him and keep it up in perpetuity. It seemed like a good bargain, so the memorial was erected in a park bought for the

purpose. The graceful spire was topped by an equestrian statue of the duke. Presently it was found that the statue was too heavy and it was taken down and set up near by. The city has found that it made a bad deal, because the cost of the memorial and its upkeep has absorbed more than the income from the legacy. There is probably in all the world no other monument so completely dedicated to arrogance and pride. The duke had no claim to anything except an infamous memory, so he bought himself posthumous fame, or at least notoriety. The monument is now shown as the town joke.

Voltaire's Castle at Ferney is a popular excursion. It affords a fine view of the Mont Blanc.

Geneva is 1,250 feet above the sea. Its climate is fine and equable, with an average winter temperature of 34 and an average summer temperature of 65. It is extremely beautiful and healthful and there are endless fine mountain and lake excursions. As a center of culture, musical and academic, it is famous. Altogether it is one of the world's most charming towns.

I noticed one curious evidence of the hard times. In front of a sidewalk cafe was gathered a large crowd, listening to excellent music by the cafe orchestra. The tables were mostly empty, and the public was enjoying the entertainment without buying any drinks. "That shows how hard up the people are," said my companion. "Three years ago the restaurant would have been crowded into the middle of the street."

The principal parts of the Mont Blanc massif are shown in this picture made from the mountains across the valley, seen far below. In this valley lies the railway and the village of Chamonix.

The terrifying rock aguilles are well shown in this photograph.

The Imperial Mont Blanc

THE MONT BLANC

HE FIRST great snow mountain that I saw was the highest of them all—the Mont Blanc. It lies in France, not Switzerland.

It is a three-hour trip by auto-car from Geneva to Chamonix, at the foot of the mountain, and about as long by the little electric railway that winds along the highway. They are necessarily close together, because both take the only route available.

The concierge at the Metropole had bought my ticket and arranged for the car to stop. It was due at 8:30, and before I had left my room the courteous Mr. Lusche had called to say good-by. He thoughtfully brought some pumice-stone which I had vainly tried to buy in a so-called Anglo-American drug store, where many American preparations were offered.

It was a fine bright morning and the long charabanc carried twenty-five or more passengers when it arrived to pick me up. The driver was a young Frenchman, with a decided military bearing, and as we later learned, of a very reckless nature.

We started off gaily and at the outskirts of Geneva came to the French frontier, where there were slight customs and passport formalities. The road was good, but like most European roads, it was narrow and winding. We passed through a pleasant country with the little peasant farms on both sides, and men, women and children all busy with their trifling but laborious tasks. At frequent intervals we came to old villages, very picturesque and quaint, but hardly the abode of luxury, or even comfort. Wayside taverns were numerous and we wondered how they were kept up. The residents certainly have no money to spend in taverns and there would hardly be

enough tourist traffic to keep them all going. In winter there is none.

In an hour or so we came to the mountains, and on our left, particularly, were enormous cliffs, with all manner of fantastic shapes carved by nature in their summits. There were pyramids, domes and spires, all tremendously high, and at the foot of the mountains nestled the little farms and villages. Once or twice we saw high up patches of snow lying in ravines.

The road now became more tortuous. There were a number of large tourist auto-cars about and our driver began to show more speed. He was traveling around forty miles, I should think, and whatever he saw he passed. Twice we narrowly escaped collisions with approaching farm vehicles, as we passed large cars on the curves.

In the rear seat with me were two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, of Trenton, N. J., very nice people. Early in the drive Mr. Tobin began to complain of the driver's recklessness and his alarm steadily increased. Finally he rose up in the back seat and began to shout to the driver. "Hi, you," he would say in good American, "what's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Don't drive so fast."

If the driver ever heard he gave no sign, except to give his engine a little more gas. When we got out at Chamonix there was an amusing sequel. The Tobins had return tickets.

Mr. Tobin, followed by his embarrassed wife, went up to the driver and a conversation like this followed:

"Are you going to drive as fast going back as you did coming out?"

Driver looking blank—"We go back four o'clock."

"I asked you if you were going to drive as fast going back as you did coming out."

"Oui, we start back four o'clock."

THE SUMMIT END OF THE MONT BLANC

This view of the western, or summit, end of the massif of the Mont Blanc shows the usual climbing route from Chamonix.

The point to the right is the Aguille du Gouter; the central height is the Dome du Gouter, and in the distance the extreme summit appears, rising to a height of nearly 16,000 feet.

"You understand me?"

"Four o'clock."

"I'm asking you for the last time if you are going to drive slower going back and I want an answer. You know what I want."

"We come down three hour. We go back three hour."

"Oh, you will, will you? Well, you'll go back without me. Here's your return tickets and you can go to hell. We'll go back on the train."

And they did.

Turning a spur in the mountain, the Mont Blanc suddenly came into view, perhaps ten miles away. It was magnificent, a colossal, towering mass of white. We saw first the summit end of the long massif, twenty-five miles in length. Nearest us was the Aguille du Gouter, a great white shoulder in the mountain. Above it rose the Dome du Gouter, a vast crystalline sugar-loaf. Far back, looking more impressive from a distance than from the base, rose the summit itself, 15,730 feet in height, overtopping by some 300 feet any other peak in Europe, the Monte Rosa coming next.

There was a dispatch in the American papers last spring saying that a great avalanche had fallen from the Mont Blanc, lowering the summit some twenty meters. Nobody on the ground ever heard of such an avalanche and the summit is not a point, but a large, rounded area from which no extensive slip could occur.

Chamonix lies in the valley at the foot of the mountain and near the center of the long chain. It was a very remote and secluded village until the Swiss built an electric railway and a wagon-road. Now it is a great tourist center. The hotels are numerous and good, but on no such scale as at Interlaken. In the street there is a man with a good telescope, which he keeps focused on any climbing parties on the moun-

tain. At one time he had two parties in view and it is very interesting to watch them toiling up and down. The Mont Blanc is not a very difficult mountain, but it is a long, tiresome snow climb.

Toward the east the character of the massif changes and the snow slopes give place to the prodigious rock pinnacles, the Aguilles du Midi, etc. They shoot far into the sky and from the base they are more impressive and terrible than the summit itself. Often clouds float around them, rendering everything invisible except the rocky, spirelike points hanging suspended high in the sky. It is almost unbelievable, yet daring rock climbers have ascended every one of these needles.

The famous glacier, the Mer de Glace, comes down the mountain among the aguilles, ten miles east of the summit. The train going out passed quite near. The glacier ends in a cliff of ice, from the bottom of which pours a torrent that is an affluent of the Trient. The ice walls were intensely and brilliantly green.

I was bound for Zermatt and the Matterhorn, which lie twenty miles up the gorge of the Visp River from the station of Visp, or Viege, on the main line of the International railway from Paris to Constantinople, and ten miles from the Simplon tunnel. The journey was in two stages. The first was by electric train from Chamonix to Martigny, on the main line in the Rhone Valley. It was my first experience on a mountain railway except the funiculars, and very thrilling I found it. We followed the valley of the Trient, and the stream ran in a profound abyss. The train climbed higher and higher, clinging to the mountainside. It finally rose two thousand feet above the river, and when we crossed small stone bridges and trestles over the ravines running down the mountainside, one could look out the window almost straight down from a quarter to a half mile. The grades were very heavy, often I think

The Mer de Glace

The Mer de Glace winds down into the valley of Chamonix from among the rock aguilles of the eastern part of the Mont Blanc. It is probably the most widely known glacier.

The Balmat Monument, Chamonix

This familiar monument in Chamonix, shows Balmat, first to conquer the Mont Blanc, pointing out the route to the summit to Saussure, the Swiss scientist who gave him encouragement.

from twenty to twenty-five per cent. The train ran slowly and was never allowed to gain any momentum. The average speed was perhaps three or four miles an hour, and every passenger was grateful that it was not more. An accident would have spelled inevitable death for all concerned.

At the mountain station of Chatelard we recrossed into Switzerland. There was nothing there but a neat little railroad station, with a restaurant and news-stall. Here I got excellent coffee served in thin glasses, a custom with which I soon became familiar. The news-stall was kept by a dainty and pretty girl of about eighteen. She was reading a French movie magazine with a picture of Mildred Harris Chaplin on the cover. She produced the Paris editions of the American newspapers of the day before.

I was glad to see the broad valley of the Rhone lying far below us. It looked safe down there. But the descent seemed endless. The pitch was very great and we ran alternately along precipices and through tunnels. We must have descended fifteen hundred feet in a few miles, and when we got down to the level of the church spires of Martigny, I felt that at last my life didn't hang on the integrity of Swiss brakes.

The steam train carried us to Visp, where we arrived before dusk. The Rhone Valley was comparatively rich and prosperous. It is a great wine country and the mountainsides are terraced high with vineyards. At one place near Sion each terrace was supported by a large stone wall. To have built such walls in America would have cost hundreds of times the value of the land reclaimed, but the Swiss are laborious people and are always building walls. These twenty- and thirty-story farms and vineyards were a distinct novelty. But they go to show how important it is in a small and crowded country to reclaim and use every foot of available farm land.

The little hotel at Visp was very nice. It had a brick terrace in front, on which dinner was served. It was lined with brilliant flowers. Here I encountered my first feather bed used as a coverlet. The custom still prevails in the smaller hotels and in private houses in German Switzerland and in Germany.

The upper reaches of the Matterhorn, with the surrounding glaciers, as shown in this photograph, constitute the difficult portion of the mountain.

The usual climbing route follows the line of the ridge in the foreground, crossing to the right of the shoulder, high up.

The tragic fall in the first ascent occurred at the uppermost ridge at the right near the summit. The bodies were found on the Matterhorn glacier below at the right.

The Matterhorn from the Riffel Alp

THE MATTERHORN

HE MATTERHORN is the world's most famous mountain. Its name in Swiss-German means "the peak of the mountain meadows." The French call it Mont Cervin. It stands exactly on the Swiss-Italian border, the frontier passing over the summit. To reach it one travels from the main line of the International railway at Visp for twenty miles down the gorge of the Visp River, a turbulent, milk-white mountain torrent whose waters are fresh from the snows and glaciers of the great Valais Alps.

The first train left Visp at 7 o'clock and I arose early to take it. It was disappointing to see the whole country overhung with mist. The narrow-gauge road was operated by steam and the little train immediately climbed from the village station up to a ledge cut in the side of the gorge. There it clung all the way down the Visp, occasionally passing through a tunnel where the rock wall came out in a point over the river.

The scene was wild and beautiful. The Visp had carved its narrow way right through the mountains, which were very precipitous on either side. The fog hung over them and only the chasm and its lower walls could be seen. There are three or four little stations, each a base for expeditions to the near-by snow peaks. Early as it was, the peasants were long about, working their tiny gardens, making their scanty hay crop, which they carried in bundles on their backs, or repairing their little brown chalets, with roofs of slate slabs weighted down against the winter storms with large flat stones. The women were all bearing burdens in huge baskets strapped to their backs.

At St. Nicholas a dozen little peasant children of both sexes were lined up along the train. They had bits of quartz rock, an Edelweiss, a few berries or cherries for sale. The smallest one was only three or four years old. He carried a little rock crystal, but he was so shy that his sister could hardly induce him to raise his head when I wished to buy.

When they grow up the men will be guides and the women will work the tiny farms. Most of them will probably never travel thirty miles from the place of their birth. But they will be brave and honest people.

The valley broadened as we approached Zermatt and I looked eagerly for the famous rock pinnacle of the Matterhorn, which soars in lonely grandeur nearly 15,000 feet into the sky. Nothing could be seen, as the mist overhung the land.

I was hospitably received at the Grand Hotel Zermatterhof, to which I had been referred at Visp. English was generally spoken there. I gazed from my window to the southeast, trying to penetrate the mist, when suddenly the upper stratum was dissipated and there was revealed high in the sky the gray and ghostly pyramid, like a steep gabled house, that is the summit of the Matterhorn. The whole lower mountain was invisible. The summit only was to be seen.

I was deeply impressed, for to me the Matterhorn has held from childhood that fascination that is half mystery and half terror. It is unlike other great mountains. It stands entirely alone. It is too steep to retain snow, and its north face is not merely vertical, but actually overhanging. There are points on its face where it would be possible to fall more than a mile, and many men have fallen vast distances to their death from every one of its faces. It shoots upward, solitary, grand and terrible, from the sea of glaciers that surround its base and from the dark plateau of the Schwarzsee or Lac Noir.

A Goal that Cost Many Lives

ABOVE—*The summit of the Matterhorn. The last Alpine summit to be conquered—a quest that cost many lives and still claims its toll.*

BELOW LEFT—*An original picture showing the railroad station at Zermatt and the mountain farms above. The camera was pointed upward and a somewhat deceptive effect was the result. The little fields are far more lofty and inaccessible than the picture indicates.*

BELOW RIGHT—*The Valley of the Visp below Zermatt. This picture was made by the writer on his walk to the chalet of "Young Peter" Taugwalder. The camera was pointed directly at the Mischabels, whose white crown is practically lost in the picture. The summit of the Dom, the higher of the Mischabels and the highest peak lying altogether in Switzerland, may be seen by careful examination.*

My mind ran back to the tragedy of the first ascent, so vividly described in that finest of all pieces of descriptive writing, Edward Whymper's "Scrambles Among the Alps." The Matterhorn was the last of the Alpine snow peaks to be conquered. The Mont Blanc was ascended by Jacques Balmat as far back as 1786, and his statue at Chamonix, pointing out the summit to Saussure, commemorates his feat. But until the 14th of July, 1865, no human foot ever pressed the virgin summit of the Matterhorn. The mountaineers of Zermatt and Val Tournanche said that the mountain could not be climbed and that its summit was guarded by goblins.

Edward Whymper was an English newspaper correspondent and illustrator and an enthusiastic amateur mountaineer. He had done all the main peaks and was resolved to conquer the Matterhorn. He made six attempts, several of them with the noted Italian guide Jean Antoine Carrell. For one reason or another all had failed. Once he might have reached the summit, he thought, except for the whim of his guide, who insisted on hunting marmots.

Another man who had set his eyes and his heart on the Matterhorn was Professor Tyndall, the eminent scientist. He likewise had made several unsuccessful attempts, but had not given up.

On the 10th of July, 1865, Whymper was in Italy and he learned that Tyndall, with a strong party led by Carrell, was about to make a serious attempt on the mountain. Fearing that the laurel that he so coveted and for which he had sacrificed so much, might be lost to him forever, he hastened across the Theodule Pass to Zermatt, and at Seiler's Inn employed as guides old Peter Taugwalder and his son, Young Peter, then twenty-two years old. He had no more than completed these arrangements when he saw approaching the inn Michael Croz, of Chamonix, most famous of Alpine guides,

accompanied by a youth whom Croz introduced as Lord Francis Douglas.

They, too, were intent on the Matterhorn and the two parties immediately joined forces, agreeing to start the next morning. While they were at dinner there entered the Salle a' Manger two more Englishmen. One of them was recognized as the Rev. Charles Hudson, of Lincolnshire, a famous alpinist. His companion was a boy of nineteen, named Douglas Hadow, and they also were attacking the Matterhorn. Whymper and Croz called Hudson out and asked him as to young Hadow's qualifications. Hudson said that he had done the Mont Blanc in faster time than most men, had ascended the Weisshorn, and that he regarded him as a good man and worthy to be taken on the Matterhorn. It was undesirable that two parties should be on the mountain at once, so with some misgivings Hudson was invited to join the party with his companion.

They started early and before noon were across the Hornli and on the mountain. Here they stopped, sending Croz and young Peter Taugwalder up to reconnoitre. They disappeared around a ledge and at 3 o'clock their voices were heard far above. Soon they had returned elated over what they had found. They said that there was nothing above but what was easy and that they could have gone to the summit that day.

Next morning at daybreak the party was off. The weather was fine and they found the mountain practicable. At 11 o'clock they were within 1,000 feet of the summit, when Croz, who was leading, turned to his comrades and said: "Now for something altogether different." The face of the mountain had become too steep for direct climbing and the rock was covered with a skim of ice. They traversed the face 400 feet to the right, found a footing that took them higher, worked back to the ridge and continued upward. Presently the preci-

Victims of the First Ascent

The four victims of the first ascent of the Matterhorn are shown in this picture, together with the leader of the party, who was one of the three survivors. The portraits are from pictures in the museum at Zermatt.

Above Left—*Edward Whymper in 1865.*

Above Center — *Lord Francis Douglas.*

Above Right — *Michael Croz, of Chamonix.*

Middle—*The three ropes used in the first ascent. The rope at the left is the small sash-cord that gave way.*

Below Left — Douglas Hadow, *whose slip caused the famous tragedy.*

Below Right — *The Rev. Charles Hudson, Vicar of Skiffington.*

pice eased away, snow appeared, and 200 feet above them they saw the summit. Whymper and Croz reached it together.

The top of the Matterhorn is a ridge of stone like the comb of a very steeply gabled house. It is about 200 yards long, one end being in Switzerland and the other in Italy. Its width roughly is about three yards.

After remaining an hour on the summit and raising a flag that was seen all around, the triumphant party started down. At the foot of the top snow slope they roped. Croz led, followed by Hadow, who was in turn succeeded by Hudson, Douglass, young Peter Taugwalder, Whymper and Old Peter. Thus Hadow, the weakest man, was between Croz and Hudson, both experienced mountaineers.

The party quickly came to the difficult part, which from the valley looks like the eaves of a roof terminating in the summit. They were proceeding with great care. Croz was cutting steps and placing Hadow's feet in them with his hands. But one man was moving at a time. Croz had just placed Hadow's foot and was turning with his back to the mountain when there was a sharp cry. Hadow had slipped and knocked Croz from his position. Instantly Hudson was jerked from his footing and carried Lord Francis Douglas with him. Whymper and the Taugwalders were well anchored and fortunately the rope was taut between them, so the strain came on all at once. The rope broke below Young Peter, and turning over and over, clawing at every projection, the four doomed men hurtled down the steep declivity and disappeared over the precipice, falling four thousand feet to the Matterhorn glacier.

For a half hour the horrified survivors clung to the face of the mountain, the Swiss wailing and crying that they were lost. Old Peter kept repeating: "What will Chamonix say?", referring to the death of the great Croz.

The story of the descent is too long to tell here. Whymper finally got his companions down, though again and again the

Swiss would stop, saying with terrible emphasis: "I cannot, I cannot."

The bodies of Croz, Hadow and Hudson were found by a search party lying on the glacier in the order in which they fell. They were totally denuded.

Of Lord Francis Douglas nothing was ever found except one shoe. In May of this year there was a remarkable spell of warm weather in Europe and I read dispatches saying that there was unusual melting of the glaciers and hope was entertained that the body of Douglas, lost in 1865, would be revealed. Nothing came of this hope.

Only one of the men who took part in that historic tragedy still lives. He is known today as "Young Peter" Taugwalder, though he is now eighty years old. I walked on Sunday afternoon down the valley of the Visp, a mile below Zermatt, and visited Peter in his little chalet in the steep meadows. He was surrounded by children and grandchildren. We had an interesting visit. In his broken English he told me he had later ascended the Matterhorn more than one hundred times, the last time about twenty years ago. He was made happy by the cigarettes and francs I gave him and posed for several pictures.

Whymper died in Chamonix just at the outbreak of the war and Old Peter expired long ago.

In the little museum at Zermatt are many relics of this famous fall, and Rudolph Taugwalder, the custodian and the most famous guide now alive, took them out and let me photograph them. There are the ropes the party carried, Croz's hat, Douglas' shoe and photographs of all the party. The rope that gave way was only a sash-cord and Whymper later criticised Old Peter severely for having used it when the party had strong ropes. He suspected that Old Peter attached the sash-cord, knowing it would give way if there was a slip below.

In the little Catholic cemetery along the Visp, just back of my hotel, were the graves of Croz, Hudson and Hadow.

Reminders of the Fall

ABOVE—*The graves of Croz, Hadow and Hudson in the little Roman Catholic cemetery at Zermatt.*

BELOW—*The hat and beads of Michael Croz and the shoe of Lord Francis Douglas, all recovered from the glaciers below. Of Lord Francis Douglas no other trace was ever found.*

"Young Peter" Taugwalder, at Eighty

"Young Peter" Taugwalder, the only remaining survivor of the first ascent of the Matterhorn, posed with his daughter in front of his little chalet, a mile below Zermatt. He was twenty-two years old when the accident occurred. He is now eighty.

He subsequently climbed the Matterhorn more than one hundred times and continued on the mountains until he was more than sixty years old.

From their last resting-place one could look upon the grim mountain and see the very spot whence they plunged to their death.

The cemetery of the English church is filled with the graves of mountain victims. Every epitaph is the story of mountain sentiment or tragedy. These I copied:

"In loving memory of Edward Alfred Browne, of Areley Court, Worcestershire. Born July 31, 1847. Died August 29, 1920 (in his 75th year) at Zermatt, and lies here among the mountains he loved best. 'Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops'."

"In memory of John G. Cockie, of Halifax, England, who was killed on the Weisshorn, July 7, 1900, aged 53."

"W. E. Gabbett, aged 32. Fell from the Dent Blanche August 12, 1882. 'In the midst of life we are in death'."

"Ellen Emma Sampson, of Hendon, Middlesex. Killed by falling stones on the Trift-joch, 30th August, 1895."

"Frederick C. Brockhardt, St. Albans, Herts, who perished on the Matterhorn during a terrible snow-storm, 18th August, 1886, aged 48."

"William Arnold Lewis, Barrister of the Inner Temple and 29 Elsham Road, Kensington, who lost his life by a fall from the Lyskamm, September 6, 1877, aged 30. 'Thy will be done'."

In the museum is a crushed wine canteen which was carried by the guide who accompanied Ellen Sampson. One of the rocks in the shower that killed the English girl struck and flattened the wine bottle, but the metal flask saved the life of the guide.

Every mountain in the whole panorama has its long list of tragedies, but the solitary pinnacle of the Matterhorn that so long defied mankind, has exacted the greatest toll from her conquerors.

ALPINE GUIDES AND SUMMITS

LIMBING goes on in all parts of the Alps during the entire summer, but the serious climbing is done mostly in Valais, in that group of mountains of which the Matterhorn is the most conspicuous, and of which Zermatt is the principal center.

When I arrived at Zermatt I saw near the station a considerable group of guides, all wearing their official badges. They are to be seen at all mountain centers, but nowhere in such numbers as at Zermatt, because the mountains thereabout afford the largest and most varied field for this hardy and perilous sport.

The Swiss guides are just peasants who from childhood have become accustomed to climbing. Most of them work at another occupation. They may be rough carpenters, building small barns and chalets in the winter, or they may operate a tiny farm. But the mere fact of having experience in mountain work does not qualify a man to be a guide. Thousands of tourists entrust their lives to these men and the government is very particular to see that they are worthy of confidence. They must undergo rigid tests, performing specified feats of mountaineering under observation. Their characters must be approved and of course they must be physically capable.

Those who succeed are licensed and given an official badge and credentials. The certificate is bound in a "Guide's Book," which is a blank book telling all about the man and containing many pages in which his patrons may write recommendations or criticisms, if they wish. These books are invaluable when filled with good recommendations and are carried in leather cases. They make interesting reading.

One of the first guides I met was a small, stocky man of about thirty-two years, who spoke good English and was ex-

Alpine Guides

ABOVE—*An itinerant photographer's picture of the writer talking with Jules Trauffer, a Randa guide, on the summit of the Gornergrat. The snow mountain in the background is the Monte Rosa, lying mainly in Italy. It is distant some three miles, and a great chasm, in which is the Gorner glacier, lies between.*

BELOW—*A Zermatt guide taking his ease in his Sunday clothes. The Sunday costumes of the Swiss peasants are typical of the American "hand-me-down" of thirty years ago. But it is another case of "Clothes don't make the man," as these hardy fellows are every inch men and very desirable companions in a crisis.*

tremely polite. His name was Felix Julen. His ascents of the Matterhorn alone amounted to more than forty and he had often made the complete traverse, going up the usual way and down the difficult Italian side. One letter in his book amused me. It was written by a young man named William H. Cary, Jr., of New Canaan, Conn., on June 7, 1922. Speaking of the Matterhorn, Mr. Cary said:

"This is a mountain, by the way, for which I shall always have the greatest awe and respect, having struggled up and down (much hauled up and let down) by the untiring F. J."

Another letter said that Felix's strength surpassed belief and he seemed incapable of fatigue. Yet he weighed perhaps 145 pounds. I asked him what happened when an amateur climber became ill, or lost his nerve, on a severe mountain.

"Well, we have two guides for a weak climber—first the guide, then the 'gentleman,' then the guide. We just have to come down slow and let the man down on ropes. It is pretty hard, but I have done it."

The charge for a guide's services varies with the mountain. Every peak is rated. The Matterhorn and Weisshorn come first. It costs 130 Swiss francs for a guide for either. That is something near thirty dollars. Other climbs range down to 50 francs.

It was the proud boast of the Zermatt guides that they had not lost a patron in twenty-two years, but within two weeks after I left Zermatt this wonderful record was broken. A tourist fell on the Dent Blanche, dragging his guide to death. It is a fact, however, that ninety-nine per cent of all Alpine tragedies come from climbing without guides. Four people, including two women, were killed on the comparatively safe Jungfrau late in July. They had no guide and a woman slipped. I have no accurate record of the average number of

summer fatalities, but I think it must be between fifty and one hundred. Most of them are never reported. People are injured in falls and die later in obscurity. Only the more striking accidents get into the papers. In addition a good many peasants are killed each year by avalanches. They perch their little homes in dangerous places at the foot of steep mountains, the sides of which are scored by avalanches. Ever so often some little home is wiped out.

The two great groups of snow mountains are the Valais Mountains and the Jungfrau Range in the Bernese Oberland, with Interlaken as the principal base. The Mont Blanc massif is a third, but it is over the border in the Savoy district of France, and Chamonix is its base. It is not easy to say which of these districts is the finest. The tremedous Mont Blanc, with its vast snow-fields and its terrifying rock aguilles is perhaps the most impressive. But there is no single peak so awe-inspiring as the Matterhorn, and there is no other place where one can get so closely into the heart of the great mountains, nor see a panorama so mighty and varied. The Bernese Mountains are very fine and they have the advantage of the gorgelike valleys of the Lauterbrunnen and the Grindelwald, with the famous falls of the Staubbach pouring from the side of the cliff.

Every mountain center has many fine excursions and most of them can now be made by the electric cog railways. The first important excursion I made from Zermatt, and probably the finest of all, was the trip to the summit of the Gornergrat. It takes about two hours from Zermatt and one ascends to nearly 11,000 feet. There are hotels part way up at the Riffel Alp and the Riffelberg. The trip is thrilling, with appalling precipices below in many places. There is a hotel on the summit of the Gornergrat and an observation platform, with telescopes and other conveniences.

The Great Bernese Mountains

One of the finest pictures of the most noted and impressive of the Bernese Alps. From left to right are seen the Eiger, the Moench and the Jungfrau.

The photograph is taken from the mountain railway leading to the Schynige Platte. Between the camera and the snow peaks lie the deep valleys of the Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald.

This is the shortest, least expensive and most popular excursion from Interlaken.

The view from the summit is incomparable. All around, in a complete circle, are the great snow Alps. One stands on the edge of a cliff perhaps 800 feet high, with the Gorner glacier of the Monte Rosa at its base. Just across this glacier, looking so near that you feel that you could toss a pebble on them—yet in fact two or three miles away—are the Breithorn, the Lyskamm, the Zwillinge and the Monte Rosa, with its higher peak, the Dufour Spitz, 15,400 feet high, lying in Italy. Then comes the complete circle of snow peaks. The Finsteraarhorn, the Mischabels, the Rothhorn, the Allaleinhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Wellenkuppe, the two Gabelhorns, the Weisshorn, and finally the Matterhorn itself, standing alone, grim and terrible. It is the mightiest panorama of Europe.

The Breithorn is well named. It is a vast rampart of glistening snow, with cornices projecting out sometimes an hundred feet. I think the stratum of snow and ice on its summit must be 300 feet in thickness. Seen from a distant valley it hangs in the sky, serene and white. In some ways it is the most beautiful of Alpine heights.

The Dom is the higher of the two peaks of the Mischabels. It is nearly 15,000 feet and is the highest peak lying altogether in Switzerland.

On the way up I sat with an English gentleman of seventy and his wife. They were dressed in climbing costumes and looked the picture of vigor and gameness. This gentleman knew the mountains so well that I asked him if he had climbed extensively. "I began too late to be a first-rate man," he said. "I was over fifty when I made my first climb, but I have done all the noted peaks, including the Matterhorn four times. Indeed, my daughter at seventeen has done the Matterhorn. You must have strong arms as well as strong legs on that mountain, for much of the ascent consists of pulling

yourself straight up. I don't mind telling you that I am leaving tomorrow to meet my guide and try my third ascent of the Mont Blanc. I may not do it at seventy years, but if I fail I shan't mind much. It is a very tiresome climb."

This gentleman held the guides in high esteem. "One becomes very much attached to a good man," he said, "for when all is said, climbing is dangerous work and there is nothing to bring men together like sharing danger. I never feel toward a guide as I would toward a servant. For instance, I have seen my guide tickle my daughter in the ear with a blade of grass as she lay asleep. Nothing was thought of it. Imagine a house-servant in England doing that."

There are several fine trips from Interlaken. The longest and most thrilling is that to the Jungfrau-joch, the saddle between the summits of the Jungfrau and the Moench. The summit of this railway is within 1,800 feet of the top of the Jungfrau and is a tunnel. One steps from the train into the eternal snows. Of a clear day the view is magnificent. On a cloudy day you see no more than does a man standing in a fog. The trips to the famous valleys of the Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald are popular. But the shortest and easiest of the excursions is the best to my mind. It is the trip to the summit called the Schynige Platte. The height is about 6,463 feet, and from the small hotel terrace on the summit one looks to the left down the abyss of the Grindelwald and to the right into the deep valley of Lauterbrunnen. Across the lesser mountains and immediately back of them, like a colossal white wall, filling the sky, is the range of the Jungfrau. The Jungfrau dominates them all, I think, though the procession of giants that lead far away to the left includes the Moench, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn and the Bernese Weisshorn. It is an unforgetable view, with the great chasms below and the glorious background of high snow peaks.

Summit Station, Jungfrau-joch Railway

This is the highest mountain railway station in the Alps. It is on the saddle that connects the Moench and the Jungfrau and its elevation is about 12,000 feet.

In the left center the summit of the Jungfrau is seen. In fine weather the climb of about 2,000 feet from the railway is comparatively simple; yet all faces of the Junfrau are not safe.

The Jungfrau-joch excursion is a popular one-day trip from Interlaken.

Rudolph Taugwalder

Rudolph Taugwalder, of Zermatt, has probably seen more of the world's high mountains than any other man alive.

Originally a Zermatt carpenter in winter and a guide in summer, he did all the high Alps and became the most famous Swiss guide.

His first ascent of Mount Ararat, his first ascent of Huascaran and his exploits in the Himalayas, mark him as the premier mountaineer of his day.

He is now the custodian of the interesting museum of Zermatt. The mutilation of his left hand and right foot resulted from freezing on Huascaran.

A very old Swiss woman was sitting before me. Coming down in the mountain train she turned and gazed back, saying over and over in German: "My beautiful, beautiful Jungfrau."

Mr. and Mrs. R. Whitehead, of San Francisco, were my companions on this journey. Mr. Whitehead was reared in England and made a fortune, I gather, as a broker in Oakland. He had come to England with his charming wife with the idea of buying a country place and living a couple of years in the land of his birth. Two weeks of the English climate cured him. He said that he realized that he had become too fully Americanized ever to live in Europe again. He had many relatives in business in London and he had examined their books. He took a gloomy view of British business prospects. Many business men were borrowing to pay their heavy taxes and had been losing money for three years.

I must not close these rambling remarks about mountains and guides without a word about Rudolph Taugwalder, the custodian of the little museum at Zermatt. He is a fine, upstanding man of fifty-eight, but half his left hand and half his right foot are gone. He lost them on Huascaran when he and another Zermatt guide took Miss Anne Peck, of Providence, R. I., to that Andean summit, 23,800 feet. This was the highest altitude man had reached at that time. Coming down he was frozen in a terrible storm and his hardships in reaching home were cruel. He shocked me by saying that Miss Peck never so much as wrote to him.

Rudolph was a Zermatt carpenter, but he has seen more of the mountains of the world than most men. He did all the Alps many times. He climbed Mount Ararat with Captain Lynch, of London—a first ascent—and he worked in the Himalayas with Fannie Bullock Workman and her husband. I have seldom talked to a more interesting man, nor a more courteous one.

DOWN THE RHINE

N AUGUST 19th I left Basel for a trip through Germany. Like a good many other Americans who read the newspapers, I was uncertain whether travel in Germany would be pleasant. In the American papers before I left home and in the Paris editions were numerous items relating to indignities put upon Americans by the customs authorities. One item told of an American whose hat blew off in a German train. He bought another and the reporter said that it was taken away from him at the frontier because he held no export license, and he was sent out of the country bareheaded.

An accumulation of such stories kept many out of Germany, and so far as my own experience and that of many others whom I met is concerned, these tales were utterly misleading. I am of the opinion that all those who were in difficulties at the border were people who tried to evade regulations, and being caught, made an outcry when they got to Paris, where it was sure to fall on sympathetic ears.

Possibly I would have omitted Germany altogether except for a chance meeting with some Americans at a bank in Basel. They had just come out and they reported hospitable treatment, the utmost courtesy and prices so low that they were ashamed to take the service or the goods.

The German customs authorities hold forth in one side of the Basel station. I bought a ticket for Mannheim, five hours away, at a cost of one dollar, having given a dollar for 800 marks in a Swiss bank. A week later I bought marks in Berlin at 1,700 to the dollar.

The customs officers were elderly men, with nothing formidable in their mien or manner. I insisted on a receipt for my

Glimpses of Old Basel

ABOVE LEFT—*A medieval street in Basel.*

ABOVE RIGHT—*The Freiestrasse.*

BELOW—*The Wettsteinbruecke, one of the finest bridges on the Rhine.*

money, and for various articles I had along. They said no receipt was necessary for anything but cash, and the only article I carried that might be questioned was a pair of binoculars. This they recorded carefully, explaining that fine German glasses were a favorite souvenir of travelers, who could buy them for a song with American money.

The train left before ten, crossing the Rhine at once. There was no sharp contrast between Germany and the German parts of Switzerland I had just left. In each was the same neatness, the same evidence of industry and thrift. There was an even larger proportion of women working in the fields, however. I should say that in all my travel through German territory I saw at least ten women in the fields to one man.

In a short time we were running along the Schwarzwald, the Black Forest of history and tradition. It is simply a range of low, wooded mountains and it must be seventy-five miles or more in length. It was distant perhaps four miles from the railway line.

South of Karlsruhe I saw the first cow doing duty as a draft-animal. Later on a good many were encountered.

Railway fares are relatively low in Germany, and inasmuch as internal travel is cheap and the Germans are unable to go out of their country because their money is almost valueless elsewhere, the trains are always crowded. In my compartment was a gentleman with his family, including a small daughter and two well-grown sons. All of the children read continuously, a habit that is very general among German youngsters. The father, from time to time, pointed out objects of interest and they were all getting everything possible from their holiday. When they left the train all bowed and raised their hats courteously. I saw near Karlsruhe the first

tobacco and cornfields I had seen in Europe. There is quite a tobacco district in South Germany.

An excellent lunch was served in the restaurant car. It was an elaborate table d'hote, in five or six courses, one of which consisted of milk-fed chicken. The check was under twenty cents, American.

Shortly after 2 p. m. we arrived in Mannheim, a city of more than three hundred thousand people, with many fine parks and squares. My stop was made largely for historical reasons, as I wished to view the birthplace at Ludwigshaven of Albert Sauer, the Riley Street merchant, and to learn whether the report that a monument, or Denkmal, had been erected in his honor, as reported, was correct. I regret to say the report was erroneous.

The head porter at the station was a bright fellow who spoke excellent English; but he had only one arm, the other having gone in the war. He directed me to Ludwigshaven, across the river, and found me a fiacre; but at the same time he warned me that there was not much to see over there. As I drove down the main street toward the great Badische Anilin Fabrik, the workmen were just leaving. It was 4 o'clock and whether it ended the day or was just a change of shift I do not know. In any case I never saw a larger crowd come from a factory. I think I passed ten thousand men. They looked as well dressed and as intelligent as any factory group I have seen in America.

The Badische works extend for about two miles down the Rhine. As everyone knows, this plant was the largest of the great dye works and the chief source of explosives for Germany in the war. An auxiliary plant at Oppau, five miles out, blew up last year with great loss of life and property. The streets in Mannheim are all marked by number and letter, so that when once the system is mastered any address can be

Mainz and Ludwigshaven

ABOVE—*Mainz from the River Rhine. The Hotel Holland is in the right center. The large river passenger steamers have Mainz as their up-river terminus.*

BELOW—*The great Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik, at Ludwigshaven, across the Rhine from Mannheim. This is the world's largest dye and explosives factory and was a tower of strength to Germany in the Great War.*

The Rhine of Romance

ABOVE—*The Mouse Tower and Ehrenfels.*

MIDDLE—*Castle Rheinstein.*

BELOW—*Bingen on the Rhine.*

The terraced vineyards are clearly shown in all these pictures.

readily located. The Park Hotel, facing a large central Platz, is a very fine establishment, with considerable show of fashion.

Russian caviar at the Park cost 170 marks for a portion equal to a heaping tablespoonful. As that meant about fifteen cents to me, I ordered; but think what such prices mean to a German.

I arrived in Mainz at midnight and was then in the zone of French occupation. A number of French officers alighted and several Moroccan orderlies were about. I took a taxi to the Hollander Hof, and in response to the chauffeur's horn the night clerk came out and said that he regretted that he had no rooms. He added that he did not think I could get a room in the city, and after recommending that I try another hotel near by, suggested that if I couldn't get in there I might return and he would find some place for me. The second hotel was as crowded as the first, so I came back and was given a couch in the restaurant. Here I was annoyed by the only mosquito I saw in Europe. At daybreak the servants came in and I had to get up. Washing facilities were provided and before breakfast I took a walk along the Rhine in front of the hotel. In a small private launch a German boy was working, whistling American popular songs.

The hotel clerk told me there was a barber-shop around the corner, but I couldn't locate it. Finally I asked a man sweeping up a sidewalk. He escorted me to the shop about a half block away and to my astonishment declined a tip, much as he doubtless needed the money. I think this barber-shop had a sign marked "Friseur," so I had walked by, not knowing what it was. Later on I saw L. B. Harrison, Jr., of Cincinnati, on the boat coming home. He wanted a haircut very badly, and said that he had wandered around Paris for a week, looking for a barber; but when he saw the signs marked "Coiffeur" he thought they were women's places, where one

got a permanent wave. As the ship barber missed the boat, he had to wait until he got to New York.

The romantic and beautiful part of the Rhine is that section between Mainz and Cologne, and it is from Mainz down that the passenger boats run. There was a grand scramble for tickets for the "Blücher," sailing at nine, and as I had stopped to watch an open-air crockery market on the river bank, I was rather late. Then by some mix-up with the German-speaking ticket agent, I bought and paid for two tickets. The hotel had sent a man down with my bags, and when I showed him my two tickets, he went back and got the money for one of them. I didn't profit greatly, for he expected a liberal gratuity and earned it.

There were about a thousand passengers on the "Blücher," mainly German and French. Immediately on boarding, the Europeans located themselves at tables, and there they sat all day long eating and drinking without ceasing. I never saw so much food and drink consumed at one time, but the sitting lasted about seven hours. The waiters were hard pressed and the service was bad. On this boat I saw the only bad manners I noticed in Germany. Some of the people aboard were very impolite about hanging to their places, even though they had no further use for them. An old French general and his family gave a good account of themselves in the gastronomic contest.

The Rhine is wonderfully arranged for tourists. At intervals there are large numbers on the bank. A panoramic guide shows the whole trip down and tells one exactly what the place of interest is as one passes each number. One always knows where one is and what one is seeing, and one can tell what is ahead.

We passed an enormous freight traffic. The river boats are side-wheelers, each towing four barges very much like the

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THE ROCK OF THE LORELEI

The Rock of the Lorelei is the home of the siren of German tradition who lured travelers on the Rhine to their doom on the reef at the foot of the crag. German literature and music are rich in the legends of this spot.

Photo from Wide World Photos

EHRENBREITSTEIN FROM THE COBLENZ SIDE

This photograph gives a comprehensive view of the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The American flag is seen floating from the staff.

The pontoon bridge across the Rhine was constructed by the American army. The picture was made from the Coblenz side of the Rhine.

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THE FINAL ACT OF AMERICAN OCCUPATION

The lowering of the American flag at Ehrenbreitstein is shown in this photograph. It marked the final moment of the American occupation at Coblenz.

Great Lakes ore boats. Most of them were loaded with coke and there were many furnaces on the banks. One of the boats was marked "Hugo Stinnes, Mulheim und Ruhr," so we knew we were in the zone of the industrial magnate's operations. Mulheim is a great manufacturing suburb, across the Rhine from Cologne.

The Rhine is about as wide as the Ohio, but has a deep channel. It is undeniably a beautiful river, but merely as a scenic waterway it doesn't compare with the Hudson. The places of history and tradition along its banks give it supreme interest.

Bingen, the place the famous "Soldier of the Legion," of boyhood memory, came from, is quite a sizable place, with an important landing. The town rises rapidly from the river, and we looked on it with interest and many memories of school declamations. The rock of the Lorelei, around which so much legend and music cluster, is a point about 250 feet high and quite precipitous on the river side.

At Coblenz there was a great crowd and across the river, over the old cliff fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, floated the American flag. There were only about two thousand American soldiers remaining, I was told, and they are at home now. On the river front at Coblenz is a colossal golden victory statue, visible for a long way down the stream.

We passed Bonn, where the Kaiser went to the university. The town has about 75,000 people and is held by the French. The university was not visible from the river—at least I couldn't locate it.

Before 5 o'clock we saw in the distance the great twin towers of the Dom—the Cathedral of Cologne—the largest Gothic edifice in the world and the most impressive structure ever reared by human hands.

COLOGNE AND THE CATHEDRAL

OLOGNE is in all respects one of the interesting cities of Europe and its interest is accentuated by the novel conditions resulting from the British occupation, now in its fourth year.

The Rhine steamer leaving Mainz in the morning, reached Cologne about 5 p. m., and the landing was thronged with porters and citizens. A half hour before we landed the great towers of the Dom, most famous of cathedrals, were in sight. My imagination was strangely touched and my mind ran back to the romantic imagery of "The First Violin."

Mainz had arranged by wire a room for me at the Dom Hotel, a precaution I greatly appreciated, for like all German hotels, the Dom was crowded to the doors. Low German exchange attracted many visitors and the British army also brought numerous guests. For a splendidly comfortable room, with a large sleeping alcove and a handsome bath I paid under one dollar per day with marks at about 1,300. They are over 25,000 now.

German neatness was exemplified in this bed. The pillow-slips were buttoned in place and the pillows were of balloon cloth, partly filled with feathers and then inflated with air. I have never touched more comfortable ones.

The Dom faces the famous Dom Platz, or Cathedral Square, and is just across the street from the cathedral. The hotel servants were very polite and English was spoken by nearly everyone. They were hard workers. I never was out too early nor too late to find the manager, the concierge and the elevator man on duty. The last named was a very cheerful chap of about fifty-five years, who among other things

Cologne from the Rhine

A particularly impressive picture of the famous town on the Rhine, made from a boat in the river.

The stupendous bulk of the cathedral fills the center of the picture.

always had the *Saturday Evening Post* on sale in his lift on the very day it was put on sale in America. I also bought it in Interlaken on the date of issue.

One evening I remarked to the elevator man that he was a very hard worker. "I work fifteen hours a day seven days in the week and I have done it in this hotel for twenty-seven years," he said. "Hard work doesn't bother me."

Certainly a capacity for hard work is the secret of German strength. On leaving the same hotel for Berlin a few days later, I departed with two Americans who were traveling extensively. One had a huge bag which must have weighed well over an hundred pounds. I had two heavy bags. His companion had two equally large. As we started for the station, about five blocks away, the concierge called a porter, a small man of about forty-five. "This man will take your bags," he said. "This man will take all these bags," I replied. "That is impossible. I could not lift them." "Oh, he will do it easily," said the hotel man. The small porter grinned, fastened straps around the huge pile of luggage, straightened up and carried the unbelievable mass to the station and up a flight of stairs.

When he finally put them down at our platform, I felt his thin arm and said in my best German: "Ein guter man." He smiled and shook his head. In admiration I gave him a thousand marks, and I hope my companions did as well.

Cologne is very, very lively, with British officers and soldiers all about. The Hochstrasse is a narrow street running to the left of the cathedral, but on it are the leading shops and cafes and amusement places. Never have I seen such a promenade. In the evenings it is a solid mass of strollers and pleasure-seekers and it is crowded as late as 2 a. m. Sunday night is particularly gay. The Bauer and many other big cafes are crowded, and they are huge. Occasionally a motor-

car, sometimes filled with British officers, comes along, its chiming horn sounding every second. The Germans have three-toned bulb horns on all their cars, except the very newest and largest ones. Lying in bed one night I listened to a car coming up the Hochstrasse and I am sure I could hear it for a mile.

One evening I went to the Kaiserhof. There was a great crowd out and an excellent entertainment on the stage. A party of English people shared my table, a woman and two young men. The young men were very enthusiastic about a German comedian and had seen him many times. He was a funny fellow, with a queer way of manipulating a cigar. At the end of the evening the woman called for the check and paid the bill for her party.

A sight-seeing trip in Cologne is highly amusing. I went one afternoon in a long horse-drawn charabanc, preferring it to the motor vehicles. Two delightful Dutch gentlemen sat with me. One had lived in New Orleans seventeen years and both spoke English. The crowd was very mixed.

The lecturer was a man over fifty. He stood beside me. When we reached the first point of interest, which I believe was a row of houses that had been constantly occupied since 717, he began to spiel in German. Then he repeated in French, in Italian and in Spanish. Finally he said to me quite confidentially: "I'm telling 'em about these old houses, built in 717."

This went on for a half hour, and after we had passed the statue of the Kaiser, on which the laborites had smashed the sword a few weeks before, the guide astonished me by leaning over and saying: "Say, this is one hell of a job, getting this off in about five languages." "Where did you get that expression?" I asked. "You didn't get that in London. You got that in America." "Well, I ought to have," he said. "I kept

Two Kinds of Fighters in Cologne

ABOVE — *"Boy" McCormick, an American prize-fighter who enjoyed an immense popularity in Cologne with both Germans and British. He was loudly acclaimed at every appearance. The Germans and British could not believe that he lacked prestige in the American prize-ring.*

BELOW—*The British army of occupation on parade for the Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, the Earl of 'Cavan, in the Cathedral Plaza, Cologne. This picture was made from the writer's window in the Dom Hotel. General Lord Cavan is the figure in the extreme foreground of the group. The tall man beside him is General Godeley, commanding the army of occupation.*

a saloon at Third Avenue and 57th Street for thirteen years. Then I came over here on a visit and got caught by the war. I was in the German army and my two boys were in the American army. My saloon was put out of business by prohibition and here I am. I certainly wish I wasn't here. Today a pound of butter costs 168 marks and a loaf of bread 80 marks. What will you eat tomorrow? I don't know."

"How do you get along with the English?" I asked as we passed long rows of mansions in the finest avenue of the city, all occupied by British officers. "Fine," he said. "No trouble at all. But they say the English may get out and the French come in. If they do we will have twenty murders a day."

I could well believe the good relationship between the Germans and British. Almost every British soldier appeared to be in love with a German girl. Their languishing glances in all the popular cafes were very diverting to watch.

A young English soldier whom I met asked me if I cared to go to the fights on Sunday afternoon at the Crystal Palace. I accepted. It is a big place, with a terrace all around, and never did I see such a scramble for seats. We finally got in. There was an American fighter there called "Boy McCormick." He was the idol of the Germans and the British soldiers and I was ashamed to have to admit that I didn't know him at home. He seems to have whipped Battling Levinsky and to be after a match with Harry Greb. Anyhow, he is immensely popular. He fought three German fighters in a row. It was just play, but he did everything with them, even turning them around and giving them playful kicks. He has a fine personality and the crowd wildly applauded everything he did.

An English boy named Billy Jehu made short work of a good-looking German lad from Berlin called Ernst Grimm—less than one round. Engen Mansell, of London, was given

the decision over Willy Simon, of Coblenz, and the English paper in Cologne called it a rotten decision and said the German boy won fairly. It seemed so to me. Willy Muller, a tall youth from Australia, fought Willy Spoerl, a fat boy from Czecho-Slovakia. They don't allow kidney punches, and in the second round the Australian sank to the floor, claiming he had been hit in a clench. It looked to me like stalling, but the German doctor, who was called, said the Australian was hurt and the poor Czech lost on a foul. He was bewildered and didn't know what had happened. He grinned and tried to make a speech in some Slovak tongue. The crowd was with him and cheered, and Boy McCormick presented him with 3,000 marks.

My soldier friend said that he saw two German girls fight at the same place the Sunday before and battle until they were covered with blood. The affair was called a "Boxer-Bekleidung Kaugummi."

Next morning General Lord Cavan, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, was the guest of the army of occupation and they pulled off a wonderful review in the plaza, right under my window. The Earl of Cavan and General Godeley, accompanied by the French commandant at Bonn, and a big staff, inspected the troops. The streets were filled with artillery and the square with troops. There was a massed band of 150 pieces and a mounted band of cuirassiers or hussars. Allied citizens were allowed to stand on the cathedral steps, but all Germans had to stay out of the square. The German mounted police helped the British military police herd the offending German citizens out of the way, and once or twice I saw them roughly handled. The look of impotent hatred on one poor citizen's face after a big German policeman nearly ran his horse over him and a big red-headed Englishman gave him a violent shove, was an interesting thing to see. Only recently I

Cologne from the Air

This unusually fine example of air photography gives an excellent conception of the density and irregularity of Cologne.

The towering Cathedral in the center, the railroad station just to the left of the Cathedral, and the great Rhine bridge over which most of the German armies and munitions were transported, are admirably shown in their relation to one another.

Two Aspects of the Cologne Cathedral

ABOVE—*The central portal, showing the sumptuous decorations of one of the world's finest gates.*

BELOW—*The nave of the Cathedral, looking toward the altar from the transept.*

read that the Earl of Cavan is to be married to one of the queen's ladies in waiting.

The cathedral is the glory of Cologne. It dates back from 873, when Willibert built a church on the site. It was later destroyed by the Normans. Hildebold, Metropolitan of the Cologne Diocese. is said to have conceived the church about fifty years earlier. The church and its successors was completely wiped out by fire in 1149. Archbishop Engelbert and his successor, Conrad von Hochstaden, planned the great cathedral and one Gerhard was the architect. The corner-stone was laid on August 15, 1248, on the spot where Conrad's body was buried. By 1437 the work had so far progressed that bells could be hung in the south tower. Work on this tower was then suspended until 1868, but progress was made on the north tower until about 1600. The work had many vicissitudes and it was feared the building would be totally destroyed when French soldiers occupied it during the Napoleonic era. It was not until October 15, 1880, that the final coping was laid in the presence of Emperor William the First. The time of construction was approximately 632 years.

It is a truly sublime monument and one cannot stand and gaze upon its stupendous walls and towers, with their mass of detail, without a sense of bewilderment and an admiration of the vision that conceived so great a structure and the faith that carried it through. The two great towers are 537 feet high, yet so lofty is the roof that they appear stubby and ill proportioned. The light filters through the latticed stonework everywhere. So immense is the construction that the trefoils at the top are twenty-four feet across.

The main structure is in the form of a cross, with a nave about five hundred feet long flanked by double aisles. The transept is about three hundred feet in length, marking the greatest width of the structure. Each tower has two huge fly-

ing buttresses and the facade is rich in turrets and alcoves filled with statuary. There are three portals splendidly adorned. Unlike many other cathedrals, the whole structure appears to be in perfect preservation. Much of it, of course, is quite new.

The interior is profoundly impressive. I heard a Hamilton friend with an eye for the beautiful, Mr. F. G. Mueller, say that he cried when first he gazed upon it. In any case it is deeply and lastingly impressive, and I doubt if any building in the world will ever surpass it in its effect on the human emotions and imagination.

There are many chapels, that of the Magi being perhaps best known. The Shrine of the Magi, now kept in the treasury, is one of the finest examples of the goldsmith's art.

ABOVE—*The Friedrichstrasse railroad station.*

MIDDLE—*The Potsdamer Platz.*

BELOW—*Unter den Linden at the Friedrichstrasse corner.*

Berlin Street Scenes

BERLIN

HE night train from Cologne reaches Berlin about 7:30 a. m., but it was a little late. As we crossed the plain in which the German capital lies, I noticed on a distant hill the enormous towers of the wireless station at Nauen, looking from afar much like the Eiffel Tower.

There were occasional forests of small pines and along the tracks appeared the bill-boards that heralded the approach to the capital. We passed Potsdam and the Imperial Palaces, and in twenty minutes were running along an elevated track, with the long stretch of the Tiergarten to the right. One stop at a suburban station, something like West Philadelphia, and we were at the Friedrichstrasse.

I knew comparatively little of Berlin, and took a taxi to the Hotel Adlon, probably the finest hotel on the continent. It is situated in Unter den Linden, about two blocks from the Brandenburg Gate.

The manager regretted in excellent English that there were no rooms, but he would assist me. At the Bristol it was the same. Both suggested a pension just across the Spree, immediately in the rear of the Reichstag's imposing building. Here I found comfortable shelter and breakfast at a very moderate cost.

My first walk in Berlin covered the splendid Wilhelmstrasse, where most of the government offices are located. The university, I believe, is also in this street. I went on to the Leipzigerstrasse, the most prominent retail center, and rambled around, enjoying the novel street life and the interesting shops.

The traffic police were smart-looking young soldiers in field gray, with black leather leggings. They carried a sword

bayonet and an automatic pistol. There is unquestionably less traffic in Berlin than in Paris and the street life is not so animated, though the city is larger. Berlin now has about four million inhabitants and one of its streets is thirty-one kilometers long. That would be somewhere near twenty miles.

The annexation of Charlottenburg added far more than a million to the population of Greater Berlin, and it was an obvious step, for one can see no line between the two, and it is a solid city all the way out to the old Royal Palace and beyond.

I have been amused by remarks made by lately returned travelers, distinguished and otherwise. They have been quoted as saying that the activity in Berlin is all foreign and that you hear little German in the restaurants and streets. This may be true of the expensive Adlon in the tourist season; but I should like one of these gentlemen to take a walk in Berlin and try to ask questions without a knowledge of German. He would quickly find that considerable German is still spoken in Germany.

One evening at the Wintergarten there was an audience of at least five thousand. They had a clean, fine show and excellent food, but I didn't hear one word of English spoken in all that vast crowd of Berliners. Yet we are told that the Americans keep the amusement places going. The fact is the Germans spend their fast-falling marks very quickly. Tomorrow, perhaps, they will buy only half as much.

Many stores were open only part of the time. When the mark was falling it was more profitable to close up for a few days and to sell for two or three times as much. Stocks of many kinds were depleted. Practically all the large diamonds were gone, sold to foreigners from high exchange countries. Still there was much that was novel and beautiful and the temptation to buy was great.

Imperial Berlin

ABOVE—*The Kaiser's Palace and the Palace of Liberty.*

MIDDLE—*The Brandenburg Gate in Unter den Linden.*

BELOW—*An airplane picture showing the Kaiser's Palace, the Berlin Cathedral and the Lustgarten.*

While, as a whole, I do not think Berlin is so animated as Paris nor so metropolitan as London, it is still a splendid city, and in some of its aspects it is finer than either. One dull, rainy afternoon I went on a sight-seeing excursion about the city and to Charlottenburg. To my astonishment, the large car was completely filled.

We passed down the Wilhelmstrasse and shortly after the university we came to the large and imposing Russian Embassy, where the Soviets now hold forth. They had given a fine party there a few nights before, at which all the Bolsheviki appeared in correct evening dress and offered a most bourgeois entertainment, with champagne and truffles and expensive entertainers. The United States Embassy occupies an excellent corner not more than two blocks away, and the building appeared worthy of our country.

Soon we came to the Tiergarten, and the Tiergartenstrasse, running along the park for a long distance, is as handsome a street as any in Europe. Most of the embassies occupy palatial houses in this street.

At the city end of the Tiergarten is the famous Sieges-allee, or the Street of Victory, with thirty-two monuments of marble lining its sides. It terminates at the Königs-platz, in the splendid Victory Column, with a colossal golden Winged Victory at the top. I question if any place in Paris quite equals this development commemorating German triumphs of the past.

We passed the famous Charlottenburg Technical High School, which remains the finest school building in the world. I think it was the special pride of the bridegroom of Doorn when he lived in Berlin.

Later on I visited the Imperial Palace, which is now a museum, to be seen for a trifling fee. It is on the banks of the Spree, with the Lustgarten and the cathedral on the opposite

side. It was a novel sensation to ramble through a building that had so lately been the home of the most arrogant of modern potentates, and to inspect so many things that had been intimately associated with his career and private life. It is a magnificent establishment, with many hundred rooms. The banquet-hall is as fine as any of the great halls at Versailles. Here in the Spartacan outbreak eighteen men were killed by a bomb thrown into the room by the government troops. The damage done at that time has been repaired, and there remains hardly a trace of it.

I stood on the small balcony in front of the Kaiser's throne-room, from which he addressed the populace on the declaration of war. I was told that the whole plaza was a mass of frenzied people.

The residence of the late Crown Prince is near by, and it is now used for some public purpose, I forget what. No reverence was shown for the imperial family by the guides or the visitors, and so far as I could observe, there was no general interest in the fate of the old regime.

At lunch in a cafe a young man, who appeared to be English, took a seat opposite me. Presently I addressed him. Looking up in surprise he said: "How did you know that I spoke English?" I answered that I took him to be English. "No, I am German," he said, "but I have been employed until recently by the American army at Coblenz and there I spoke English always. I like to speak English very much but do not often have an opportunity to do so."

This was the beginning of my very pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Walter Huerter, of the Engelhard Bank, whose other officers I later met. They took me to a number of places of amusement one evening, winding up at the gorgeous Palais du Danse, a more elaborate and ornate dancing establishment than any other I have seen, but lacking the mad abandon of

A Glimpse of the Sieges-allee

The Sieges-allee, or Street of Victory, Berlin, is a sumptuous combination of the work of the sculptor and landscape designer.

Its sides are lined with thirty-two monuments honoring the great of the nation. There was, I have heard, much complaint among the German people against the lavish expenditure in this embellishment of their capital, and the monuments have, in some cases, been criticised.

The result, however, is the show-place of Europe and there is nothing finer in any capital.

The statue in the foreground is that of William the First, grandfather of the deposed Kaiser.

The Victory Monument, Berlin

The Berlin Victory Monument in the Koenigs-platz, which terminates the splendid vista of the Sieges-allee, was erected in commemoration of the Franco-Prussian War.

The colossal golden Victory figure which surmounts it is a conspicuous landmark of the German capital. Its effect is rather more striking than that of the numerous commemorative columns in the various capitals of Europe.

the Paris resorts of the same type. I asked my new friends if they felt disposed to tell me if it were true that the German people entertained a spirit of hatred toward France and a desire for revenge. "I fear we must answer yes," they said. "It is the result, not of the war, but of what happened since the war. Most Germans believe, and we ourselves believe, that France desires to utterly destroy Germany, no matter what the effect on herself. Naturally we cannot feel kindly toward a nation that we think works for our utter ruin."

Berlin has suffered much from the war. More war-wrecked men are seen in a day in Berlin than in a month in Paris. The government does absolutely nothing for them and they lie in the streets selling small trifles, but seldom actually begging. Many were cruelly hurt. I saw men with both legs and one arm gone, their heads mutilated, and partially paralyzed, being pushed around by children, or sitting huddled on the pavement, holding out matches. Their plight is terrible.

There is always something to excite one's pity, and the number of marks one gives away probably exceeds what one actually spends. At the station in Friedrichstrasse, coming out, I observed an old woman sitting beside me. She sat so for fifteen minutes and finally she timidly touched me on the arm and uncovering her basket displayed a few matches. She was obviously grateful for what I gave her. Another old woman gave me some post-cards apparently got out by a travelers' aid society, portraying the dangers and pitfalls of travel for the inexperienced, and especially for girls. They were as gaudy as the Christmas cards we used to have in the country school, but their lesson was obvious.

In a pleasant cafe in Charlottenburg, where we stopped for coffee after a cold drive, the waiter pointed out to me a photograph on the wall. It showed the torpedoing of a British battle cruiser in the Jutland sea-fight, and he proudly ex-

plained that he was the man who fired the torpedo. This was about the only sign of the junker spirit I encountered.

Not much is left of the old Prussian arrogance. The Germans are extremely polite, especially when they think it is profitable to be so. Nor are they one bit more hungry for money than are the people of other countries.

I saw little distress, except among the wounded, but a gentleman from San Francisco, whom I met, told me that he had been around with an American friend who represented a relief fund provided by certain American Masonic bodies. He said that he saw scenes of unbelievable poverty, and met thousands of people who had not had a suit of underwear for three years and whose clothes were a crazy-quilt of patches.

The horrors of an unstable currency can be understood only by visiting a country where the currency has no fixed value. Everywhere the demand for American dollars was enormous, as marks were falling fast. A young Spanish boy was sent to the station to look after my baggage and to put me on my train. The train was quite late and he remained. Finally, after we had some lunch, I asked him to get some dollars changed into marks. In signs and with a few English words he indicated that he didn't want me to change a dollar into marks, but wanted to do it himself. He searched all his pockets and dug up 1,200 marks. That was his limit, and as marks were 1,700 to the dollar, he looked very disappointed. When I accepted his 1,200 marks and gave him the dollar, he was happy. A little later I asked him for the dollar bill. With a look of apprehension he got it out and returned it to me. I then gave him two dollars, and his joy was complete. It represented at least a month's wages, and he said he and his little Fräulein could now have an evening at the movies and still have money left.

The Spartacan Uprising in Berlin

ABOVE — *Spartacans (Communists) fighting from street barricades of paper.*

MIDDLE—*Actual fighting in the streets.*

BELOW—*Government troops with captured Spartacans. The prisoners march with their hands behind their heads. All were probably executed soon after this picture was made.*

In this revolt the Spartacans seized the Imperial Palace and eighteen men were killed in the banquet-room by a grenade thrown by government troops.

The Kapp "putsch," two years later, was the second German revolutionary movement. It was quickly suppressed. The Kapp enterprise was monarchical in its purposes.

BERLIN

From the train I watched the evening life of the country. The farm folks worked late or were driving the stock or the geese home for the night. Dortmund and Hanover and the big industrial towns were all aglow with activity. The big shops were evidently working at night, though where they get supplies or where they sell their product I don't know.

BRUSSELS AND WATERLOO

RUSSELS is in all respects one of the most beautiful and diverting capitals of Europe. Unquestionably it imitates Paris, and although it is on a smaller scale, it has features that are quite superior to anything found in the French metropolis.

The population of Brussels and its suburbs is 750,000, but it is more cosmopolitan than our cities of that class. Its whole aspect is one of animation, and like Hamilton, it is a good deal of a Saturday-night town. It is hard to conceive a livelier place than Brussels on Saturday evening.

Why we spell it Brussels I do not know. In Europe it is Bruxelle, and it gets its name from the period of its founding, about 580 A. D. At that time de Gery, the Bishop of Cambrai, founded a chapel on an island of the Senne, and the village that grew up around it was called Broeksele, meaning a dwelling on a marsh. The first fortifications were built in 1,000 A. D. by Lambert the Second, a Count of the House of Louvain, and the second circle of walls dates from 1400. As in other cities, Paris notably, the old lines of fortifications are now boulevards.

I arrived from Berlin at the Gare du Nord, after a long journey. I shared a compartment with an Englishman who had been for the past eight years a British official in Abyssinia. He was a fine, well-set-up man of sandy complexion, and he was the only man I saw in Europe who wore a monocle. He was reading a French paper when I entered the car and I presently became convinced that his monocle was no pose, for he calmly took a nap without removing it. I sat silent until he finally broke the ice, and we made a pleasant trip together. He told me a great deal about Abyssinia. When he

Two Views of Brussels

ABOVE—*The Place Brouckere, Brussels.*

BELOW—*A panoramic view of Brussels, showing the cathedral.*

first went in, he had to travel eighteen days on mule-back from the railhead. Then he tried a motorcycle, and that was worse than the mule. Now there is a railroad all the way in. He said that life in Abyssinia wasn't at all bad. They have polo twice a week in the little foreign colony. Until recently, he said, the United States maintained a legation there; but as the minister had only two nationals in the whole country, and one of these was an Armenian, the thing was finally given up and the minister sent to Rio. This gentleman was much interested in American automobiles. He had just bought a Studebaker. "I saw a handsome new American car at the top of Great Portland Street last week," he said. He described it and it turned out to be a Chalmers.

In the night, near Cologne, the locomotive and two baggage cars of the Warsaw-Paris-Ostend-London express, in which we left Berlin at 3:30 p. m., turned over, but though we were in the next car, neither of us was awakened. We were five hours late, however.

We went in by the exact route taken by the German army, crossing the frontier at Aix-la-Chapelle. Here came aboard the German customs officers, of evil name; and this is what happened. We were both dozing in our berths when the door opened and I heard a very cheerful "Guten Morgen." I raised my head and saw the conductor and a young German customs official. "Anything to declare?" he asked. "Only some souvenirs," I replied. "Only souvenirs," he said, and bowing politely said "Guten Morgen" and was gone. He never touched my bags.

At Liege, with the aid of my French-speaking English friend, I got some coffee. Here occurred the first bombardment, but no signs of damage could be seen. At Louvain, which was the special object of German fury, there were large new factories by the station, but very little sign of destruc-

tion. I understood that back from the railroad much of the town had not been restored.

Belgium is the world's most densely populated country, and the little farms and villages looked prosperous and well kept. The German advance did not leave lasting desolation in its path, and a casual passenger might travel through most of the country and see no sign of the invasion.

The North station in Brussels faces the Place Charles Rogier, which is surrounded by large hotels and cafes, and is bounded on the south side by the Boulevard du Jardin Botanique. I went to the Palace Hotel, the largest in the town, and a very fine establishment of eight floors. Here I had a splendid room with bath at about the equivalent of three dollars per day. The leading street from the boulevard into the heart of the business district was renamed after the war in honor of the city's heroic burgomaster, and is now called the Boulevard Adolphe Max. At the Place Anspach it changes to the Boulevard Anspach.

The sidewalk cafes are proportionately as numerous in Brussels as in Paris and they are a great rendezvous. There is a sort of modified prohibition in Belgium, however, of which I had not heard. It has been in effect more than a year. Cafes may sell no hard liquors—only wines and beers; but these are not limited in alcoholic content. I did not learn whether liquors are totally prohibited, or sold in government dispensaries.

Coffee is a popular drink and better made than anywhere else that I visited. It is usually served in glasses with nickel percolators fitting the top. It takes ten minutes for the coffee to drip through but it is worth waiting for.

There are many dancing restaurants and a great deal of night gayety. The attractions offered in the theaters were

THE GRAND PLACE, BRUSSELS

The buildings occupying the four sides of the Grand Place, Brussels, are here shown.

ABOVE—*The old Palace of the Dukes of Brabant (Old Exchange).*

MIDDLE LEFT—*The Brussels City Hall.*

MIDDLE RIGHT — *The old King's Palace.*

BELOW—*Guildhall of the Tailors and residence of Victor Hugo.*

This fifteenth-century square is in many ways the most interesting, harmonious and beautiful in Europe. The gold-leaf incrustations on all the buildings give an effect of exceeding beauty and brilliance.

The main portal of the Hotel de Ville (City Hall) is slightly off center. The architect is said to have committed suicide when he discovered his error.

Most of these buildings have fallen from their high estate and are used for commercial purposes, but their beauty remains undimmed.

quite Parisian. One popular show was called, "Oh, La, La," after the expression of the French girls, who say it "Ou, la, la."

I think the Grand Place in Brussels is very much the finest ancient square in Europe. On one side is the Hotel de Ville, with its incomparable spirelike tower. Across is the Palace of the Dukes of Brabant. One end is occupied by the old Royal Palace and the other by the Guildhalls. All these buildings were erected in the fourteenth century and they are magnificent Gothic structures, heavily encrusted with gold leaf. The brilliancy of effect is not attained by any other group of buildings I have seen.

The palaces have fallen from their high estate. In the Royal Palace is a bank, a drygoods shop and a public dance hall, all occupying the ground floor.

It was in the Grand Place that the civil liberties of Belgium were won and proclaimed by the old guilds, and it was here that many heads fell under the ax of tyranny. Now there is a flower market here on week days and on Sunday mornings a duck market.

One day as I was passing through, there was a small political demonstration in honor of some Walloon who had just been released from prison. The flower woman was a typical agitator and she was yelling and shaking her fist in a frenzy, totally neglecting her customers. There is still a great deal of political feeling between the Flemish and the Walloons, I hear.

There are many fine buildings and monuments. The Royal Palace is splendid, with magnificent gardens. The conservatories of the Botanical Garden are near by. When I passed the palace the flag was flying as a token that the king was in his town house. It is taken down when he goes to his place in the country. The cathedral is the Church of Sts. Michael and Gudule and is a creditable cathedral, but not so fine as many

others. Its construction dates from 1220 to 1909. The Bourse is a large center of traffic and a fine structure.

The Column of the Congress, erected to commemorate the National Congress of 1831, is about 150 feet high and compares well with any of the famous columns of other capitals. It is topped by a figure of Leopold the First, and bronze lions guard the entrance.

The Monumental Arcade at the Parc Cinquantenaire (fiftieth anniversary of independence) is a splendid triple arch, with a quadriga and symbolic figures. A semi-circular colonnade connects the arch with the wings.

There is a Conservatory of Music, numerous museums and galleries and all the other features that go to make up a capital of art and culture.

But it is the Forest of Soitges, the rolling part of which extends right into the city and is developed as the Parc de la Cambre, that is the glory of Brussels.

The excursion to the battlefield of Waterloo is the most interesting trip from Brussels, and the journey is almost as full of interest as is its historic destination.

Thomas Cook and Sons and The American Express Company run auto-car excursions daily. I went with The American Express Company and they provided a fine car, a careful driver and an intelligent guide. Waterloo is, I suppose, about twelve or fifteen miles southeast from Brussels. It can now be reached by a small railway, but the motor excursion is far better. It costs but a couple of dollars.

The route takes one through the aristocratic sections of Brussels, past the Royal Palace and into the park, which is in about the same relation to Brussels as is the Bois Bologne to Paris. It is a finer and more varied park, wonderfully developed for the enjoyment of the people. In two or three miles

The Field of Waterloo

These original photographs show:

ABOVE—*The central areas of the battlefield, showing the great mound, the panorama and some of the buildings for public accommodation. The famous "hollow road of Ohain," in which thousands of Napoleon's cuirassiers perished, extended to the left from the mound. It has long been filled.*

MIDDLE—*The headquarters of the Duke of Wellington, in Waterloo village, about a half mile distant from the mound.*

BELOW—*The courtyard of the Farm of Hougomont, held by the British throughout the battle. In the center is the well.*

the park merges into the forest, and for six or eight miles one travels through a sort of fairyland. I thought I had seen fine woods, but the Forest of Soitges is so incomparably superior to any I have seen, that I concluded that I did not before appreciate how beautiful a forest could be. Napoleon was advised in the last stages of Waterloo to take his stricken army into this forest as a refuge. If he had known how fine it was, he would have gone there just to see it, and let the Duke of Wellington go hang.

I think it is entirely natural, but its symmetry and the sudden transitions from one type to another, indicate planting. The larches are the best of all. The sunlight just filtered through their tall tops, and their lofty columns stretching away into the distance, suggested a vast cathedral.

Beyond the forest were fine villas, including one that the present king occupied before he succeeded to the throne. Excursionists on bicycles were out by the thousand and there was a fair number of automobiles. But to the average man in Europe, the bicycle is what the Ford is here at home. Those who passed in Fords looked very proud and ostentatious. The Ford motor-car and the American dollar bill are two things one learns to respect abroad.

We came soon, by a stone road, to the village of Waterloo, and pulled up at the inn that had been the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington. It was in 1815 a tavern, with stabling for forty horses, and here the duke and his staff lived in those fateful days. The cot used by Wellington stands beside that on which Gordon died. The table on which he wrote his historic dispatch is there. There are endless souvenirs and the room is filled with trophies picked up on the field of battle. The man who keeps the place is the grandson of the landlord of Wellington's day.

Turning a corner, the guide points out the house in which Victor Hugo lived when he wrote "Les Miserables," with its famed description of Waterloo. It is within a quarter mile of the battlefield.

First we went to the Farm of Hougomont, which the British held throughout. It is as it then was, with the ruins of the chapel and the old well. A peasant woman in wooden shoes welcomed us and showed us about.

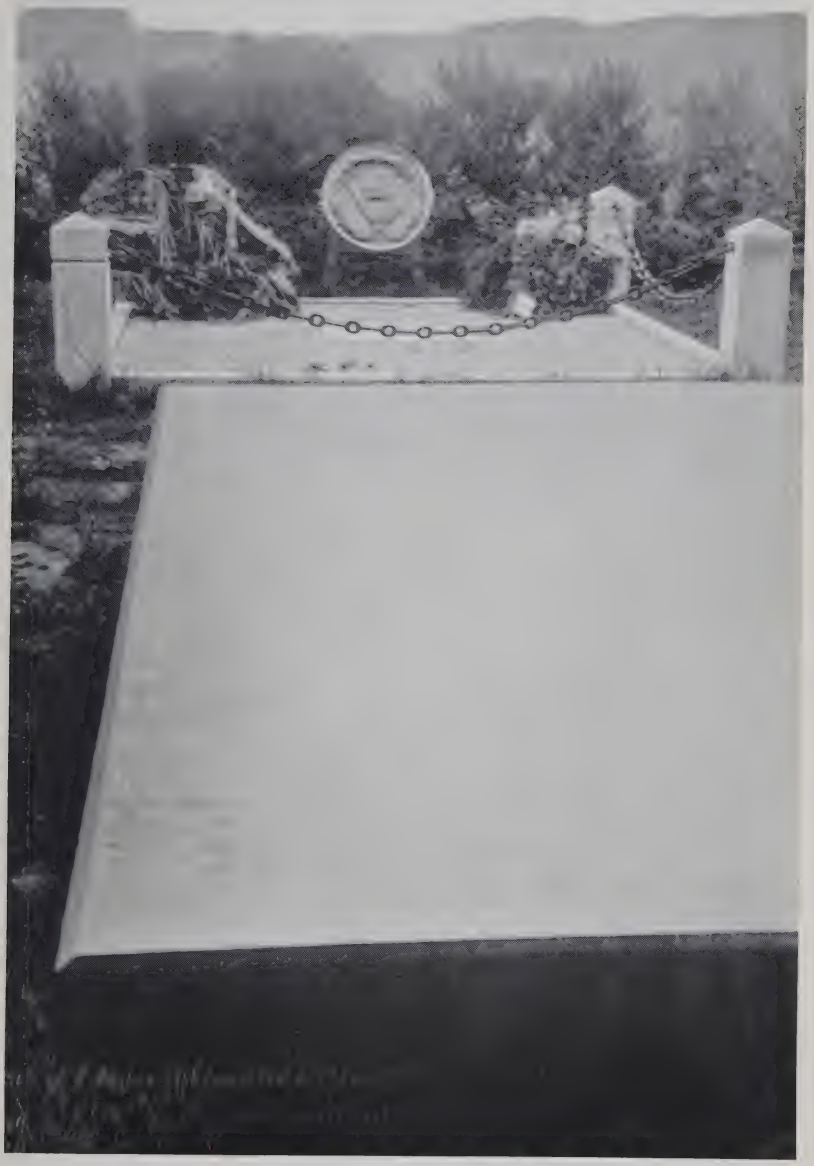
The great mound of Waterloo is in the heart of the field, which was only about three miles square. There are 226 steps to the top, from which one can see the whole rolling field of the most famous and the most determinative battle of modern times. This high mound was built by four hundred women, who labored at it three years, carrying the dirt mainly on their backs.

At the base are nice little cafes and the panorama of Waterloo, which was brought to America and shown at the St. Louis World's Fair.

A guide from one of the tourist companies was giving a lecture on the battlefield and I paused to listen. He pointed out the ground on which every phase of the action occurred, and made it so graphic that his audience burst into spontaneous applause at the end of his recital. The famous "hollow road of Ohain" ran right by the mound. It has long ago been filled.

With the possible exception of the excursion to Malmaison and Versailles, the trip to Waterloo field is the most delightful to be taken from any capital. It is incomparably the most beautiful, for the Forest of Soitges is supreme.

I must not leave Brussels without a word about the spot that impressed me more than any other on which I stood. One afternoon I took a car into the northwest of Brussels, to the Tir National, or national rifle range. It is about forty minutes



Where Edith Cavell Died

The spot in the Tir National, Brussels, where Edith Cavell was shot to death.

Her name is fourth from the top in the tablet in the foreground. The thirty-five victims of German fury, who perished on this spot, all stood on the spot enclosed by the chains and were shot from the terrace from which this picture was made, only fifteen feet away.

One of the targets of the rifle range can be seen at the left.

The photograph was made at dusk.

from the center by trolley. Here is a large armory, with many shacks in front, in which war refugees live. Swarms of children were about and I soon had a following of twenty or more.

To a man near the gate I said: "Is this the Tir National?" "Oui, Nurse Cavell." he said, motioning to his little daughter to guide me. I took the little girl by the hand and she led me around the long building. We were followed by a host of children, each having visions of a franc and noisily clamoring to get nearest to me.

We went through a gate and saw the butts of a rifle range, with woods all around. Here a Belgian officer, who was escorting an English party, espied my retinue, and to my relief scattered them with a single charge. My little guide I kept.

It was nearly dusk. Behind the large armory was a small terrace of brick and over it was a wooden roof. I think it was a place where the Belgian officers must have sat to take tea. Here at daybreak on, I think, the 12th of October, 1915, a German firing-squad stood, and at a signal poured a volley into the devoted breast of Edith Cavell, the nurse, who would not betray her country.

The spot where she stood was only fifteen feet from the terrace. It is marked by four granite posts with chains between and covered with fresh crushed stone. There is a plaque above. On the ground were some faded wreaths. Between this spot and the terrace was a large stone slab with the names of thirty-five persons who died here, and the dates of their execution. An inscription said:

"On this spot thirty-five heroes, for love of their country, were shot by the German soldiers."

We looked long and solemnly at this grim shrine of patriotic devotion, and at length turned and walked in silence to the road.

REIMS AND THE BATTLEFIELDS

IT is not a long journey from Brussels to Reims, but it took me from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. to make it. The competent concierge at the Palace Hotel, who wore one of the longest moustaches on record and spoke English well, fixed up my itinerary carefully, marking all trains and the one change at Givet, on the French frontier.

It was Sunday morning. I took a taxi to the South station and bought my ticket without trouble. Then I put myself in the hands of a porter who spoke only French. He knew where I wanted to go and put me on the train. It was about the only first-class compartment that I found crowded while on the continent. I had no sooner got settled than the train began to move. I looked at my watch. It was not quite nine and I knew my train left at 9:06. I showed my ticket to a Belgian gentleman and he nodded, indicating that I was all right.

As it turned out, I was all right in a sense; but instead of getting on the direct train, I was on a local that involved three changes and kept me on the road all day.

My fellow passengers were all high-class Belgians off for a day in the country. The eccentricities of European dress amused me. One man was very fastidiously dressed in a morning coat and striped trousers, but he wore the straight, high collar that we used to see here twenty years ago, and finished his linen with a pair of large round cuffs of celluloid.

The route lay along the River Meuse, and it was alive with Sunday boating and holiday parties. It is a beautiful stream, placid, and having the finished, cared-for banks of an English river. There were some little excursion steamers, heavily loaded with pleasure-seekers. Many were the patient fishermen.

Reims Cathedral in 1914

A comparison of this picture with those made after the war reveals the enormous damage occasioned by the fire and prolonged bombardment.

The essential parts of the construction are almost intact, but little of the wealth of ornamentation remains unscathed.

REIMS AND THE BATTLEFIELDS

Not until we approached the French frontier did any devastation appear. Then came villages with a house here and there in ruin, and others showed the effect of patching and reconstruction. There was but one village on the railroad that showed comprehensive destruction.

Passing into France, the condition was about the same until the train approached Reims. Here were spots where the devastation was almost complete and the population was living mainly in war shacks.

As the train drew into the platform of what was once the Reims station, there was a tremendous rush of people. The Parisians still go to Reims in large numbers on Sundays, and they were scrambling for seats homeward. The distance is about ninety miles. There is no train shed, but the station building, with fairly comfortable waiting-rooms and a good restaurant, remain.

I walked through the stone court to the street and picked up a fiacre. I asked for the best hotel and the old driver said "Regina Palace."

We started and instantly were surrounded by scenes of havoc such as I have not before seen. Reims was a town of about 120,000 people. It was an ancient town, built entirely of stone. Many of the walls were very thick, with rubble filling and stone facing. Others were of cut stone. Not one building remained intact. The stark and gutted walls were pock-marked everywhere with shell splinters. Not a space of a square yard anywhere failed to show shell pittings. The occasional down spouts were cut in scores of places. What an inferno Reims must have been during four long years, it is hard to conceive.

In places a whole block was leveled and the debris had been removed. Beautiful marble and tile floors were the only

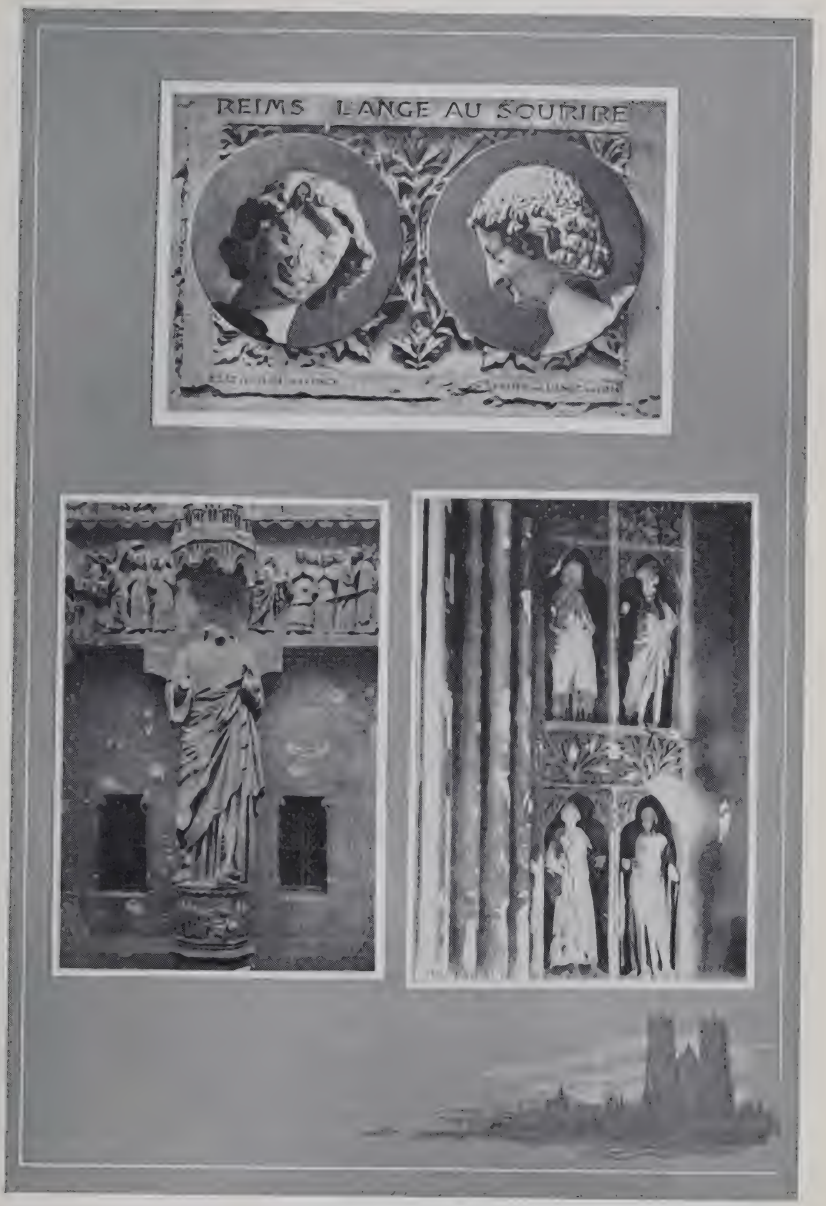
reminder of the fine rooms that had been there. We passed the rear of the cathedral, with its temporary roof and its enormous defacement.

In a moment we pulled up before a three-story building of stucco, and from within I heard the strains of gay dance music. It was the Regina Palace, and I got a small room on the third floor.

When I came down I was forcibly struck by the contrast within and without and I thought it illustrated the mercurial character of the French nature. All around was a scene of desolation unparalleled in the world. Within was a dance floor, with an orchestra of five bobbed-hair Paris girls. They were playing the American song "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and ten or fifteen couples were dancing gaily. Just outside the French windows was a beautiful garden. It had fine big trees, a great stone grotto and ducks placidly swimming in the pool. The surrounding terrace was filled with tables and all were taken. Champagne and whisky and red wine were served freely and the dinners on many tables were elaborate. It was strictly a French crowd, too. I don't think another person present spoke English. I could not help recalling the tradition of Nero fiddling in the midst of burning Rome.

Next morning I visited the cathedral, but two blocks away. The structural integrity of the building is maintained, but of the ten thousand statues that adorned the exterior hardly a dozen are not defaced. The roof is temporary. The left tower is a shell. Several of the large turrets on each side have fallen. About thirty workmen were engaged in the yard chipping at large blocks of stone. They are working crudely and are making no appreciable progress.

Place Parvis in front of the cathedral, where stands the statue of Joan of Arc, is surrounded by huts, many of which



Mutilations, Reims Cathedral

ABOVE—*A shell fragment tore away the nose and part of the forehead of "The Smiling Angel," one of the most famous of the cathedral exterior statues. At left, the present condition; at right, the profile in 1914.*

BELOW LEFT — *The decapitated figure "Le Beau Dieu," Porch of the Judgment.*

BELOW RIGHT—*Statues in niches, east portal, damaged by fire and shell.*

The War-shattered Reims Cathedral

These pictures of the Cathedral, Reims, were made soon after the fire (which caused more damage than the actual bombardments) had burned itself out.

ABOVE—*The three porches.*

BELOW—*The north view.*

sell interesting souvenirs for the cathedral restoration fund. The women in charge donate their services and expect to do so for some years.

Reims was bombarded from three sides. The Germans occupied it for nine days early in the war. The crown prince made his headquarters in the Grand Hotel in front of the cathedral, and the residents insist that when forced to evacuate, he caused the hotel to be burned. This was the first destruction in Reims. His army bombarded from the south for a time, and it was at this time that the main facade suffered most of its damage. Later, when the Germans were driven back and took up positions at Pompelle and Hill 108, they hit the cathedral from the rear on both sides. It is said that about one thousand four hundred shells of all sizes struck the building. Inside one sees a thirteen-inch "dud," which came through the roof. It represents the largest shells used in the bombardment, and if it had exploded inside, it is a question if some of the walls would not have gone down.

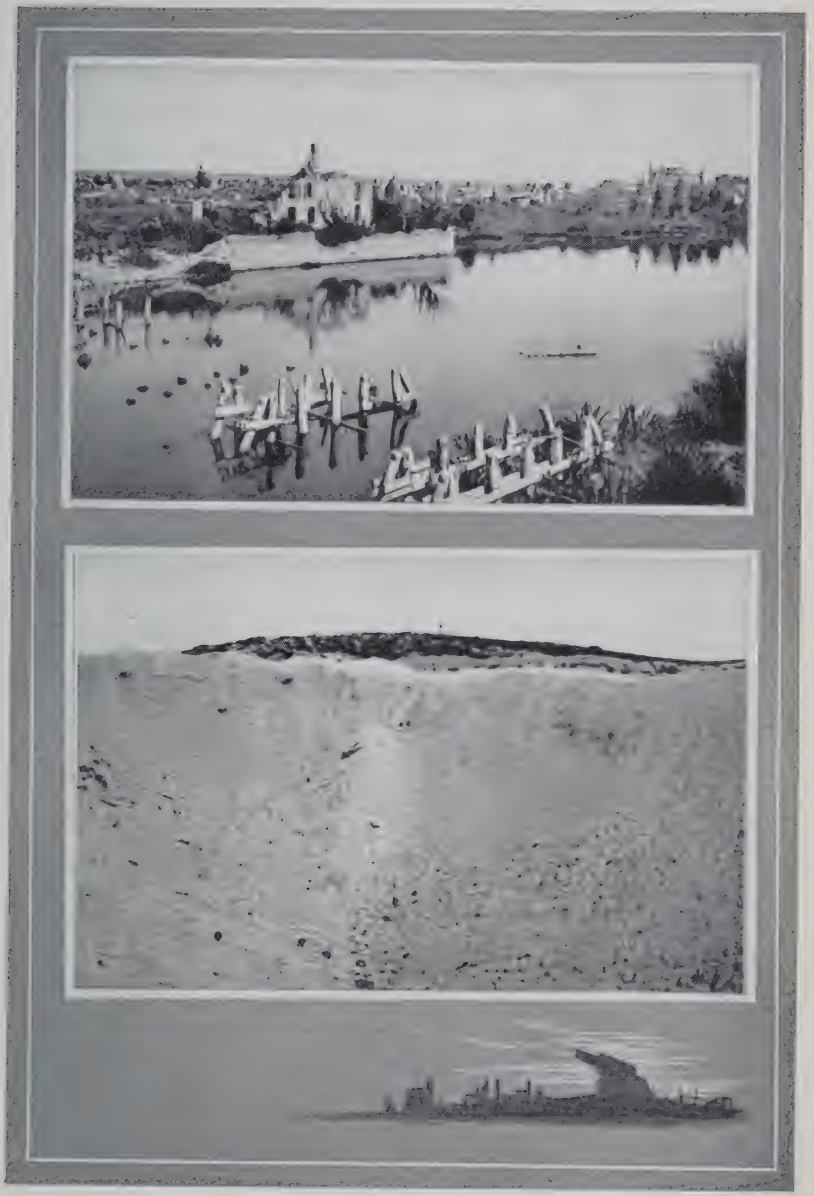
Many Americans were about and I talked to a number. We all agreed that in view of the overwhelming size of the cathedral as compared to all other buildings in the city, and its present comparative integrity in the midst of complete ruin, the charge that the Germans tried to destroy it, cannot be sustained. The French won't admit this, but to me it seemed obvious that if the Germans had concentrated on that vast target, they could have flattened it within a week. I believe the hits were accidental, and marvel that there were not more of them, for everything around is destroyed.

The population of Reims is now about sixty thousand, of whom about twenty thousand are French and the rest Spanish and other laborers, gathered for the reconstruction work. The central districts are empty and the whole population is housed in huts on the outskirts.

I met a woman who was in Reims two years ago. She thought much had been accomplished in reconstruction in that time; but about all she could specify was that the streets had been cleaned up. I don't think I saw ten reconstructed business buildings, and the obsolete method employed and the obvious lack of capital indicated to me that it would at the present rate require about twenty years to restore the city. Then it will be just as old fashioned as before.

If plenty of money were available and American contractors were on the job, more would be done in six months than will be done in six years.

I made an excursion by motor one afternoon to Berry-au-Bac, Hill 108 near by, Corbeny, on the Hindenberg Line, and Craonne at the beginning of the Chemin des Dames. Within three miles of Reims the trees that lined the road are shot to pieces, not one escaping entirely. Most of them are blasted stumps. Berry-au-Bac is gone. A quarter mile to the northeast lies Hill 108, the scene of some of the hardest fighting of the war. It was taken and retaken six times. The Germans came in from the northeast and held the high ground. The French drained the branch of the Aisne Canal leading toward Reims and used it for a first-line trench, burrowing forward. Hill 108 is the end of a long ridge. It is probably 150 feet above the surrounding country and its end is blasted beyond my power to describe. It is one vast complex of mine craters, and the chalky white ground is torn and riven, as though by an upheaval of nature. The most important mining operations of the war took place here. There is one crater apart from the general chaos and intact. It is an inverted cone 108 feet deep and 324 feet across. When it went up sixteen hundred men died, about six hundred of whom were Germans caught in their own trap. Our guide was there when it happened and he said that it certainly did scatter the chalk dust.



Havoc of the Great War

ABOVE—*The destroyed village of Berry-au-Bac, on the Aisne.*

BELOW—*In the foreground the greatest mine crater in Europe, lying under the famous Hill 108, shown in the background. This crater is 108 feet deep and 324 feet in diameter.*

Berry-au-Bac is about twelve miles from Reims and Hill 108 is but a half mile from the village.

We passed for five miles through fields wired at intervals of about one hundred feet. Occasionally there was a field in which great masses of tangled wire was piled along the road. A more resourceful owner had cleared it and was already rewarded by crops. The land quickly comes back to fertility and no considerable area of soil is permanently ruined. But the work of clearing is dangerous and enormous.

Of Craonne not a vestige is left. The Chemin des Dames is a road about twenty-five miles long, narrow and hilly. At its end is a large dugout, where lay a French rifle that nobody took the trouble to carry away as a souvenir. There was a small souvenir shed, and an old man sitting by the road looked the picture of hopelessness. He accepted alms with a sort of stolid gratitude.

The Chemin des Dames (road of women) is so called from a religious school founded by Louis the Fourteenth. The women of that school once each year were required to walk the length of this road as a sort of penance or self-denying ceremonial. It leads through a rugged country and was the scene of a strong French defense.

Our chauffeur spoke only a little English, though he had worked in a Detroit automobile factory for a year. He was an aviator in the French army. Our guide spoke excellent English. He had worked for The American Woolen Company, in Lawrence, Mass., six years and wanted to return to America. He had been wounded four times. He said that he loved adventure and always volunteered for the most dangerous work. "I would like to live on a ranch out west and hunt. That is the life I enjoy," he said.

On the way back to Paris my companions were a gentleman from Sydney, Australia, and his young daughter and son. He was taking them around the world and had been all over America. The trip from Sydney to Vancouver on the

fastest boat occupied three weeks and three days. The bright sixteen-year-old daughter gave me some cartridges she had picked up from a discarded belt by a machine gun. "I am afraid that Sydney is going to seem like a one-horse show after all these big towns," said the father. "But it is a fine place, with a climate like Los Angeles and over a million inhabitants. I was born in England, and one of my friends there introduced me as an Englishman who had come back home. I told him I was an Australian, and not an Englishman."

This led to an inquiry as to the extent of separatist sentiment in Australia. My friend said that it was already agitated, but he thought Australia would not leave the empire. He said that it was a wonderful country, largely empty, but it was not generally good, like the United States. The interior is a desert and the north unhealthy. He did not think the continent would ever support 100,000,000 people. It has about 5,000,000 now and he estimated 40,000,000 as the proper number to fill it. Of the present population, much more than half is concentrated in the four cities of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide.

The Chemin des Dames

This photograph was made from the site of the destroyed village of Craonne, of which hardly a vestige remains. It shows the end of a narrow and winding highway that was the scene of some of the hardest fighting of the war. The shacks are occupied by vendors of souvenirs.

THE STAGE AND SCREEN

HE stage to a very considerable extent reflects the national characteristics of a people, and for this reason the foreign stage is of special interest to the American visitor. I went to the theater several times in London and was always greatly entertained; for if the performance on the stage failed to please, there was always the audience to study.

There is a great deal in common between the London and New York stage and a constant interchange of pieces is going on. Judging by the relative number of London plays seen in New York and New York plays seen in London, I am disposed to think that the London playwrights are the more constructive.

There are nearly as many theaters in London as in New York. In the vicinity of Piccadilly Circus, especially along Shaftesbury Avenue and the side streets, there must be twenty or more large theaters, and it is in Piccadilly Circus that the theater crowds converge at night. There is no more turbulent traffic center during the half hour or so around 11 p. m.

The first play I saw was Seymour Hicks in "The Man in Dress Clothes," at the Comedy. It bordered on a farce, and related to the adventures of a rich spendthrift, whose creditors closed in on him suddenly and took everything he owned except a suit of evening clothes. The scene was laid in Paris. Naturally, having no street clothes, the hero had to stay in during the day. Once, just to get out in daytime, he joined a funeral procession and marched with the mourners. Mourners in France sometimes wear evening clothes. Mr. Hicks, I thought, very much resembled Mr. James M. Cox. I did not think this performance nor the play rose above mediocrity.

His leading woman, Miss Barbara Hoffe, was not conspicuous, either for beauty or art. Yet the play was considered a success and was drawing well.

Very much the best play I saw was "Quarantine," with Edna Best and Owen Nares. Miss Best is one of the most popular girls on the London stage and she compares favorably with our best actresses. She is small, pretty and natural. Owen Nares is of the matinee type, big and good looking. His art must be more highly esteemed in London than it would be in New York, for I see that he is cast for the leading part in the dramatization of "If Winter Comes," for which Sir Gerald du Maurier was originally chosen. The Shaftesbury Theater was crowded at every performance and seats had to be got well in advance. The play was highly entertaining.

Gerald du Maurier was playing in "Dear Brutus," a role that William Gillette played in America two years ago, and he was filling one of the large houses constantly. The "filled" signs were out at every entrance before 7 o'clock.

The farce "Tons of Money" was in its second month at the Garrick, and anyone who thinks an English audience can't be made to laugh, ought to attend. The house was always in an uproar. The situations were singularly complicated and I could not but admire the ingenuity of the author who created such a tangle. Yvonne Arnaud was the leading woman. Somebody was accusing her of being cold and she got quite a laugh by saying: "I cold? No; I have ze Central Heating."

Sir Charles Hawtrey was having one of his best successes in a meritorious play called "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure."

One of the differences between London and New York was shown by the revival of "The Beggars' Opera." It was running successfully away out in Hammersmith, and may be

Paris Theater Programs

The design of the program of the Theater Grand Guignol suggests the character of the performances given there. The management announces that it is the function of this theater to portray life in its realities, its horrors, and its brutalities. The most sordid and shocking episodes find a place on its stage.

The program of the Folies Bergere is suggestive, too, but of the quite different things that are revealed on its stage. There the sex appeal holds undisputed sway.

going yet, for all I know. Yet a few performances were all New York would stand. The musical show, "Lass o' Laughter," was very popular and plans were under way to bring it to New York. The Hippodrome had a big and merry revue under the catchy title "Round in Fifty," and it was doing a big business at high prices. Some of the seats cost as much as twenty shillings, and prices like that were invented by Flo Ziegfeld. There were many other good things, but one could see only a few.

Not much is left of the old music halls. The Empire and Alhambra, in Leicester Square, hold their own; but a number have been changed into movies or cinemas. The Empire was closed for the summer, but the Alhambra had a large and riotous performance, as good as the New York Hippodrome affords, I think. Smoking is permitted and refreshments are served all over the house.

The old Drury Lane Theater, the oldest in town, was lately remodeled and reopened with a racy and gorgeous spectacle called "Decameron Nights." The costumes were the most daring seen in London, and the stage picture the most brilliant. It was doing well.

London holds all records for long runs. "Chu Chin Chow" stayed in His Majesty's Theater five and one-half years, and Oscar Asche never missed a performance in the more than three thousand given. There is no accounting for tastes.

A London theater is somewhat different from ours. Most of the houses are below the street level and one goes down a flight of steps to the "pit stalls," or orchestra, as we usually call it. The balcony is on the street level and is called the dress circle. The American gallery is the British upper circle. Everywhere there is a charge for programs that we always give away. Admissions are about the same as with us, the equivalent of $2.50 or $2.75 for pit seats.

In the better houses there is much more dressing than is our custom. Almost everyone is in evening clothes. Between acts the audience strolls into the street and promenades. Street entertainers gather around, and if clever pick up quite a sum in tips. Recently I observed this European custom at the Cox Theater, Cincinnati, though of course what one sees in Seventh Street is quite different from Piccadilly or Shaftesbury Avenue.

Without French one cannot make much out of the Paris stage. French humor is subtle and risque and often depends on a double meaning, so one must have the language well to follow the author's intent. I first went to the famous Grand Guignol, where plays of horror and sordidness are given, interspersed with short farces. The theater is a small affair, with only seven or eight rows of seats, and boxes in the rear. "The Telephone" was the principal offering. It showed a woman murdered by robbers, while her husband, in a distant city, listened to her death screams over the telephone. An amplifier produced the shocking effect desired. "A Concert in a Mad House" was another. It led up to the throttling to death of an old woman in the presence of her son by a crazy old poet. The farces I could make nothing of.

The Folies Bergere is as popular as ever. It is everything: a huge theater with a very racy revue called "Follies of Follies." There is an enormous restaurant and between the acts what we call a "hoochy-koochy show" (I never knew how to spell it) in an entirely separate hall. Some of the costumes were almost nil, and would be regarded as worse than murder on an American stage. The opening act was a bitter satire on the decline of the German mark, and proved how deeply sympathetic the Parisians are with German troubles.

The revue "Women" at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant was a costumeless performance, as its name suggests. The revue

at the Marigny was not to be compared with the Folies, but it had a daring satire of French public men. Uncle Sam was one figure on the stage, but he was not made ridiculous. There was some fine Russian dancing in this performance. "Tabouche," at the Theater Daunon, was very popular. A French girl told me that the name was equivalent to our slang "Shut up." The Theater Daunon is an interesting place to visit. It is in the short Rue Daunon, running between the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de la Opera, and is said to be the liveliest place in all the world at night. It is crowded with theaters, restaurants and night clubs. Ciro's and the Cafe de Paris are in this street. The opera was going three times a week in the great Opera House. There was a good performance of "Samson and Delilah," but the artists were not so good on the average as at our Metropolitan, where high salaries attract the best developed abroad.

American movies are seen everywhere. Enid Bennett was having a great run. I saw her first in the large Palais Cinema, in Great Windmill Street, London. Smoking is allowed in all English movies and the girls repose in their escorts' arms without attracting a passing glance. Fatty Arbuckle is making pictures for Europe. "La Noce de Fatty" was the first one I saw in Paris, and it didn't amount to much. The American comedian, Snub Pollard, is very popular and it makes one feel quite at home to see all these familiar characters on a foreign screen. The effect is particularly funny when the captions are in French or German, and in Basel they had them in both French and German. Our slang talk is pompously ridiculous when translated into any foreign language.

An English picture that I saw was laid in America and a German detective serial had an American hero. It was one of the Mac Wood series. The female detective in this play was a pretty German flapper, who smoked cigarettes and long cigars

alternately. The story brought in "Pierpont Morlen, the King of Money, and his beautiful daughter Kitty," and the plot hinged on the theft of Kitty's pearls.

Movie prices are higher than here and the most expensive seats are in the loggia boxes at the very rear of the balcony.

American pictures have made this country strangely familiar to people all over the earth, but they must get a distorted view of our life. Their tastes are catholic and varied. At Stratford-on-Avon they had Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow" and at Basel a Rex Beach Alaskan picture, with Fox comedians.

PRICES IN EUROPE

XCHANGE conditions are so unsettled that what I may say of prices abroad and of the cost of travel in Europe applies only to the summer of 1922. It is probable that if there is a radical improvement in European economic conditions, and foreign currencies become stable, there will be a commensurate decline in prices. Of course under normal conditions there will never be such a bargain summer as many Americans enjoyed in Germany. But on the whole, the cost of travel this year should be as low or lower than 1922.

In Paris, for instance, prices are still at the top peak. A young American gentleman in business there, told me that there had been absolutely no decline. Certainly there must be a drop before long.

The cost of a trip to Europe is just what the traveler wants to make it, within certain limitations. Last year there was a nineteen-day tour of Paris and the battlefields offered by a reputable tour company for $369 the round trip, from New York. This is putting it very low, as at least $240 of this would be consumed by ocean fares. If one does not frequent fashionable hotels and go to restaurants at night, it is easily possible to travel comfortably on ten dollars a day. To see the places of historic and artistic interest is very inexpensive, as they are mainly free, or to be seen for a very trifling fee.

One may travel in first-class style, stinting on nothing, for twenty dollars per day. Fifteen dollars is a fair compromise for the average person who wants to make his money go as far as possible and yet demands comfort and nice surroundings. These rules obtain almost anywhere. I heard a gentleman just back from Shanghai say that travel costs there and in Japan ran about the same as in Europe.

PRICES IN EUROPE

Ocean fares run from $120 to $150 per passage on the one-cabin boats. The minimum first-class on the fast ships is about $225, and from that figure one can go as high as $3,500 for a suite de luxe. Second-class on the large and fast ships costs the same as passage on a one-class boat. There is a saving of one to three days in time. Fares may be slightly lower, as the downward tendency has set in.

London hotels are of all types. The finest, such as Claridge's, the Carlton, the Ritz and the Savoy, will ask from five to nine dollars per day for a single room with bath, and slightly more for a double room. Although the London hotels are in no case more than eight floors high, and most of them only five or six, the cost of rooms goes down the higher one goes up. As they have elevators, the height makes no difference, so far as I can see. Certainly rooms in the best hotels are less than in corresponding New York hotels. There are fine suites that cost big money, but there are also many rooms far cheaper than will be found in any fashionable American establishment.

The Hyde Park is the best located hotel in London and quite fashionable. Yet I had a beautiful room at eighteen shillings per day, and when I got my bill the charge was only seventeen shillings. But this room was on the top floor and the bathroom was not directly connected. There are many perfectly decent and comfortable hotels in which room and breakfast can be had for from nine to eleven shillings, and respectable places that are even cheaper.

Dinner, table d'hote, at a fine hotel, costs about $2.50, but the service from the card is higher. An excellent meal may be had in a good restaurant for one dollar. I don't think I averaged more than that for luncheons at Simpson's, and in old places like the Cheshire Cheese prices were no higher.

Noted Continental Hotels

ABOVE—*The Hotel Three Kings, Basel, the oldest hotel in existence.*

MIDDLE—*The Place Vendome, Paris, with the Hotel Ritz at the left.*

BELOW—*The Dom Hotel, Cologne, showing the corner of the Cathedral at the right.*

Theater suppers in places like the Ritz, Trocadero or Prince's are not excessive in cost, and I had a fine tea at the Trocadero, with as beautiful an entertainment as one could ever find in a restaurant, for about sixty-five cents. A little later I had ice cream and tea in a very ordinary place in Fifth Avenue, with no atmosphere, no entertainment, with no social interest, and it cost ninety cents. I think it is fair to say that living costs at least one-third less in England than in America. Men's clothes, I believe, cost only half as much, and furs and diamonds can be had for about half what they cost here.

First-class railroad fares in England are very high, about six cents per mile, I should say. Third-class, which is almost universally used, costs about one-half as much.

In Paris the fashionable hotels charged about ninety francs for a single room with bath, and thence upward without limit for large suites. The Ritz, Meurice, the Carlton, the Hotel Lotti, the Crillon, the Plaza Athenee and others were getting three or four hundred francs for their big suites. But they were for the rich. I heard of one American family consisting of a father, mother and two daughters. They carried three maids, one valet, one doctor, one masseur, two chauffeurs and two motor-cars. Fancy what the daily bill must have been.

Still it was quite possible to stop in an excellent and finely located Paris hotel for twenty-five francs per day, and francs were worth about eight cents. Paris restaurants charged all kinds of prices. Poccardi's probably gave more for the money than any other place on the boulevards. A very fine meal could be had there for a dollar or a trifle more. On the other hand, at the old Boeuf a la Mode I paid an average of thirty francs for food not so good, except the beef specialty. A fashionable hotel gave a table d'hote dinner for from twenty-two to twenty-five francs. The continental breakfast, of coffee,

rolls and jam, cost from four to six francs. It was easy to spend one hundred francs per person at the smart places in the park or down town. Mont Martre prices were, as prices always are in the fast districts, very high.

Still Paris was an inexpensive place to the person who wanted only comfort and did not demand luxury or gayety. I think simple living there could be had for about one-half the American cost. Shop prices were commensurately low, except in the luxury shops. One hundred dollars will buy a jewel in Paris that $250 will not buy in America. With francs down to eight cents France will always be cheap to an American. Rural France must be very cheap indeed.

Swiss money is not depreciated. Swiss prices are not low, but they are lower than at home, and one always has the satisfaction of feeling that he is being honestly treated. In one small hotel I had a room at one dollar per day. At the Metropole, Geneva, I had a beautiful room with a large bath at sixteen francs, about $3.50. It would have cost five or six dollars in Cincinnati. The light breakfast cost two and one-half Swiss francs, or about fifty-five cents.

The Palace, in Brussels, the leading establishment, gave me a splendid room with bath for thirty-five Belgian francs, less than three dollars, and petite de jeuner, or a coffee, rolls and jam breakfast, cost five francs, or forty cents. The German hotels were absurdly cheap, with marks at 1.500 to the dollar. Goodness knows what they are now. But at last summer's rates a beautiful room could be had for less than one dollar, tax and all. Caviar cost seventeen cents American, or about thirty dollars to a German, considering his marks to be at parity from his point of view.

The Dom at Cologne charged 1050 marks per day for as nice a room as I care to have, with 105 marks tax added. That is under eighty cents. I traveled from Cologne to Berlin, ten

hours, first-class, with a whole compartment to myself and a fine dinner aboard. The total cost was $1.10, so why stay at home? Many Americans bought four tickets, so as to make it certain that they would have a compartment alone. This practice makes the Germans very indignant, naturally, and a friend, Col. J. R. Simpson, of New York, was made the object of a small demonstration for doing it. He said he didn't blame the Germans. They hammered on his door and said: "This don't go in Germany any more. You couldn't do it if you were not a foreigner."

I have before me the restaurant card of the Restaurant du Grand Lafayette, in Paris, a first-class place, but not the most fashionable. I note that a fruit coupe, with champagne, costs one franc and a half, or twelve cents. I had a peach coupe in the Sinton, Cincinnati, the other day and paid sixty cents for it, and it didn't have any champagne sauce, either.

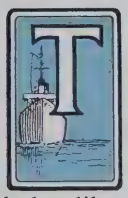
Paris restaurants have the French habit of serving one thing at a time. They don't spare either time or dishwashers. You order meat, potatoes and a vegetable. The meat comes alone, and the waiter is gone. You can't find him. You eat the meat straight and instantly you are done the waiter appears with your potatoes. Unless you make your wants very definitely known, you will get no vegetable until you have eaten your potatoes. When you complain to the waiter, he will look shocked and say that he didn't suppose monsieur wished his potatoes and meat served at the same time.

The most interesting hotel at which I stopped was the Trois Rois, or Three Kings, at Basel. My room overhung the Rhine and so did the dining terrace. This is the oldest hotel in Europe and still one of the best. It dates from 1026, when Emperor Conrad the Second, his son Henry the Third, and Rodolphe, the last King of Burgundy, held a conference there that resulted in the King of Burgundy giving his crown to

Henry the Third. The hotel has the figures of these three old dignitaries over the door and has been called the Three Kings ever since.

It prints a list of distinguished patrons, which includes nearly a printed page of kings and princes, from the King of Belgium to the German Crown Prince and the Khedive of Egypt. I approve their taste, for it is a fine hotel.

THE VOYAGE



O PERSONS travel-weary and feeling the call of home, the sign on the last track in the Gare St. Lazare looked familiar and good. It read: "Train to New York via le Havre, 12:25 p. m. It was a special boat train and several hundred Americans were gathered around waiting. I heard one girl, laden like all the rest with Paris hat boxes, remark that some chap was a "dumb-bell," so I knew that I was in America again.

There had been a serious strike at le Havre for ten days. One of the French liners was held up for nearly a week and we were not sure until a few days before sailing whether we would get away on schedule. The government had adopted strong measures, and sent about five thousand troops to le Havre. On Saturday the troops fired into the strikers after several attacks on their men, and killed three or four persons, including a child, and wounded many more. This put an end to the rioting, but an official from the Paris steamship office went along to keep an eye on the situation. At the dock we saw a large detachment of troops. No strikers were allowed near the docks. No trouble occurred, however, and we got away at 5 p. m.

After leaving the docks we passed near a long quay on which the French relatives and friends of the crew were gathered. They ran the entire length of the quay, calling to their friends aboard. The young wife of one of the stewards carried her baby, and despite her handicap she ran a good race, waving the baby's hand to the last moment.

The ship was the old French liner "La Lorraine," launched in 1900 and in her day a very smart boat. She had been run

as a one-class ship for a couple of years and there was a list of 405 passengers aboard. It was Lorraine's next to the last trip, we were told, as she had been sold to the Italians for the Mediterranean service, her coal consumption being so great that she was not considered economical for trans-Atlantic work.

The first misfortune that attended us was the announcement that the ship's barber had gone ashore and missed the boat. Then next day the captain got a wireless informing him that, due to the American coal strike, no fuel was available in New York, and directing him to make the round trip on the coal he had in his bunkers. This meant half speed a good part of the way and it developed into a ten-day sailing in a ship that could have done it in six.

We sailed on Friday and the last land we saw was the Scilly Islands. On Sunday there was a strong head wind, with rain and a good deal of sea. The air was full of spindrift and rain, and over half the passengers turned seasick. The head wind continued half way across, but on the following Wednesday it became quite warm. The sea was flecked with floating seaweed, and we knew that we were in the gulf stream.

The remainder of the voyage was delightful. Bright, warm days that made the decks ideal for lounging were the rule and everybody was out and about.

The southern lane is far warmer than the extreme northern route and it is also more interesting, because there is a great deal to see. We passed ships every day and sometimes several, and a passing ship is quite a diversion in the monotony of mid-ocean.

The sea itself furnished considerable entertainment. On several occasions schools of dolphins played around us. Their speed was enormous. One would drop back half the length of the ship and in a few seconds race ahead and across the bow.

Ship Pictures

The camera helps while away the tedium of ship days.

ABOVE—*Eastbound. Mr. James Thomson, chief designer of Fairfield's, Ltd., Govan, Glasgow, the greatest of the Clyde shipyards. Mr. Thomson (at left) is returning from a trip around the world, made to inspect the operation of some of their new ships, and completed in less than three months.*

At the right, the writer.

Seated, the Misses Betty and Ilah Niehoff, of New York.

BELOW—*Westbound. Miss Raymonde Coutsier and the writer.*

In these spurts their speed must have been thirty miles per hour. Porpoises, dolphins and whales are not true fish, but animals. They are forced to come to the surface for air.

Floating in the sea, like bright pink flowers, were many jellyfish of the kind called "Portuguese men-of-war." Their bright, saillike fins looked more like brilliant plants than fish.

At last, near the banks of New Foundland, we saw whales. There were forty or more of them from one to two miles off the port side. Their incessant spouting resembled puffs of steam rising from the sea to a height of twenty or thirty feet. Later on one swam near the ship, with fifty feet of his back projecting from the water. We saw many cod the same afternoon.

Toward nightfall we sighted a fishing fleet of five large steam trawlers. They were French boats and we passed directly by one of them. The day's work was just ending, and scattered over the sea for a distance of three miles were her seventeen dories. They were making for home. Most of them had a sail up, but three or four of the men were coming in under their own power. It was a long, hard pull, with the dories rising on the swell and disappearing in the trough of the sea. It was a picturesque scene and it made one realize the loneliness and peril of the life. When a fog comes up, the men out in the dories are often lost, though they may be very near their ship. Too frequently they are cut down by passing liners in the fog. They can hear the siren of an approaching ship but cannot locate the sound accurately. As they fish right in the ship lanes, dories are run down every season.

These French ships stay out seven months and get no news nor supplies except what is brought by a supply ship. The French sailors contribute a portion of their wages constantly to provide the fishermen with a hospital ship. The old French

deck steward, who had lived pretty much all over the world and sailed over all the seven seas, gazed contemplatively at the fishermen: "That's a fine life," he said. "They row home now and they have pork and beans for supper. Then they go to bed and at daylight they get up and have pork and beans for breakfast. Then they go out and fish all day, and they carry some lunch of pork and beans with them. That is their life for seven months every year and many lose their lives in storms, fogs and collisions."

The passengers were mainly Americans, with a considerable number of French and a scattering from everywhere. There were numerous American college professors and students, teachers and schoolgirls. The best-known man aboard was probably Dr. Charles H. Haskins, Dean of the Harvard Graduate School, who was the expert on European history on Mr. Wilson's Peace Delegation. Next to me at table was Dr. Fales, Professor of Sociology at Rutgers College, a well-set-up chap who had been an army captain. His brother-in-law, Prof. Comfort, was along. He was the head of the Romance Language Department at Swarthmore College.

On the ship I met and enjoyed the only soldier of fortune I ever knew. He was a short man, inclined to be fat, and he always said that people took him for a retired pork butcher instead of a soldier. His name was Charles Smith and he talked with a pronounced Russian accent. Smith had an extraordinary life. He was born in England, of British parents. His father owned important factories in Russia and he lived there from the time he was four years old. The family became quite Russianized and spoke Russian in their home. Mr. Smith spoke many languages fluently and correctly, as he was educated in the University of Moscow and was of a scholarly turn, spending a large part of his time on shipboard reading works on psychology. I heard him use Russian, English,

French, German, Spanish and Italian. He had just been released from a Bolshevist prison in Siberia. He was taken prisoner while out with a dog train from the British army at Archangel. He was partly frozen and said that he didn't care who got him, he was suffering so greatly. His discharge papers from the British army showed six and one-half years of continuous service.

In his pocket he had a whole collection of military medals, including the Imperial Order of St. George and St. Michael, from the old czarist regime, the British Distinguished Service Medal, several French military orders and a number of others. The *London Gazette*, reporting his citation for valor, told of his having killed single-handed four German machine-gun crews and having turned a rout into a victory without aid, coming back with important information. This man began his soldiering under Funston in the Philippines. He had served in China, in Asia Minor, in Africa and India. His wife, who was with him, was the daughter of the commander of the Czar's fourth army.

He asked me where I lived and I told him in Ohio. "Oh, I was there during the 1913 flood," he said. "I was around Ironton mostly. At that time I was a deputy sheriff in the West Virginia mining district."

He was an extraordinary man and his conversation was brilliant. He thinks it will take twenty years for Bolshevism to wear itself out in Russia. "Nobody knows what ruin it has brought," he said. "If you want to cure any Americans of Bolshevism, send them to Russia for six months. I promise they will come home cured. The working people are enslaved by enforced labor. There are towns of fifty thousand or more people that have not one living inhabitant. You can take your choice of thousands of houses. The number of people executed by the Bolshevists runs into the millions. There is hardly a

water pipe in Moscow. Everything has been frozen and destroyed. The filth is pitched from the windows into the streets."

Many of the French girls aboard were in the dressmaking business in America, and one of them told me that she would make enough to retire in a couple more years. She was still under thirty. I said: "Oh, you buy forty dollars worth of material and you sell a four-hundred-dollar gown." "Better than that, often," she answered. They were bright, merry girls, very frank and capable. Mr. Duru, the American manager for Cartier, the famous Paris jeweler, was aboard. He insisted that Cartier, in New York, did a larger business than Tiffany. They specialize in articles of great luxury. The Dodge $800,000 string of pearls was one of their sales.

A pretty young woman from Indianapolis, who was the wife of a young Englishman now financial administrator of Lithuania, lost a string of 146 ancestral pearls on the ship and never recovered them. Her picture was in all the papers immediately and I saw it in the Cincinnati papers when I got home.

We passed Nantucket lightship on Sunday morning and made New York on Monday at 5 a. m. At 6 we were up. The health officers came on at Quarantine at 7 and we docked about 9 a. m. It took me until 1:30 to get out of the custom-house and many were still there. The custom inspector who gave my baggage the once over was free in his criticism of the French. "You just can't work with them," he said. "You are up against a native inefficiency. That's all there is to it."

Two Galician rabbis had their troubles getting through. They were curious men, in their rusty black robes, their curls, their skull-caps and boots. A pianist named Max Wellerman told me that he talked to them in German. One of them said:

"The people on this ship think we are funny. Well, we think these other people are funny. We follow the customs and manners of our forefathers; but they are imitators, like monkeys."

In the custom-house many kept an eye on a young fellow passenger from Pottstown, Pa. He had been an army aviator and his father was a Scotchman operating anthracite mines. He had told us that he was going to take a couple of bottles of Scotch whisky to his father, no matter what happened, and we knew he had them in his hip pockets covered by a rain-coat. He got through all right and his baggage was marked. He started to walk toward a taxi, when somebody jostled him and pushed his coat aside, exposing a whisky bottle. The inspector walked after him and touched him on the shoulder. "What have you in that bottle?" he said. Our young friend didn't try to bluff. "Oh, gosh, am I caught?" he said. "I certainly did hope I could get that bottle of whisky home to the old man."

The inspector smiled good naturedly and said: "Well, if you want to get away with it, you'd better 'beat' real quick." He did.

HOME AGAIN

EW YORK never looked more gray than on the morning of our arrival. The fog hung low over the harbor and the most impressive ocean gateway in the world was concealed. Not until we passed the Battery did the metropolis appear, and then the loom of the Whitehall Building told us that the city was at hand. To the foreign passengers, arriving on a first visit, the absence of the panorama of the New York skyline was a disappointment.

A Volsteadian calm likewise overhung the restaurants of Broadway and it was all the more noticeable to the summer holiday-makers just returned from lands where they have a good deal more personal liberty than liberty of any other brand. It so happened that within a period of four months I had visited the five largest cities of the world, two of which are in America. We far outrun the older lands in everything that makes for physical comfort and well-being; but those who are looking for excitement will find New York and Chicago rather tame by comparison with Paris or Berlin, or even London. I heard a bright young American college professor discussing the relative advantages of European travel for an American and American travel for an European. He reached the conclusion that to those not here on serious errands, America would seem rather monotonous and dull.

But as a place to live in convenience and happiness, America is far ahead, and the comfort and peace of mind we know here count for more in the long run than the art and the license of an old civilization.

In Europe we had heard a good deal about the American railroad strike. The Paris editions of *The New York Herald*

and *The Chicago Tribune* had cables on the subject every day; but they lacked those satisfying details that are essential to people who want to know whether they can get a train home when they arrive in New York.

I went over to Grand Central station promptly to get the news. "Certainly we can get you home," said the business-like ticket seller. "The trains are going out on time every day." I took the 4 o'clock train for Cincinnati the next afternoon. We left on time and we never deviated from our schedule. It was only when I left the train at Dayton that I was forced to realize that the dying strike was still gasping in the Central West. My connecting train for home was indefinitely late and nobody had the remotest idea when it would arrive. I killed a bit of time by calling on my friend Mr. Egbert, editor of the *News*. Former Governor Cox came in while we were gossiping. He had arrived just two days before from his motor tour of Europe. He said that he found it his most interesting experience, and a few days later, when I heard him make a speech on his observations and conclusions, I thought what he had learned from sundry premiers and presidents was quite in line with the impressions I had gathered from less distinguished sources—except only as to the League of Nations. I do not think it is generally held in high esteem nor that it is increasing in prestige.

I was anxious to get home and back to the mill, so I picked up a motor bus, and we made the thirty-seven miles quickly and pleasantly.

We were just entering upon a notable waymark in the long career of The Beckett Paper Company. It was the beginning of our seventy-fifth year of continuous business, conducted on one spot by one family. Old businesses are common things in old countries, where the tradition of the family is so strong and the sons follow naturally in the foot-

steps of the parent. But in America there are but a handful of such enterprises, and we have pride in the traditions of honest manufacture and fair dealing that The Beckett Paper Company has steadily built up and jealously maintained in all these years.

Just as these words were being written the telephone rang. It was a customer in Cincinnati who has been on our books every month of every year since 1848.

Southwestern Ohio was a very different place in 1848. James K. Polk was the president of the United States. The Mexican War was not yet fought out. Gold had not been discovered in California. There was no railroad in Hamilton and none west of the Mississippi River. The city of New York had only 500,000 population and the State of Ohio but 1,900,000. Even the telegraph was unknown. There were but thirty states in the union.

It was in a small rural community, in an undeveloped country, that William Beckett, a young lawyer with an aptitude for affairs and a vision of the country's growth, founded The Beckett Paper Company. Its story down three-quarters of a century is not without romance. This narrative may not lack interest to our friends and to all people who see in the growth of the use of paper the progress of civilization; and its telling I pass into the competent hands of Mr. Thomas Beckett, who can say with Odysseus, "These things I saw and part of them I was."

The late William Beckett, founder of The Beckett Paper Company, was born in Hamilton in 1821 and died in 1895.

As a young lawyer, with a taste for affairs, he was induced by Adam Laurie, a young Scotch paper-maker, to establish, in 1848, The Beckett Paper Company.

Mr. Beckett's active connection with the business continued until his death.

William Beckett

MY PIONEER ANCESTORS

E have an advertising slogan that we use on all of our printed matter reading, "Makers of Good Paper in Hamilton, Ohio, since 1848." To some of us 1848 was a long time ago; but while I was born in 1860, I have heard my people talk so much about the early days that I almost feel that I was right there at the beginning of things—1848, when Hamilton had a population of two thousand and Cincinnati of one hundred thousand.

The Beckett family history and The Beckett Paper Company's history were closely bound in with the development of this part of the country. When I was a young man I wondered why our paper-mill or any other manufacturing industry should be located in Hamilton, Ohio, or hereabouts; but as I got the history of things that happened, I knew why.

People can talk about a great and glorious United States, but we who live and work here in this Miami Valley feel sure we are in God's country. Draw a circle, if you please, with a radius of five hundred miles from Hamilton and see where it takes you and how it covers this great Ohio-Mississippi basin, from Canada almost to the Gulf of Mexico, from Philadelphia to Kansas City, with twenty-five million people living here and the center of population of the whole United States only forty miles west of us.

In 1848 only a few knew of the natural resources and advantages of this locality, but I have lived long enough to have seen a great part of the marvelous development of this Central West country, and have gotten a history of its social, business and economic growth from my family records and through the traditions of The Beckett Paper Company. I have

always been proud to know that my ancesters had vision and enterprise enough to be pioneers in the Miami Valley.

My paternal great-grandfather, of Irish birth, had as a very young man tarried a short time in the rough hills of western Pennsylvania, farming as best he could, but frequently hearing of this Miami country—word coming from hunters, trappers and occasional Indian runners—of the forests with timber growth, of the fertile soil and numerous streams. So agricultural reasons were largely instrumental in urging Great-grandfather Beckett to come here in 1803 and choose the best land. At this time my own grandfather was nine years old.

They cleared a very small piece of ground, building a log cabin from the trees they had chopped down so they could make a little garden. The next year, and years following, they cleared more land, until they had what they called a farm, and disposed of their products to their neighbors and to near-by villages, of which Hamilton was one. After great-grandfather's death my grandfather took up the burden.

He soon found the market for his products limited and then had dreams and visions of larger operations. On one of the streams near his home, which was four miles west of Hamilton, he built a saw-mill and small grist-mill, thus becoming a manufacturer as well as a farmer. Other men here in Hamilton built packing-houses and distilleries, and their businesses to them seemed to be on a huge scale.

Remember, please, that the period about which I am now writing was between 1800 and 1830 and even Cincinnati was a very small town. These farmers and manufacturers had to look for bigger markets, and New Orleans had been known to need their goods and had real money with which to pay for them. To get his goods to market, in New Orleans, my grandfather used the natural waterways right at hand. After taking the winter in grinding his wheat and corn, he would buy hams,

Old Fort Hamilton

Fort Hamilton was founded in 1791 by General Arthur St. Clair and was the base of his unfortunate expedition against the Miami Indians.

It was occupied by General Anthony Wayne and was used as a base for his operations which forever broke the Indian power in the Northwest Territory in 1794.

This picture is a reproduction of the painting of George White, an early artist. The old fort and stockades are depicted with accuracy, though the artist's conception of the perils that lurked all around may occasion a smile.

lard, bacon and whisky and load them on a flatboat, and on a spring freshet—such as we all know we have in the Miami Valley—he would start for New Orleans. From the Miami River to the Ohio, then to the Mississippi he would float, avoiding as best he could the perils of this crude method of navigation.

I have understood that it took several weeks to reach New Orleans, but at the end of the journey grandfather was assured of most excellent profits. He continued for a number of years to make these trips. His products were sold for gold coin and he would strap the gold around his waist and start for home on horseback. This was a most dangerous thing to do, because of fear of attack from Indians and outlaws, but grandfather was a powerful man, six feet, four inches tall and not afraid of anything. Pioneer enterprises of this kind were but the beginning of our tremendous traffic and interchange of goods here in the Central West.

Steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers soon took the place of the flatboat, and in western Ohio the Miami and Erie canal was built, together with other shorter canals, so that products from the whole State of Ohio and from adjoining states could be shipped to Cincinnati, St. Louis Memphis and New Orleans.

Then came the railroads, making transportation convenient, rapid and cheap, so that Ohio could exchange its products for products from the South, particularly cotton. From this time the Central West had its tremendous growth. Cincinnati became truly the Queen City of the West.

I am repeating these things because they are all part of my family story; but success did not come easily and my people in the early days had many hardships. When Grandfather Beckett had reached a good degree of prosperity and had

accumulated a family, he thought he was justified in securing more comfort and in building a new home to take the place of the original log cabin. Bricks were burned right on the farm, and walnut, maple and oak trees cut and hewed for the woodwork, and the family eagerly looked forward to the day when this wonderful home would be a reality. The work was almost finished, and some members of the family were making an inspection of the rooms, when one of the little girls found some lovely shavings swept behind the door by a carpenter. This four-year-old thought what a nice fire these shavings would make and in some manner did actually get a light. In a few hours the work of many, many months was gone. There was no fire insurance to be had then and grandfather had to stand the loss; but with his usual courage he began another house, which was finally completed and is still standing and in good condition.

I had a grandfather on the other branch of my family tree, John Woods, also of Irish descent, whose people came out to the Miami Valley at a very early date. They, too, were attracted by the reports of rich forests and fertile soil.

My Grandfather Woods was born in 1794, and after having read law was elected to the Congress of the United States in 1824 and served two terms. Before our disastrous flood of 1913 my mother had a scrap-book and a great many keepsakes and mementos of her father's early life, among those being a letter he had written to my grandmother from Washington when he was attending a session of congress. In this letter he said: "Sarah, I never knew such an assembly of people. Every man has his own axe to grind and seems to have no concern for the public welfare." Human nature does not seem to have changed very much in an hundred years, and this has always seemed to me to be a most interesting sidelight on the history of that time.

My grandfather was always active in public affairs and in 1845 was elected Auditor of the State of Ohio and served for six years.

One of the recollections that my mother had of his acquaintance with people of note was her visit with my grandfather to Daniel Webster, who was a fellow member at the time my grandfather was in congress. My grandfather and my mother left in grandfather's private carriage and were driven to Dayton, then took the stage-coach on the Old National Road, going through Columbus, Pittsburgh, over the Allegheny Mountains and down to Harrisburg, where they struck the first railroad and saw their first railroad train. This was very interesting both to my grandfather and to my mother. On this train they went to Baltimore, thence by boat to Boston. After their visit with Daniel Webster, which my mother remembered very well, they returned home the same way.

Among other notables whom my mother remembered well was Charles Dickens, whom she met during his visit to this country. He was entertained in Cincinnati by Judge Wright and my grandfather and my mother were among the guests asked to do Mr. Dickens honor. She remembered his appearance very well and his most pleasant readings from his own books.

As a young man Grandfather Woods had taught school, engaged in the War of 1812, then became a lawyer and settled in Hamilton. He and Grandfather Beckett soon became acquainted and formed a strong and lasting friendship. They were both pioneers in a true sense and both were forward-looking men, dreaming and hoping for better things for the communities in which they had cast their lot. I am sure Ohio's greatness is due to the vision and effort of just such men.

My grandfathers did not wait for things to be done—they did them. In Hamilton they saw the possibility of using the water of the Miami River for power and both of them became interested in the Hamilton-Rossville Hydraulic Company, supplying some of the capital and a large part of the brains. My Grandfather Woods drew up all the water-power leases, and they were so tightly drawn that we and other dissatisfied users of the power had great difficulty in having these leases cancelled some twenty years ago.

I know full well about this, because our own Company became convinced that these old water-power leases were a great detriment to us instead of a help, and believing that we had splendid grounds for having the leases cancelled, we began litigation that lasted in the courts for five or six years. We finally compromised with the Hamilton-Rossville Hydraulic Company by paying them the lump sum of $13,500, and the leases, with consequent liens on the property, were cancelled, and in our judgment our property was more valuable.

The original mill of The Beckett Paper Company, erected in 1848.

Various additions and alterations were made from time to time and the buildings finally were torn down in 1888 and replaced by the second mill.

Water-power was provided by the race seen in the left background.

The Original Mill

OUR FIRST MILL

MONG the early industries here, when the water-power was first established, were cotton-mills, and there were two or three of quite large size. Then there were one or two woolen-mills and flour-mills, a saw-mill and a planing-mill; and the fact that these industries used water-power soon attracted people in other lines of business.

A capitalist from Toledo, one Calvin Reilly, thought this would be a good place to build a paper-mill, being near Cincinnati, the largest city in the West, with the Miami and Erie canal as a means of shipping. So he bought real estate and contracted for water-power, this real estate including the site of our present property.

Mr. Reilly, not being a paper-maker, engaged Adam Laurie, a young Scotchman who had been in this country only a short time. He had learned his business in Scotland and had worked in several mills in this country, so was already beginning to be a superintendent of experience. Mr. Laurie was to supervise the construction of the mill and superintend the operation, but the foundations were as far as the mill had gotten when Mr. Reilly failed, and Mr. Laurie was left stranded with his family—a wife and two little children.

Mr. Laurie has often told me that he then wished he were back in old Glasgow, where he had friends and acquaintances and could feel reasonably sure of a job. However, he was a man of great enterprise and he began to look around and make inquiries as to whether anyone here in Hamilton could take up the plans Mr. Reilly had made and could build the mill and operate it. He was told that a young lawyer, William Beckett, my father, had been buying up real estate in the

neighborhood of the hydraulic water-power, and had already arranged for the building of some homes for employees of the various factories. Mr. Laurie had several interviews with my father, and through his prospectus and his plans as presented to my father orally, persuaded him to take in his law sign and embark in the paper business.

I have inserted here a copy of this prospectus that Mr. Laurie made for my father, and one will see that the paper-mill was going to cost $12,000. One cannot imagine now what kind of a paper-mill such a small sum of money would build, but I have always heard both from my father and from Mr. Laurie that the mill did not cost any more than originally planned.

So far as I know, the business thus begun is the oldest paper-mill west of the Allegheny Mountains, of which the ownership and management have remained in the same family and the mill in the same location—something to be really proud of in our family history.

My father engaged the services of two millwrights, John and Frank Martin, believing that these two men, who also put in a little money, would be very valuable to him and could build the water-wheels, the wooden tubs for cooking rags, all the necessary tanks and the wooden part of the beaters, as well as all the spouting and this sort of thing that a paper-mill needs.

My father also got another young lawyer, Mr. F. D. Rigdon, to put in a little money, although Mr. Rigdon did not take an active part in the management of the business.

This mill, as originally designed, was called a four-engine mill; that is, there were two washers and two beaters. They did not then describe mills by the number of machines as we do now. The mill started with one machine sixty-two inches

An Estimate per day of Expences of a 24 Engine Paper Mill

To	3000 lbs	Common print Stock	@ 3¾	$ 112.50
"	12	Reels to — Sort	42/100	5.04
"	2	Men " Cut dust & Bale	87½	1.75
"	2	Engineers	1.25	2.50
"	2	Assistants	.75	1.50
"	2	Machine Tenders	1.32	2.64
"	4	Boys to Lay off	.50	2.00
"	2	Firemen	.75	1.50
"	1	Man to Finish	1.25	1.25
"	1	Girl " "	.50	.50
"	1	Foreman	2.50	2.50
"	1½	Cords Wood	2.50	3.75
"	2	Bushels Lime	.10	.20
"	"	Bleaching Stock		4.00
"	"	Wire Cloth Felting		3.00
"	"	Contingent Expences		5.00
"		Water Rent		2.00
"	"	Insurance & Taxes		1.00
"	"	Interest on $12000 at 8 per Cent		3.00
				$ 735.63
By	2000 lbs	of Print Paper @ 9½		182.50
		Ballance		$ 26.87
	Nothing on allowance of ⅓ of the Stock			$ 8.95
				17.92
	To run per year 280 days			280
				143 360
				358 4
	Ballance for Year			$ 5017.60

THE ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS OF THE COMPANY

This prospectus was prepared by Adam Laurie in 1848. It was effective in interesting William Beckett in the manufacture of paper.

wide and was planned to make about two thousand pounds of newsprint per day, this being the grade of paper that was more easily disposed of in this vicinity than any other grade. At a later date we made a great variety of paper—news, blotting, white and colored book paper, colored poster, and more than anything else, colored cover paper.

After getting the mill started, the brothers Martin did not get along very well; so at the end of the year my father had to buy them out, and at that time the only money interest was furnished by my father and F. D. Rigdon. The first machine was not only narrow but it was very small in its other divisions, having a wire only fourteen feet long, and small press-rolls. It was equipped at first with only two dryers, each of twenty-eight-inch diameter. We did not even have any suction boxes on the machine, and the machine had to be run slow enough so that the couch-roll would not crush the paper; and one can imagine how very little paper one could get over a machine of this size.

This machine did not make as much paper as had been anticipated, so that our people did not make any money the first year or two, and decided to put in a second machine, so that they could reduce overhead and the cost of manufacturing. This second machine was only slightly larger than the first one, being sixty-eight inches wide, with a wire eighteen feet long, but equipped with only two twenty-eight-inch copper dryers, just as the first machine.

I think that immediately after the installation of the second machine our people began to make money, and one of the factors that aided in producing paper at a low cost was the extremely low wages that were paid. One can see from the prospectus referred to, and which is reproduced elsewhere, the very low scale of wages, even for the highest priced and most skilled mechanics we had.

OUR FIRST MILL

When the mill was first established all manufacturing enterprises in this neighborhood burned wood for fuel, and my father would devote a great deal of his time in nice weather to driving out in the country and contracting with various farmers who were clearing the land hereabouts, to haul in their cord wood of proper dimensions for firing steam boilers. Our wood-yard was about two blocks from our mill, located on property belonging to my father, and I remember very well the great racks of this cord wood that would be accumulated during the summer and fall months and used during the winter and spring, when new supplies could not be hauled in from the country.

I can also remember very well as a boy the discussions that went on in our office when it was proposed to change our fuel from wood to coal. Some of our people did not believe that coal would make as uniform steam or that it was as desirable in many ways as wood. The fact of the matter is, with our old style of boilers, we did have a good deal of trouble in burning coal and our firemen had to be trained to use this new fuel.

Our own State of Ohio had vast coal-fields of the highest quality and for years we used Ohio coal; but when the very best of it was exhausted, we turned to our neighboring state, West Virginia, which state also has not only a bountiful supply but a splendid quality. We are still getting our fuel from this source.

Adam Laurie

This portrait of the late Adam Laurie is taken from a photograph now hanging in the offices of The Beckett Paper Company.

Mr. Laurie was born in Scotland and came to America when a young man, after having acquired training in the Scotch paper-mills.

He was the promoter of The Beckett Paper Company and for many years its operating head. He became a partner in the business in 1856. He retired and disposed of his interests to Thomas Beckett in 1887.

A DISASTROUS CONTRACT

HAVE been told by my father that after the mill once began to make money they had ten or fifteen years of quite prosperous times, with the exception of the year 1861, in which year a bad contract nearly wiped out all the profits of all the previous years. I always listened with great interest to my father and his associates when they were telling of this contract.

Early in the year 1861 my father took a contract with the *Cincinnati Gazette* to furnish that newspaper with all the paper it would use; and the older people here will recognize the *Cincinnati Gazette* as one of the predecessors of the paper that became the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* and is now known as the *Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.* When father brought home this contract he figured that it would take about one-half of the production of one machine, or about one-fourth of the entire production of the mill. This seemed like a splendid contract, because one-fourth of the production was sold, and our people were all delighted with it.

In a month or two the Civil War began and the circulation of the *Gazette* increased at a tremendous rate, so that it was soon taking the entire production of one machine and about half the production of the other machine, leaving only about one-fourth of the mill production to be sold on the market at market prices. The price at which this contract with the *Cincinnati Gazette* was taken was nine cents per pound and rags were then about four cents per pound. At that time we had nothing but rags from which to make paper, and our people figured that this would yield an ample profit. However, in common with other things, rags immediately

increased in price to as high as nine cents per pound, and we continued to supply the paper at nine cents, so our loss began to be very heavy.

After working three or four months, my father's banker advised him to go to the *Cincinnati Gazette* with a check for $10,000, so that he could be released from the contract; but the *Gazette* people refused the check and said they wanted the paper. Our people continued to run on this contract for a few months with most staggering losses, and my father's banker said that if he would sign a check the bank would honor it for whatever amount the *Gazette* people would fill in. Again the *Gazette* company told my father no, that they wanted the paper, so he had to make it.

It was then that Mr. Laurie thought of using a few old papers, although the processes for using old papers had not at that time been developed, and all Mr. Laurie could do was to throw a few books and magazines into a little stuff-chest equipped with an agitator and steam pipe, add a little soda ash and pump the stock into a chest containing the rag stock. The old papers were not very well pulped and would sometimes come over the machine showing some of the original letters that were in the books and magazines, and occasionally a word such as "if," "and" or "it" remained in the pulp.

Up to the time of our disastrous flood in 1913, I had samples of this paper and they were certainly curiosities. But I lost them at the time of the flood. The *Gazette* people, after taking some of this inferior paper for a while, wrote to us that, according to the terms of the contract, they were to take our paper and we were to furnish it; and while they were glad to get it, they would prefer to print it themselves.

In any event, our Company furnished the paper up to the end of the year, standing the heavy loss. Then father went

Hamilton in the Early Fifties

This bird's-eye view of Hamilton was made about 1852, some four years after the founding of The Beckett Paper Company. The mill of The Beckett Paper Company may be seen in the extreme outskirts, just to the left of the center of the picture.

The hydraulic water-power, which gave Hamilton her first industrial impetus, is seen at the left of the picture.

This picture is reproduced from a photograph in the possession of Mr. L. A. Dillon, of Hamilton.

to the *Gazette* managers and stated that we would be glad to make paper for them for the next year at the market price. Our Company was told that it would have to put in a sealed bid. This my father declined to do, and never after did the Company make any paper for the *Cincinnati Gazette.*

After this contract was finished the market for newsprint had gone as high as twenty-five cents per pound, so that for the remaining period of the Civil War and a few years thereafter profits were very large and the Company made up all its losses. Our people heard afterward that the *Cincinnati Gazette* had made contracts with several other mills in the Miami Valley, but that our mill was the only mill that continued to furnish the paper throughout the life of the contract.

After the readjustment of business consequent to the Civil War, when the price of newsprint went back from twenty-five cents a pound to nine cents a pound, it was not profitable for us and we stopped making it and went on to other grades.

One of the contracts we had for many years will recall many associations to our older friends. It was with the small publishing house that is now the great American Book Company. This company was founded in Cincinnati in 1834 as Truman & Smith, and it has since gone through these changes: 1841, Winthrop B. Smith; 1852, W. B. Smith & Company; 1863, Sargent, Wilson & Hinkle; 1868, Wilson, Hinkle & Company; 1877, Van Antwerp, Bragg & Company; 1890, The American Book Company.

I think it was with W. B. Smith & Company that we began to do business. Dr. William McGuffey, for many years a professor at Miami University and later at the University of Virginia, began the publication of his famous series of *Readers* in 1836, and they were the foundation of the prosperity that

came to Truman & Smith and their successors. There were other well-known school text-books of slightly later date that were controlled by the Smith house. Among these were *Harvey's Grammar*, published in 1868, and *Ray's Arithmetic*, brought out in 1845.

We made the paper that went into countless thousands of these familiar old school-books. I am told by The American Book Company that all of these books are still used to some extent, although less than five per cent of the schools of the country now employ the *McGuffey Readers*, and these schools are mainly in the South and West.

Our own Company went through almost as many changes of name as The American Book Company, but it has always remained in our family and its location was never changed. The first company was called Beckett, Rigdon & Martins, after which came in order: Beckett, Rigdon & Company, Beckett & Laurie, Beckett, Laurie & Company, William Beckett & Son, and finally, in 1887, the present corporation, The Beckett Paper Company.

EARLY MANUFACTURING PROBLEMS

UR old partner, Adam Laurie, had a wonderful eye for color effects and had great schemes in blending the few dyes we then had to work with —logwood, cutch, hypernic and quercitron among the wood dyes; and umber, ochre, sienna, red oxide, sugar of lead and bi-chromate of potash among the pigments. We were necessarily limited to making only a few colors of paper, but those colors we did make earned a great reputation throughout the Central West as being the very best that were made anywhere. At a later date came the aniline dyes, of which I will tell further along.

In the early days the question of transportation was one of vital importance to us, and when the mill was built in 1848 there was no railroad. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad was not built until 1852. We had the Miami and Erie canal as one means of transportation, but occasionally it would be interrupted by breaks in the banks, droughts, freeze-ups or something of this kind. Then we would have to haul the paper to Cincinnati by wagon.

It would take us nearly a week to make a good, big wagon-load, and everybody would be interested in the loading. When everything was ready the wagon would start about five o'clock in the evening with great barking of dogs and cracking of whips, and everybody would say "Let her go!" If the driver had reasonably good luck he would reach Brighton perhaps at two or three o'clock in the morning and would go to the hotel that was then called the Brighton House, which building is still standing, although no longer used as a hotel. The driver would have time to take a sleep, and early in the morning his horses would be rubbed down and fed. After the driver had his own breakfast he would start out

with his load of paper and would deliver six bundles to The Chatfield & Woods Company, which concern we sold as long ago as 1848, and are still selling. Then he would take ten bundles to Snider & McCall, a firm that is now out of existence; then perhaps five or six bundles to W. B. Smith.

After delivering these lots of paper the driver would go back to The Chatfield & Woods Company, who dealt in paper-making supplies. He would gather up four bales of rags, a cask of bleach, a carboy of sulphuric acid and would start home. This may seem rather petty business, but everyone else was in the same fix and had no advantage over us.

Of course, when the railroad was built through Hamilton, we immediately had a side-track put in at our mill, and after that our transportation problems were considerably relieved.

After the Civil War it was several years before a period of readjustment as to prices and financial conditions took place; but this readjustment had to come eventually and it was inaugurated by the panic of 1873. This is the beginning of my boyhood understanding of some of the business problems that confronted my father and his associates.

My father had taken up the work of my Grandfather Woods in the construction of a railroad from Hamilton to Indianapolis—the road now called The Cincinnati, Indianapolis & Western. He put in all his money, and money that he had borrowed, and while he was not a very accurate bookkeeper, he said he felt sure he had put in from $750,000 to $1,000,000; and this was a very large sum in the period covered by the years from 1856 to 1870.

My Grandfather Woods had previously initiated the project of building this railroad, but lack of capital, inability to get iron rails and the interference of the Civil War all delayed the building of the road, so that other capitalists conceived

Conrad Getz

The seventy-fifth anniversary of The Beckett Paper Company is the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Conrad Getz's service.

Coming to the company as a boy of thirteen years, he has never been employed elsewhere. Mr. Getz is the dean of the operating force. For many years he has been a beater engineer.

and built what is now part of the Big Four Road—that branch of it from Cincinnati to Indianapolis. While the road in which my grandfather and father were so heavily interested was begun first, the other road was completed first and put into actual operation. In those early days there was not freight nor passenger traffic enough for the two roads, and the road in which my people were so heavily interested caused all the original stockholders to lose their entire investments.

My father had so much of his funds invested in this railroad that his individual financial affairs became very much involved and he had to make an assignment of his property. This was an individual assignment, and the firm of Beckett, Laurie & Company still ran on, because it had ample means and did not become in any way involved in my father's individual affairs.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCES

HE period from 1873, which was the year of the great panic and the year my father made his individual assignment, was followed by several years of great depression—probably five years. It was during this time, in 1876, that I came into the paper-mill as a worker. I had graduated from the Hamilton High School at sixteen years and went into the mill proper to learn what I could of paper-making processes. I worked in the mill for about six years, then came into the office and did what clerical work I could do.

It was about this time that competition became very keen. This was due largely to the development of the water-powers in the Northwest. With declining prices we were soon brought to the point where we could not only make no profit, but actually lost money.

I do not want to cast any reflections on my father or on our old partners as to their management, but after I began to keep our books and had developed some crude cost accounts, it soon became apparent to me that the modern mills in the Northwest were certainly making paper cheaper than we were. We were constantly being undersold and at figures that seemed ruinous. Then about this period our people had an economical streak and thought it cost too much to travel to bigger markets other than Cincinnati, not realizing that Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland were growing beyond all measure and were becoming large distributors of paper.

One result of neglecting these markets was that we did not get the best orders, not even knowing that they were there. We had to take the least desirable business, thus making our situation worse, because the orders we did get, either

The Mill Group in 1876

This picture was made in 1876 by an itinerant photographer.

In the center of the lower row are William Beckett and Adam Laurie. Second and third from the left in the second row from the top are Conrad Getz and Thomas Beckett, then young boys.

did not fit our machines, were too light weight or of too expensive colors.

It was pretty hard for me to bring these things up to our people in just the right light, because I was a young man with no experience compared with the experience of my father and Adam Laurie; but I had the enthusiasm and I might say the nerve to keep at it. But it was harder still for me to go home every night knowing that we were poorer than we were in the morning, and knowing also that the next day was going to be the same or worse, with prospects of having our Company finally fail, and the ten years' work I had put in the mill going for naught.

Without saying anything to anyone I used to go up and down this Miami Valley on Saturday afternoons visiting other mills. While the Miami Valley, as a paper-making center, had gotten somewhat behind, I became more than ever convinced that our mill was more sadly behind than any of the other mills here in physical equipment, as well as methods of management and selling.

In my visits to these various mills I was always treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy and was shown and told everything I wanted to see and know about. I remember extremely well my interviews with that grand old man, Mr. F. J. Tytus; with Col. D. E. Mead and other older men who had known my father well and were anxious to be of service.

One thing that made my situation harder was that my father's individual affairs had begun to take so much of his time that he did not come to the office very often, and I believe that his discouragement over the situation was also one factor in keeping him away. I know, too, that I was not always patient with Adam Laurie and Adam Laurie, Jr., and I was very impetuous and wanted things done right away. But I did not have any plans to offer, for at that time I was

not competent to know just how to go about the question of reorganizing the mill management and bringing the mill itself up to date. Perhaps it was often my fault, but my interviews with Adam Laurie and his son were sometimes quite stormy. At one time they told me they did not want me to interfere, but finally said if they were convinced that my father was dissatisfied with their management, they would both resign. I was not quite ready to have them do this, so we simply had to go along in the old way, losing money day by day and month by month.

In the meantime I had collected a vast fund of information as to modern paper-machines, beaters, calenders, etc., and had got a lot of data about the advantages of making paper entirely by steam-power, which method had been deemed impossible. We all had thought we had to use what water-power we had, although we had long ago outgrown these water-power facilities.

Then I always had great satisfaction in conferring freely with my dear friend, Mr. L. P. Clawson, of The Black-Clawson Company. Mr. Clawson in his own business had occasion to visit dozens and dozens of mills and knew just how modern mills should be equipped. He was astounded when I told him of our equipment, as to how it had run down, of our limited production, and how these factors had added to our cost of manufacture. Mr. Clawson told me of the accomplishments of some modern mills and of the speed at which they could run. Even with the increased speed they could get improved quality.

I tried time and again to present these facts to Mr. Laurie and Adam Laurie, Jr., but they again said that I was too young to know anything about it. I remember very particularly when the question of the speed of modern machines was brought up, Mr. Laurie said he had heard that some of the

new paper-machines had run as fast as one hundred and fifty feet per minute, but he did not believe it and knew it never could be done. That was all there was to it, and there was no use for me to talk any more about it.

It was somewhere in this period between 1880 and 1887 that wood pulp was brought to my attention, although other mills probably used it before this time. A good many samples came to our office and a number of salesmen would come in with sulphite pulp to offer; but our people said they had tried wood pulp once before and it had not been a success. I afterward found that this was ground wood to which they were referring, and of course this had not been very satisfactory in our finer papers.

I remember one incident about the sulphite pulp question. Our people were finally persuaded to buy a small consignment of imported sulphite—something like five thousand pounds. This was bought about five years before I took charge of the mill, and among the items I inventoried after I became manager was this five-thousand-pound lot of sulphite pulp. It had been there all these five years and our people were afraid to use it.

This is just by way of saying that, with all due respect to my predecessors in the management of this business, they did seem just *a little conservative* and I think almost any modern paper-mill manager will agree with me.

BEGINNING ANEW

HINGS went from bad to worse with us, but affairs were brought to a crisis through my visit to our local banker. I went to the bank one day to transact some business and the cashier of the First National Bank, Mr. Cornell, said: "Tom, how's business?"

I told him we were very busy.

He said: "Are you making any money?" I told him we were running full time.

"But, Tom, do you know you haven't answered my question as to whether you have made any money?"

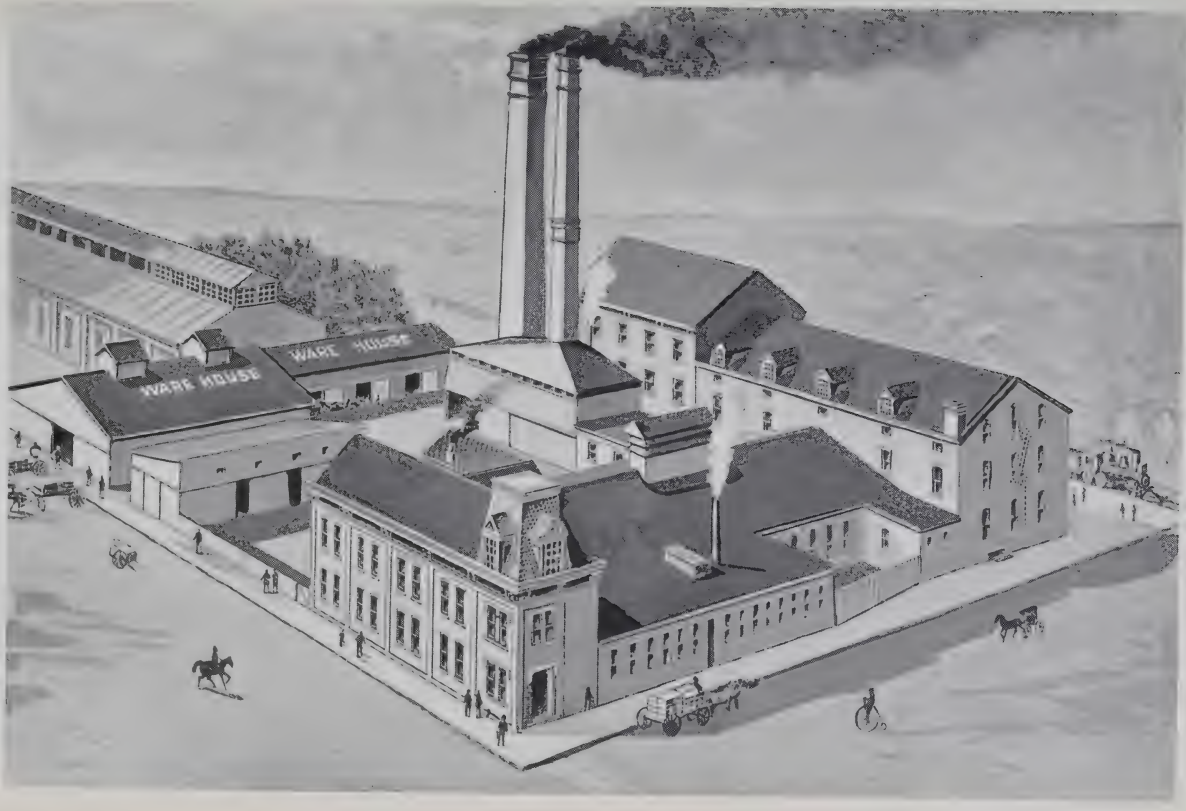
I replied to this: "Our margins are pretty close."

Mr. Cornell again said: "You haven't answered my question. Come back to the directors' room."

With some reluctance I told Mr. Cornell my whole story and he called in my friend, Mr. S. D. Fitton, who was assistant cashier of this same First National Bank. Between us we had quite a protracted session as to ways and means to save our property from final and absolute loss.

Mr. Cornell asked me if I thought I could run the paper-mill and I was conceited enough to say I felt sure I could. Then he told me the only thing to do was to buy out Mr. Laurie and Adam Laurie, Jr., or let them buy us out and run the mill as they saw fit. I, of course, replied that I had no money with which to buy out anyone; but they said they had, and that one of the functions of the bank was to help manufacturing industries.

I then resumed my negotiations with Mr. L. P. Clawson and got from him some slight notion as to what a modern



The Second Development

The second development of The Beckett Paper Company was completed in 1888 and was razed in 1906 to make place for the present manufacturing establishment.

At the time of its construction it was regarded as the embodiment of all the best developments in the paper-making industry. Yet so rapid was the progress of paper manufacturing that it was deemed obsolete and entirely removed eighteen years later.

paper-machine would cost, with its necessary equipment in the way of new beaters, new calenders, better power, etc. But we had nothing very definite. Mr. Clawson told me at that time he could sell me a paper-machine that would make as much production as the total of our two machines, which probably was somewhere between six and seven thousand pounds per day. Enthusiastic as I was, it was hard work for me to believe that one machine could be so efficient, but I had Mr. Clawson's positive assurance of it and I had great faith in what he told me.

Then my task was to persuade my father that I knew enough to operate the paper-mill if by any chance Mr. Laurie and his son should decide to sell their interests to us. At the outset, I could not even get my father to come to the office to start negotiations. Our losses were becoming greater, and I could see the final outcome unless something were done soon; so one morning immediately after breakfast I began my work of persuading my father to come with me and see if we could not arrive at some decision. It took me a couple of hours to accomplish this, but he finally came over to the office with the understanding that I would have to present my own case. Adam Laurie, Jr., was in the office and I asked him to kindly get his father, as we wanted to discuss some very important matters. When his father came in I told him that I had been investigating the possibilities of our business, if we had modern machinery and adopted more progressive methods as to management and selling; and I wanted them to state once more as to whether they would go in with us, or rather, let our firm rebuild our mill from one end to the the other.

Mr. Laurie promptly said no. He would not consent to any more of his money going into the paper business. Then I told him that the only thing possible would be for us to

buy out the Laurie interests or else have them buy ours, and I made a price to buy or sell that seemed to me fair, and told them that my father and I would be back at one o'clock for their answer.

This left me with three or four hours on my hands and these were the longest three or four hours I ever spent, as I was waiting to see what my fate would be; because if Mr. Laurie and Adam Laurie, Jr., bought our interests, the sum received would just about pay off my father's indebtedness and would leave us both without any business or any future prospects. On the other hand, if we bought the Laurie interests, I knew I had a long and hard struggle ahead of me, because I can say frankly now that I had absolutely no means at my command and I would have had to borrow every cent that went into the business to pay for the Laurie interests and to rebuild the mill.

When I went home at noon I again had difficulty in persuading my father to accompany me back to the office; but I finally did so and Mr. Adam Laurie promptly, but very kindly and very graciously, told us that he and his son had decided to retire and we were at perfect liberty to buy their interests at the sum agreed on. It was easy enough for us to come to an understanding as to the terms. The sums that were to be paid in cash we borrowed from the bank, and I gave Mr. Laurie and Adam Laurie, Jr., my notes for the deferred payments.

After the final papers had been prepared and the property belonged entirely to my father and me, Mr. Laurie came to my desk and put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Tom, I am very sorry for you; I don't see how you can make it go. Good-by." Now one can readily realize what a cheerful prospect this was and what a frame of mind it left me in.

I desire to add, however, that both Mr. Laurie and his son Adam Laurie, Jr., were my warm friends the balance of

their lives and nothing pleased me more than to have the elder Mr. Laurie come to my office and chat with me. After we had our new mill built and operating successfully, and had begun to pay our debts, he had the courtesy to come to me and tell me how very, very glad he was that I was going to make a success of it.

In justice to Mr. Laurie, I want to say I would not have tackled this job if I had known the terrific struggle ahead of me. But I was young and enthusiastic and thought that what knowledge I already had of the paper business would enable me to manage our mill just as well as it had ever been managed in its most successful periods. It was October 31, 1887, that I became owner of a half interest, and in December, 1887, we were incorporated as The Beckett Paper Company.

I had no superintendent, no salesmen and not much of an organization in the mill, because our employees knew we were losing money and some of our best men had hunted places elsewhere. How to begin to put our business on a paying basis I did not know. One of the first things to do was to get a superintendent. I turned again to Mr. Clawson, and through correspondence he soon had some applicants. The most likely prospect was Mr. H. L. Beveridge, a young man at that time assistant superintendent of The Bacon Paper Company, Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Mr. Beveridge came out to see us and stayed at our home several days. I told him as best I could of our extremely vague and hazy plans. Although Mr. Beveridge never said so in so many words, I felt sure he thought the outlook was too appalling when he saw what had to be done to the mill itself and what had to be done to the business management. So he decided to hang on to his more secure position at Lawrence. Mr. Beveridge gave me names of some other

people that he thought might come out to take the place, but none of these seemed to be entirely satisfactory.

In my many journeys up and down the Miami Valley, I had had several conferences with Mr. Matt Marr, at that time superintendent of The Mead Paper Company, Dayton; and just as soon as he heard that I had bought out the Lauries, he presented himself as an applicant.

My, but I was delighted, because when I was a very small boy Matt Marr was a machine-tender in our mill and was always very kind to me when I was playing around the mill. I remember that he taught me to whistle through my fingers, so that when the paper broke and I happened to be the first one to see it and would whistle, I was a proud little boy and thought I was almost a real paper-maker.

Matt Marr had come to the mill when a little boy only eleven years old, for we employed very young boys then. He stayed long enough to be one of our skilled machine-tenders and then for experience worked in other mills, coming back to us at intervals. Now he was finally to come back as our superintendent. He afterward told me many times how happy and elated he was at the outcome in coming back to our mill, in which he started, and he seemed to be just as anxious for success as I was.

After Matt Marr came with me, we spent hours and hours in trying to decide just what to do first. One of the very first things we did was to use up the sulphite pulp that had been lying in our warehouse for several years, and by the use of this pulp we did actually stop our losses even before putting in any new machinery. So the first few months after I had control were just a little happier than the several years that had gone before.

After it was known that there was a change in our organization, we were soon besieged by machinery builders

The Company Administrative Group

Above, Left to Right — *Grace Wehrle, Secretary to Mr. Beckett; Clara McGehean, Secretary to Mr. Becker; Celia M. Jacobs, Statistician.*

Middle, Left to Right—*Clifford F. Niederman, Manager of Costs; Quincy A. Davis, Manager of Pay-Rolls and Supplies and Office Manager; Simon Bender, Costs.*

Below, Left to Right—*Hubert Hingsbergen, Traffic Manager; Harry R. Johnson, Engineer of Maintenance; Valentine Freedriks, Chemist.*

who felt sure we were going to rebuild and remodel our mill. As our reputation for fair dealing had always been high and our credit was still good, we were pleased that all of these people wanted to sell us, but we could do nothing without some more definite plans. I began to make some rough sketches, and after we had agreed on about what we could do with the money we were going to borrow, I elaborated these rough sketches to real plans.

I bought a modest set of drawing instruments and laid out our plans to scale on large sheets of Manila paper, using these sheets as final working drawings. Matt Marr was most valuable to me in this work, as he had splendid ideas about the layout of a mill and arrangement of machinery.

The size of the machine decided on was influenced somewhat by a stack of machine calenders we had bought a year or so before. The sizes of cover paper, as then used, were also factors. We at that time made colored poster, and the sixty-eight-inch machine on which we finally decided, would also take care of a good machine fill for this grade.

We took the winter of 1887-88 in getting our plans detailed and then were ready to place orders for our machinery and arrange for our buildings. The plans included a new finishing-room, new floors throughout the mill, drainers, washers, beaters, a complete paper-machine and one new boiler. We arranged for the driving of additional wells, so we would be assured of a supply of water, which supply has always been most eminently satisfactory. We devoted more attention to the new machine than to anything else, and it was hard for me to grasp Mr. Clawson's statement that one modern machine could make as much paper as our two old ones. Nor could I see the necessity of having so many dryers as Mr. Clawson said would be necessary—ten thirty-six-inch

dryers. Neither could I see why it was necessary for a forty-foot wire, which at that time was considered pretty long.

Mr. Clawson, however, was very firm and said he would not undertake to fulfill his guarantee unless we would purchase a machine that he knew would fill the bill. We finally had to come to his way of thinking and we specified the ten thirty-six-inch dryers.

My head throbs even now when I look back at the exciting times of getting ready for this new mill. By May 1, 1888, the machinery builders were about ready to begin delivery, so we shut down May 5th and began tearing out our old equipment and such of the building as had to be replaced in its entirety. Matt Marr and I always felt very proud of the record time in which this old mill was torn down and the new one put up and equipped. It took us just three months to the day.

Matt Marr was just a little bit superstitious and said that he had never started a new paper-machine except on Saturday, and he wanted this started on that day. Neither Matt Marr nor I wanted a big crowd around when the machine started, because sometimes paper-machines do not run as well the first day as they might. So we arranged to come over to the mill between four and five o'clock Saturday morning and have everything ready to put the paper on the machine not later than half-past five. By this time my father had renewed his interest in the success of the paper business and came over to the mill with us. Fortunately, the paper-machine started most successfully, and we actually did make as much paper the first day as our average daily production had been on the two old machines.

This looked good to me, and my father was so immensely pleased that he said he would immediately take charge of

Heads of the Mill Departments

STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT—*Elmer E. Shipley, Master Mechanic; George Turner, Night Foreman; Frank P. Gluhm, Assistant Superintendent; John G. Schoellhamer, Foreman of the Platforms.*

SEATED—*At left, George McClure, Chief Engineer; at right, John W. Dunaway, Foreman Rag Department.*

the selling and would do all the traveling necessary. I had always heard that in the early days my father was a most successful salesman, and his desire to do this part of the work relieved me very much. My father had known in the early days the older paper merchants—Mr. J. W. Butler, Mr. Bradner Smith, both of Chicago, and Mr. B. B. Graham, of St. Louis, as well as our oldest friends, Mr. William H. Chatfield and Mr. William Woods, of The Chatfield & Woods Company.

Perhaps this is a good place to tell something about my father's manner, dress and appearance. He was a very courtly old gentleman and always made warm and lasting friendships. He was also very much of a diplomat. He always wore blue broadcloth made with a swallow-tail and with brass buttons. This had been the style when he was a young man at Miami University and he never saw the time he could change—with one exception. He himself thought that his dress was a little too conspicuous and bought a frock coat; but almost his first experience caused him to discard this coat and go back to the swallow-tail.

He went to the First National Bank of this city to have a check cashed and his intimate friend, Mr. Cornell, who happened to be at the window, looked at the check and looked at father. He then said: "You will have to be identified." Father said: "John, hurry, I want to get this check cashed." Then Mr. Cornell said: "My dear sir, I do not know you; but if you had on a swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, I would know you for Bill Beckett. You will either have to come here with that coat, or be identified." My father went home immediately, got out his swallow-tail and wore it until his last day.

When father traveled visiting our customers, I had my hands full, because I had no help in the office excepting my

nephew, a young boy who had no experience. I was office manager, correspondent (writing all letters by hand, as we had no typewriter then), bookkeeper, shipping clerk and office boy—all largely because we had no money to pay salaries and I was economizing to the greatest extent. It was pretty hard work but we made it go and I kept up my work.

Father got the orders all right, and Matt Marr and I got them through the mill. The mill itself was running very satisfactorily. But we now had to face a declining market and had to make more paper to reduce costs. We ran the machine faster, dropped colored poster because the mills in the ground-wood district could make this grade cheaper than we could, and then specialized entirely on colored cover paper, bringing out our Buckeye Cover in 1894.

Minor Millikin Beckett, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Beckett, represents the third generation of the Beckett family in The Beckett Paper Company.

After his graduation as a Chemical Engineer from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1920, Mr. Beckett spent 1921 in the School of Chemical Engineering Practice, receiving the degree of Master of Science.

Minor M. Beckett

OUR BUCKEYE COVER

FTER a couple of years Matt Marr left us to go into business for himself, and I again began corresponding with Mr. Beveridge, who had made application before. He was now very much pleased to come, after knowing what a nice little mill we had built. Mr. Beveridge had splendid taste in colors and helped me very much in adding to our cover-paper lines.

When developing our cover papers, I went to the dry-goods stores and got samples of ribbons and bits of silk and experimented day after day to see how close we could come on our paper stock to goods dyed with the new anilines. It was at this time that we discarded all of the wood dyes and most of the pigments. We were sometimes successful and sometimes not, but I made hundreds of samples and finally got our lines in such shape that we could make them economically and make clear, bright colors which were very popular with the printers. Buckeye Cover soon developed into our best-known line.

After we had our mill well filled with orders for colored cover papers, we made a little money almost every month, and it looked as if our greatest difficulties were over, when alas, the panic of 1893 struck us; and this was certainly a real panic. Here are some of the mills in the Miami Valley that went down in the crash: Louis Sniders' Sons Company, of our own city; Friend & Fox Paper Company, of Lockland; Middletown Paper Company and United Paper Company, of Middletown; Franklin Paper Company, Eagle Paper Company and Friend & Forgy Paper Company, of Franklin. Just about that time some other mills liquidated, among them J. H. Tangeman, of Lockland, and J. C. Skinner & Company,

of Hamilton. This mill was right across the street from us. We now own this Skinner property and use the mill building for a warehouse.

The failure of all these other mills made sellers of raw materials very cautious, and as this 1893 panic came before we had our finances in very good condition, we almost went down with the other companies named above. We finally weathered the storm and then other things happened. Mr. Beveridge, who had been very successful with us as superintendent, left after five years of the most delightful companionship, and this was a real loss to me. Mr. Beveridge bought an interest in and has very successfully managed The Beveridge Paper Company, of Indianapolis.

Then my father died November 25, 1895, and no one knows how much I missed him personally as well as in connection with our little business. My father never got his own affairs entirely straightened out, and during these later years in which I have enjoyed a reasonable amount of success, my deepest regret has been that my father did not live to share in this success, because he had originated the business and had managed it during its time of great prosperity in the early days, and should have lived to have pleasure and comfort in his old age by means of profit from this mill.

The present plant of The Beckett Paper Company includes the properties here shown, and additional warehouse facilities in Maple Avenue.

The mill proper occupies the left of the picture and the warehouses and coal yards the right.

The properties at the right were largely acquired in 1919.

These properties are served on the west side by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway and on the east side by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Beckett Paper Company in 1923

RECENT YEARS

FTER Mr. Beveridge left I promoted John A. Tully to be superintendent. Tully had been in our mill off and on as lay boy, back-tender and machine-tender for fifteen to twenty years and occupied the position of superintendent for thirteen years. When Mr. Beveridge left me, we had a great many heart-to-heart talks as to prospects for our future and as to whether we could make any more paper. We had got our sixty-eight-inch machine up to from twelve or fourteen thousand pounds a day, about double the capacity for which the machine was bought. I can well remember Mr. Beveridge advising me not to try to increase this production, because he thought we could do it only at the expense of quality.

Mr. Tully thought the same thing, but I had an idea that they were both wrong. Mr. Tully had not traveled around among mills very far away from here, so I gave him two hundred dollars with which to take a trip through eastern mills, and The Black-Clawson Company furnished him letters of introduction, so that he could gain entrance to practically all the mills. This he readily succeeded in doing. I took charge of the mill while Mr. Tully was away, and one morning when I came in, I asked the machine-tender how fast we were running. He said one hundred and twenty-five feet. I then asked him why not three hundred and twenty-five feet? He was almost indignant at the suggestion. I told him that the specifications and blue-prints furnished to us by The Black-Clawson Company, who built the machine, stated that the machine could run thirty-five feet slow speed and three hundred and fifty feet at the maximum speed; and as The Black-Clawson Company was a perfectly reliable con-

cern, I could see no reason why we could not run the machine as fast as they said it could go.

I then instructed the machine-tender to speed up ten feet a minute at the beginning of each hour during the day, which he finally consented to do, with the understanding that I take all the risk as to the quality of the paper and as to any breakage of machinery. By the end of the first day we were running the machine about two hundred and twenty feet. We kept the machine at that speed all night, and the next morning I planned to go through the same performance and told the machine-tender to speed up again in the same proportion. He immediately rebelled and said he was not going to risk his life, because the "whole damn machine would go through the roof." I had to do a good deal of coaxing to get him to add the speed.

I stayed in the mill all day, however, and by the end of this second day we were running about three hundred and twenty feet. The news of this high speed soon got around in the valley and three or four of my mill-owner friends and their superintendents came down to see if the reports were true. We had no difficulty in maintaining these speeds for the two weeks Mr. Tully was away on his trip East. After that I had absolutely no limit as to what a paper-machine could or would do if given a chance.

We had to add a good many more dryers, put on longer wires, new screens, larger press-rolls, and heavier gears. This same little machine can readily run thirty-six thousand pounds a day in place of the six thousand pounds a day for which it was bought.

This increased production with resulting lower costs made it easier for us to sell our paper, because cover paper, instead of being high priced and a luxury, was made so cheap and so

Associate Managers of the Company

ABOVE LEFT—*Carl R. Greer, Director of Advertising and Company Relations.*

ABOVE RIGHT—*W. Verne Williams, Manager of Sales.*

MIDDLE—*Frank J. Becker, Secretary and Treasurer.*

BELOW LEFT—*Homer H. Latimer, Superintendent.*

BELOW RIGHT—*Rose Brede, Cashier and Director of Accounting.*

good that there was a vastly increased consumption. I am still a great believer in selling our paper at just as low a price as will yield a reasonable margin, and I believe every other commodity should be so sold.

The profits of several years during this depression following the panic of 1893 were indeed small, but we had the help of our employees, who willingly accepted a wage reduction. Thus by the exercise of great economy we managed to exist, even when running three or four days a week—and we did not run much better than this for about three years. After the election of President McKinley in 1896, business rapidly improved with us and the running of our mill was so satisfactory that the profits for about ten years were quite up to our expectations

Then we planned an expansion. I had long wanted to make writing papers, and after much planning and high financing we arranged to tear down absolutely our one-machine mill and build an entirely new one. I engaged Mr. F. G. Mueller, a Hamilton architect, and we took at least a year to develop our plans. I also had most valuable aid from Mr. H. L. Kutter, of The Black-Clawson Company.

We did not leave any of our buildings, but tore them all down. The only machinery we saved consisted of the dryers and the Fourdrinier part of our sixty-eight-inch cover-paper machine. We tore down this old mill and built and fully equipped the new one in five and a half months, making another record for speed. Our mill then consisted of one sixty-eight-inch machine, which we enlarged and improved somewhat, and a completely new one-hundred-and-eighteen-inch machine on which we make writing papers.

We then hoped for a long period of profitable operation, but barely had the mill started, when we were badly hampered

by the money panic of 1907. However, the recovery from the effects of this panic and depression were very rapid and we had some good years. Bad luck again pursued us and in 1913 we were visited by our disastrous flood. While I was marooned in my home, I could see our property, representing the savings of years, being swept away. It took four or five months after the flood to get our mill in running order and then business was again very dull. But even this depression passed and we went into the period covered by the World War and its aftermath with some profitable years, and some not so good.

Now here we are in the seventy-fifth year of our Company's existence and I personally feel a great pride in having had the privilege of carrying on the business established in 1848 by William Beckett. I honestly and truly believe that no business could be maintained for so long a period as seventy-five years unless founded on the right principles and having these principles carried out.

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Greer, Carl Richard
What a Buckeye cover man saw in Europe and at home

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